



Salvation
Army

VOL. 1

SONGS

AND

MUSIC

F-46.111

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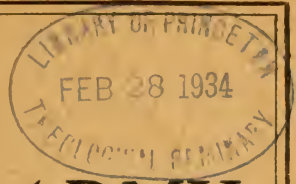
Division

SCC

Section

5002





THE SALVATION ARMY

Songs and Music



COMPILED BY
COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH
1917

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
122 West Fourteenth St.
New York City, N. Y.

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108-114 N. Dearborn St.
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FOREWORD

After consideration and prayer, and your many appeals, I send out to you who are known to be a singing people, this new song book, with the sincere hope that it may inspire you to greater earnestness, zeal and praise in song.

Let us sing! We must sing! You must sing! I must sing! Sing to the Salvation of the sinner. Sing to the home-coming of the wanderer. Sing to the cheer of the sorrowing. Sing to the uplifting of the fallen. Sing to the blessing of little children. Sing to the saving of the prisoner. Sing to the cheer of the aged. Sing to the gladness of the young. Sing to the inspiring of our own ranks. Sing in the streets. Sing in the hall. Sing in the home. Sing in the workshop. Sing by the sick couch. Yes, sing the precious promises of this book everywhere until night becomes day, and sorrow and sinning and sighing flee away forever.

Wangeli North

Commander.

NOTICE

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The small figures at the top of many of the songs denote the number of the song in the Soldiers Song-book, as S. S. 491.

Salvation Songs.

1

When I Survey.

Adagio.

Tune,—Confidence.—S. S. 5.

p

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

cres.

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

f

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my

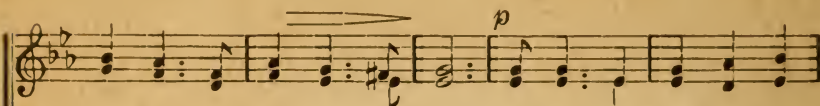
pride, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 blood, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 crown? Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 all, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Onward, Yes, Onward.

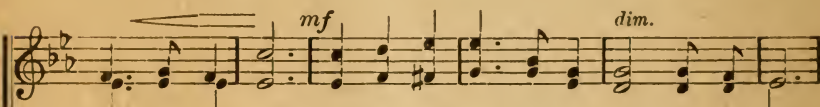
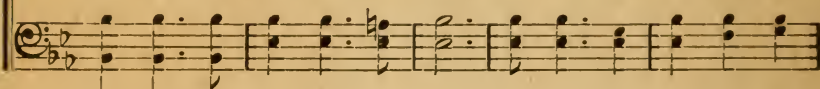
(Secular Melody.)

p Andante.

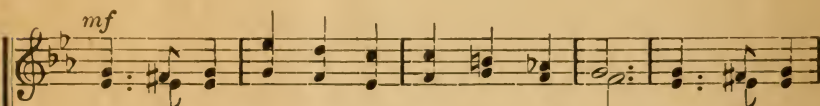
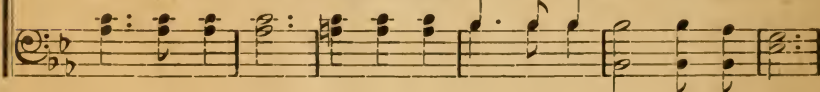
1. On - ward, yes, on - ward does time in its flight, Bear you a -
2. On - ward, yes, on - ward, you're borne on sin's years Till you've grown
3. Tired of the hol - low, the base, and un - true, Sin - ner, oh,
4. Backslider, back-slid - er, the time has been long, Since last in



long to e - ter - ni - ty's night; Sin - ner, when once on the
 wear - y of toil and of tears, Toil with - out re - com - pense,
 sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus calls you; For ma - ny years your sor -
 your mouth was heard the new song; Come to the Cross and a -

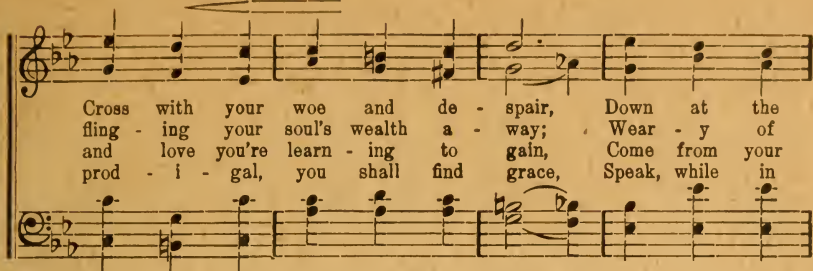


ech - o - less shore. Answers to pray - er will come nev - er - more.
 tears all in vain; Will you not come to your Fa - ther a - gain?
 row He has seen, God's righteous an - ger and you stood be - tween.
 gain it will seem That your back - slid - ings are gone like a dream.

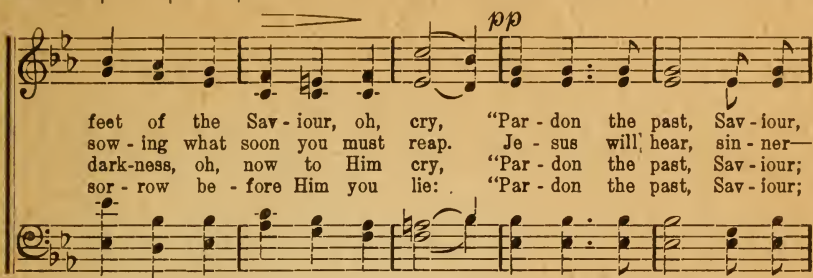


Tear from your soul now the dark de - mon's snare, Come to the
 You have grown wea - ry of things that de - cay— Wear - y of
 Yet with strong yearn - ing, and fill'd with sin's pain, His fa - vor
 Now, in re - pent - ance, come back to the place Where, like the





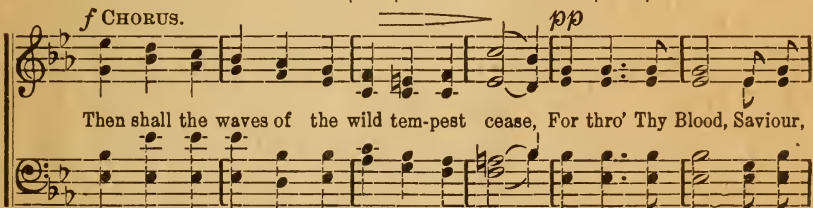
Cross with your woe and de - spair, Down at the
fling - ing your soul's wealth a - way; Wear - y of
and love you're learn - ing to gain, Come from your
prod - i - gal, you shall find grace, Speak, while in



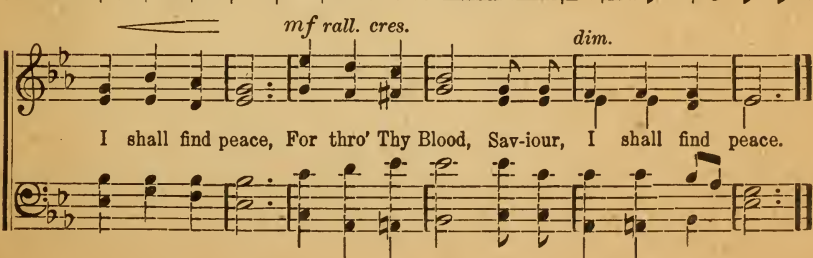
feet of the Sav - iour, oh, cry, "Par - don the past, Sav - iour,
sow - ing what soon you must reap. Je - sus will hear, sin - ner—
dark-ness, oh, now to Him cry, "Par - don the past, Sav - iour;
sor - row be - fore Him you lie: "Par - don the past, Sav - iour;



save, or I die, Par - don the past, Sav - iour, save, or I die."
speak, sin - ner, speak! Je - sus will hear, sin - ner—speak, sin - ner, speak!
save, or I die. Par - don the past, Sav - iour; save, or I die."
save, or I die. Par - don the past, Sav - iour; save, or I die!"



f CHORUS. *pp*
Then shall the waves of the wild tem - pest cease, For thro' Thy Blood, Sav - iour,



mf rall. cres. *dim.*
I shall find peace, For thro' Thy Blood, Sav - iour, I shall find peace.

Moderato.

1. Bless - ed Lord, my past I bring, On Cal - v'ry's
 2. By the vir - tue of Thy grace, Thou canst my
 3. All my i - dols now I cast Be - fore Thy
 4. Now the blood has set me free; Thy grace, dear

mer - cy ven - tur - ing; My heart is torn, and my spir - it worn,
 ma - ny sins ef - face; Oh, hear my pray'r, save me from de - pair;
 cross, and know Thou hast My past for - giv'n: By the claims of heav'n
 Lord's, e - nough for me, In all the strife of the bat - tle life,

mf CHORUS.
 With the strife and sor - row of sin.
 In Thy wounds for me there's a place.
 I, thro' Christ, have vic - t'ry at last. O - ver me, o - ver me it is
 Conqueror o - ver sin I shall be.

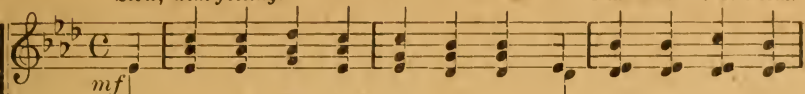
flow - ing, Down be - neath its waves I am go - ing; O - ver

me, o - ver me it is flow - ing, Wash - ing white as snow.

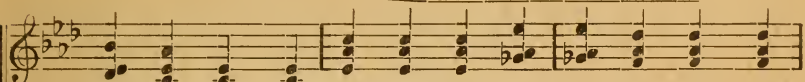
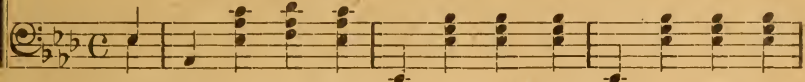
The Plea of Contrition.

Slow, with feeling.

Commander E. C. Booth.



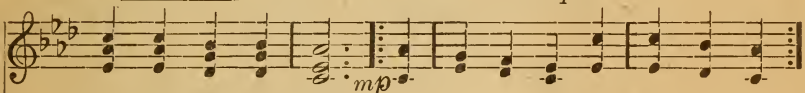
1. By grief oppressed, with spir - it torn, A bur - den which for
2. By all the grief my sin has wrought, By all the mer - cy
3. By all the gar - den's night and dread, By nail-pierced feet and
4. By what Thy mer - cy bids Thee spare, By all on Cal - vary
5. When out be - fore the Great White Throne My thoughts and do - ings
6. With - in the Gates Faith's an - chor cast, With Life and Death, and



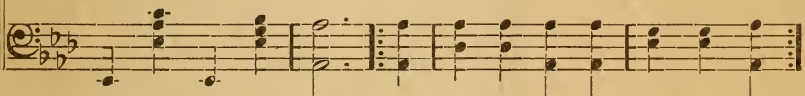
years I've borne, Dis-tressed, con-demned, wound - ed, for - lorn, Thy
 Thou hast brought, By all the love Thy suf - fering taught, My
 thorn-crowned head, By all the blood of sin - ners shed, My
 Thou didst bear, By ev - 'ry prom - ise made to prayer, Thy
 must be shown, Then I shall stand by grace a - lone, My
 Judg - ment passed, I then shall see Thy face at last, My



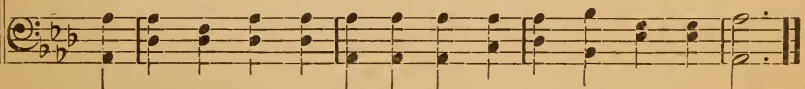
CHORUS. *A little quicker.*



pit - y, Lord, I plead.
 par - don, Lord, I plead.
 cleans - ing, Lord, I plead.
 sav - ing grace I plead. } Oh, wash my sins a - way, a - way;
 soul by God re-deemed.
 Lord and Sav - iour Thou!

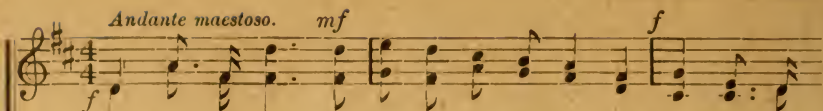


Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er-flood, And wash my sins a - way.

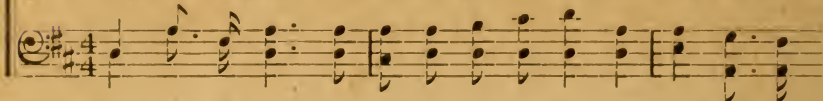


Fling Wide the Gates!

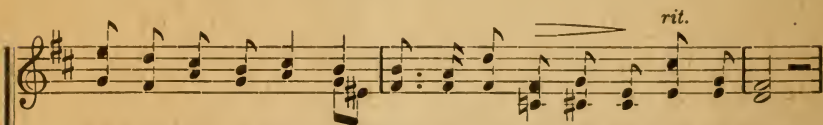
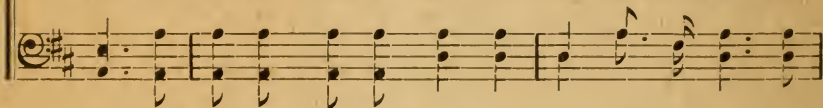
Commander E. C. Booth.

Andante maestoso. mf

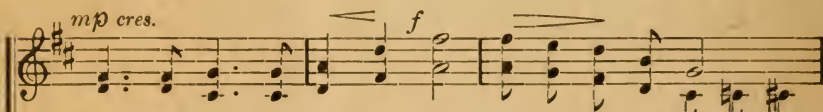
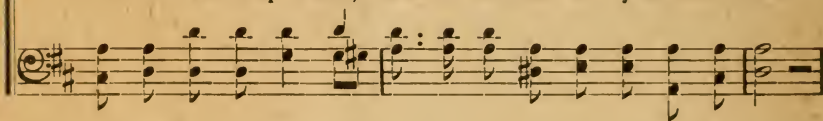
1. Fling wide the gates! I hear the an - gels sing - ing, Fling wide the
2. Fling wide the gates! a life of war - fare end - ed; Fling wide the
3. Fling wide the gates! thro' Christ his work ac - complished; Fling wide the
4. Fling wide the gates! with hearts of glo - ry bril - liant; Fling wide the



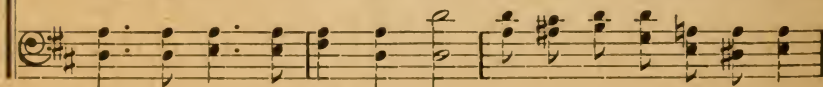
gates! I hear bright mu - sic ring - ing; A war - rior soul from
 gates! a sol - dier brave as - cend - ed; Life's bat - tle won, the
 gates! his toils for oth - ers fin - ished; Laid down the sword, the
 gates! his en - try made a - bun - dant: Tri - um - phant soul, with



this poor world is wing - ing T'ward the glo - ry of the gold - en strand.
 cause of Christ de - fend - ed, More than conqueror thro' the power of God.
 cross for crown re - lin - quished, Hal - le - lu - jahs fill the earth and sky.
 es - cort host re - splen - dent, Stands be - fore the ho - ly throne of God.



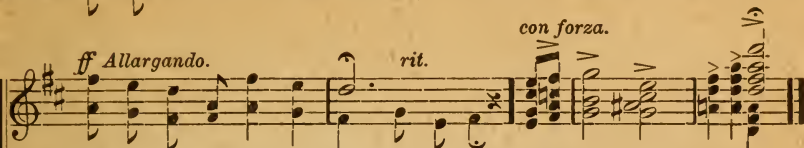
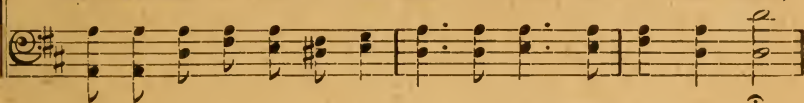
Toil and fear, a sol - dier's spear, Left be - hind the grave, the grave,
 With a bound at trum - pet sound, From its bond of clay, of clay,
 Strug - gling hard and bat - tle scarred, Makes the gold - en shore, the shore,
 Burn - ing brand in ev - 'ry land Blazed a ho - ly trail—the trail,



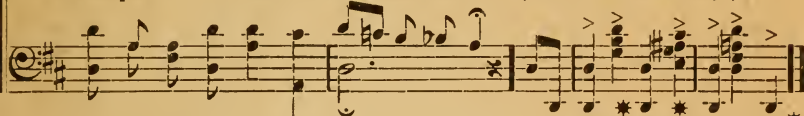
Fling Wide the Gates!—Concluded.



prov'd His pow'r to save, to save, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
wing'd his soul a - way, a - way, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
greet's those gone be - fore, be - fore, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
heav'n and earth do hail! do hail! Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,



"Con-q'ror o - ver death and hell," death and hell. (*Piano, last verse only.*)

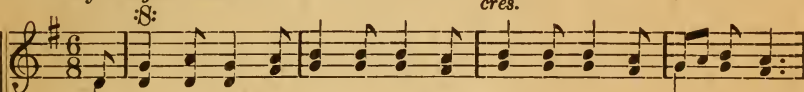


*Ped. Ped. Ped. **

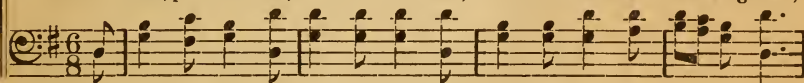
The Gospel Ship.

S. S. 856.

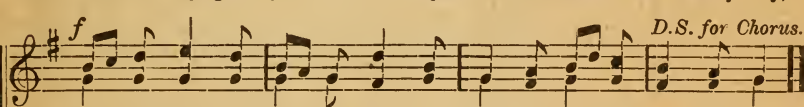
mf Allegro moderato.



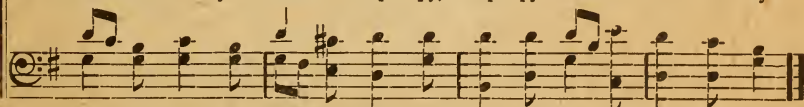
1. The gos - pel ship a - long is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
2. Thousands she has safe - ly land - ed Far be - yond this mor - tal shore;
3. Waft a - long this no - ble ves - sel, All ye gales of gos - pel grace;
4. Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Sail with us thro' life's rough sea;



CHORUS.—Gio - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! All the sail - ors loud - ly cry,



All who wish to go to glo - ry, Come and welcome, rich and poor.
Thousands still are sail - ing in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.
Car - rying ev - 'ry faithful sail - or To his heav - 'nly land - ing - place.
Then with us you shall be hap - py, Hap - py thro' e - ter - ri - ty.



See the bliss - ful port of glo - ry, O - pen to each faith - ful eye.

mf Allegretto.

1. Is it oft thy heart has fail'd thee ! Hast thou ma - ny times gone back ?
 2. Dost thou fear to face the per - ils And the shot of bat - tle ground ?
 3. "Courage!" let it be our watchword, As a light to guide a - long

Lin - ger not to count the fail - ures Strew'd a - long life's storm-y track;
 Oh, re - mem - ber, in the furn - ace Grace suf - fi - cient mar - tyrs found
 O - ver death's last foaming wa - ters, Sing - ing then the con - qu'ror's song;

If the gath'ring shad - ows thick - en With the voic - es of the past,
 Hold not back when storms are rag - ing, And the en - e - my is strong,
 It will bright - en up the val - ley, It will o - pen wide the gate;

See, there shines a gold - en prom - ise O'er the gloom - y darkness cast,
 It is when the Jor - dan's swell - ing Je - sus lives to lead us on,
 It will bring us thro' life's shad - ows To where shin - ing an - gels wait,

♩: a tempo.

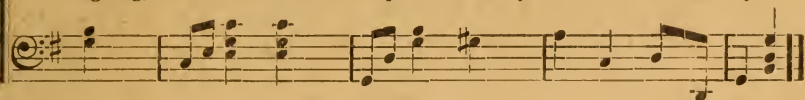
Read - ing, "As I was with Mo - ses, So I'm going to be with thee,"
 Prov - ing, "As I was with Mo - ses, So I'm going to be with thee,"
 Sing - ing, "As He was with Mo - ses, So the Lord has been with me!"

Courage.—Concluded.

Repeat for Chorus. :8:



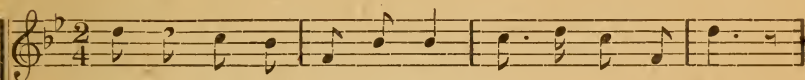
Read-ing, "Cour - age, and with Josh - ua More than con-qu'ror thou shalt be."
 Prov-ing, "Cour - age! and with Josh - ua More than con-qu'ror thou shalt be."
 Sing-ing, "Je - sus' blood has conquered! Vic-t'ry thro' e - ter - ni - ty!"



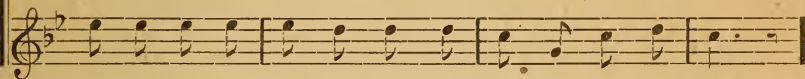
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Standing By a Purpose True.

S. S. 744.

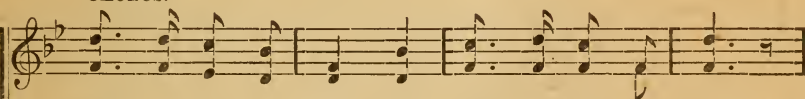


1. Stand-ing by a pur- pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,
 2. Ma - ny might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
 3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
 4. Hold our glo - rious ban - ner high, On to vic - t'ry grand;



Hon - or them, the faith - ful few, All hail to Dan - iel's Band.
 Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band.
 Head-long to the earth would fall If met by Dan - iel's Band.
 Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band.

CHORUS.



Dare to be a sol - dier, Dare to stand a - lone;



Dare to have a pur - pose firm, Dare to make it known.



Think, O Jesus!

Commander E. C. Booth.

Moderato.

f

1. Think, O Je - sus, for what rea - son Thou didst bear Earth's
 2. Think how far in dark de - lu - sion I had wan - dered
 3. With the guilt - y past dis - tress - ing, An - guish hard my

p *cres.* *dim.*

spite and trea - son, Nor me lose in that dread sea - son;
 in con - fu - sion— Wan - dered, stained by sin's pol - lu - tion;
 soul op - press - ing, Now I come, my sins con - fess - ing.

f

Seek - ing me Thy worn feet hast - ed, On the cross Thy
 Here I mourn my sad con - di - tion, See me weep in
 Let Thy love, my poor heart fill - ing, Save and cleanse, this

pp

soul death tast - ed: Let not all these toils be wast - ed.
 deep con - tri - tion— Weep and yield Thee full sub - mis - sion.
 tem - pest still - ing; Thine to live or die I'm will - ing.

CHORUS. *ff*

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Canst Thou my transgress - ions take?

Think, O Jesus!—Concluded.

cres. *dim.*.....

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Wash my sins for Thy dear sake.

11 Oh! the Peace My Saviour Gives.

S. S. 491.

p Andante.

1. Once I thought I walk'd with Je-sus, Yet such change-ful feel-ings had,
2. But He call'd me clos-er to Him, Bade my doubts and fears all cease;
3. Now I'm trust-ing ev-'ry mo-ment, Noth-ing less can be e-nough;

cres. *mf*

Sometimes trust-ing, some-times doubt-ing, Some-times joy-ful, some-times sad.
And when I had ful-ly yield-ed Filled my soul with per-fect peace.
And my Sav-iour bears me gent-ly O'er those pla-ces once so rough.

mf CHORUS.

Oh, the peace my Sav-iour gives, Peace I nev-er knew be-fore!

poco rit.

And my way has bright-er grown, Since I learned to trust Him more.

The Wounds of Christ.

*p Andante con espress.**cres.*

Commander E. C. Booth.

1. Dark shad-ows were fall - ing, My spir - it ap-pall - ing, For hid in my
 2. It soothes all life's sorrows, It smoothes all its fur-rows, It binds up the
 3. The cur-rent's first wak - ing Was when Christ was tak-ing A world's shame and
 4. Come, cast in your sor - row, Wait not till to-mor - row, Life's ev-'ning is

heart sin's deep crim - son stains lay; And when I was weep - ing, The
 wounds which transgression has made; It turns night to morn - ing, So
 sor - row thro' death and the grave; And an - gels were schem-ing To
 clos - ing, the death - bell will toll, His Blood for thee stream-ing, His

past o'er me creep-ing, I heard of the Blood which can wash sin a - way.
 tru - ly a-dorn-ing, The spir - it with joy when all oth - er lights fade,
 make out the mean-ing To the hearts of all na - tions His pow'r to save.
 Grace so re-deem-ing, His Love in - ter-ven-ing will par - don thy soul.

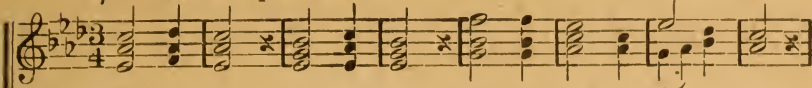
CHORUS. *p Moderato.*

The wounds of Christ are o - pen, Sin - ner, they were made for thee;

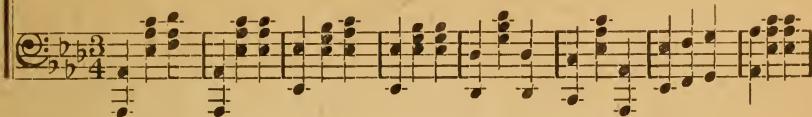
The wounds of Christ are o - pen, There for ref - uge flee.

He Will Forgive.

Commander E. C. Booth

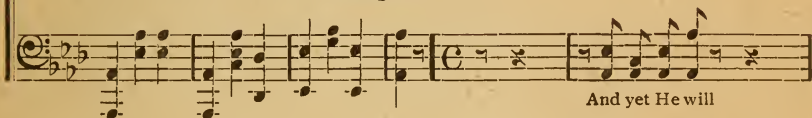
mp Andante con espress. cres.

1. Ma - ny fears, Sins and tears, Crowd the path you've trod for years,
2. Sin - ner, hark! In the dark! Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark,
3. Sad to tell, How you fell, From great heights nigh down to hell,
4. Conscience seared, Judg-ment feared, Ev - 'ry hope your sin has bleared,
5. Deeds now past, How they cast Shad - ows o'er thy soul which last,
6. An - gels cry From the sky, "Will you not pre - pare to die?"
7. In His face, All can trace Won-drous love and boundless grace,

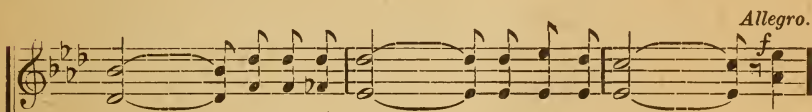
*dim.*CHORUS. *mp Moderato.*

Crowd the path you've trod for years.
 Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark.
 From great heights nigh down to hell.
 Ev - 'ry hope your sin has bleared.
 Shad - ows o'er thy soul which last.
 "Will you not pre - pare to die?"
 Won - drous love and bound-less grace.

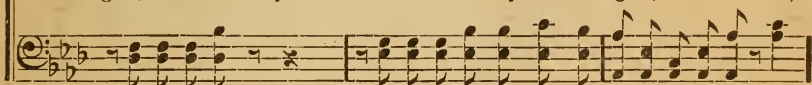
And yet He will..... thy sins for-



And yet He will

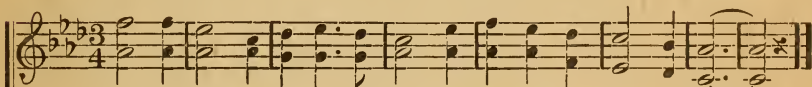
*Allegro.*

give,..... And yet He will..... thy sins for - give;..... Oh,

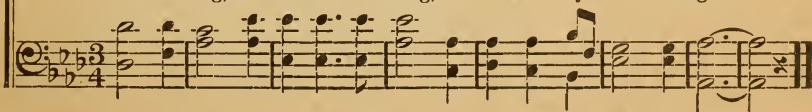


thy sins forgive,

And yet He will thy sins forgive, thy sins forgive;

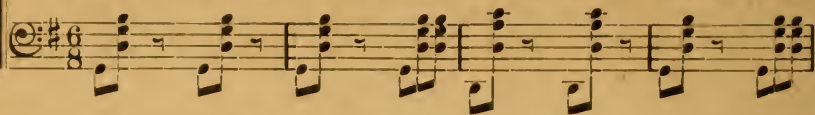


come a-long, for Je-sus is strong, And He will thy sins for - give.

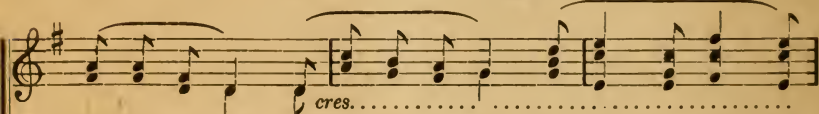


Andante sostenuto.

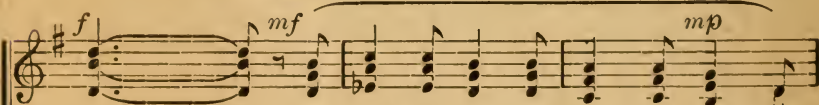
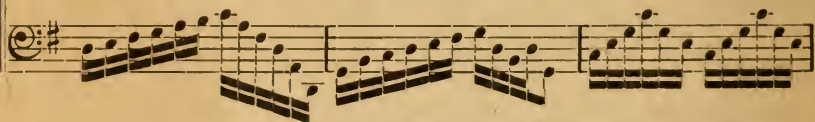
1. Bowed be-neath the gar - den shades, Where the east-ern sunlight fades,
2. Hung up - on a rug - ged tree, On the hill of Cal - va - ry,
3. Love which conquered o'er death's sting, Love which has im - mor - tal wing,
4. When my heart was sore - ly pressed, By my sins and fears dis-tressed:



Thro' a sea of grief He wades, And prays in ag - o - ny. His
 Je - sus suf - fered death, to be The Sav - iour of man - kind. His
 Love which is the on - ly thing My bro - ken heart to heal. It
 Wrongs com - mit - ted un - con - fessed, His pity - ing grace I sought. My



sweat is of blood; His tears like a flood For a lost world flow
 brow pierced by thorn, His hands and feet torn, With bro - ken heart He
 burst thro' the grave, It brought grace to save, It o - pened heav - en's
 sins were for-given My heart made a heaven: My life He now con -



down.....	I	nev - er	knew	such	tears	could	be—	Those
died.	I	nev - er	knew	such	pain	could	be—	This
gate.	I	nev - er	knew	such	love	could	be—	This
trols.	I	nev - er	knew	such	grace	could	be—	Free



Me.—Concluded.

rit.

tears.....	He wept.....	for me.
pain.....	He bore.....	for me.
love.....	He gave.....	to me.
grace.....	e nough.....	for me.

15

Jordan's Flood.

mf Allegretto. S. S. 121.

1. { When you come to death's cold flood, How will you do? How will you do? }
2. { You who now neglect your God, How will you do? How will you do? }
3. { You who laugh, and scoff, and sneer, How will you do? How will you do? }
4. { When in Jor - dan you ap - pear, How will you do? How will you do? }
5. { You who have no more than form, How will you do? How will you do? }
6. { Can you brave the aw - ful storm? How will you do? How will you do? }
7. { Sol - dier, now I'll turn to thee, How will you do? How will you do? }
8. { When thou dost the riv - er see, How will you do? How will you do? }

f

Death will be a sol - emn day, When the soul is forced a - way;
 Can you then your ter - rors brave, Say you have no soul to save,
 When the waves of death as - sail, Ev - ry reed and prop will fail,
 To the cross I then will cling, Shout, "O death, where is thy sting?"

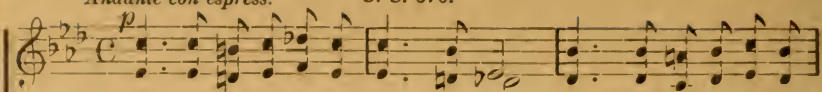
mf

It will be to late to pray—How will you do? How will you do?
 When you sink be - neath the wave? How will you do? How will you do?
 Forms will be of no a - vail, How will you do? How will you do?
 "Vic - tory! vic - t'ry!" then I'll sing—That's how I'll do! That's how I'll do!

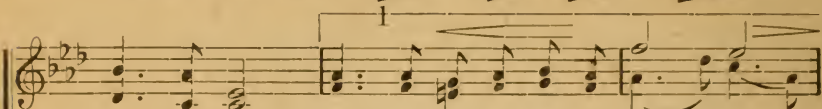
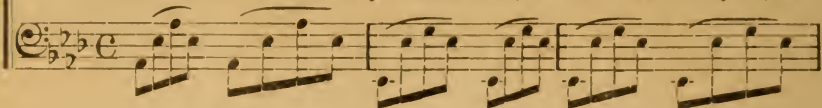
The Penitent's Plea.

Andante con espress.

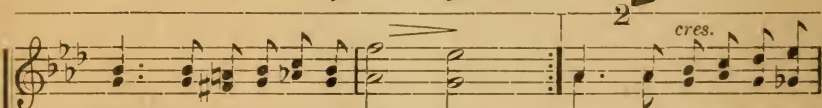
S. S. 376.



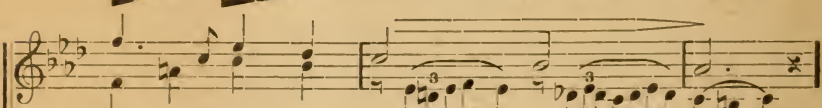
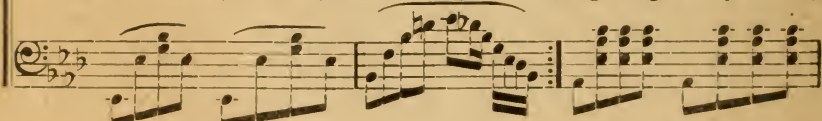
1. { Sav - iour, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the rec - ord of my
 { Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled
 2. { All the mem - o - ries of deeds gone by Rise with - in me and Thy
 { Sav - iour, take my hand, I can - not tell How to stem the tides that
 3. { All the riv - ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev - 'ry promise
 { Bid me rise a freed and par - doned slave; Mas - ter o'er my sin, the



sins re - peat Stained with guilt, my - self ab - hor - ing,
 spir - it free, (Omit.....
 pow'r de - fy, With a death - ly chill en - snar - ing,
 round me swell, (Omit.....
 write my name; As I am I come be - liev - ing,
 world, the grave. (Omit.....



Filled with grief, my soul out - pour - ing; Raise my sinking heart, and
 They would leave my soul de - spair - ing How to ease my conscience,
 As Thou art, Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing, Charg - ing me to preach Thy



bid me be Thy child once more!
 or to quell My flam - ing heart.
 power to save, To sin - bound souls.



The Penitent's Plea.—Concluded.

mp CHORUS.

cres.

Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to

wash my ev - 'ry sin a - way, Pow'r to keep me spot - less

f

day by day, For me, for me!

17

This is Where You'll Find Us.

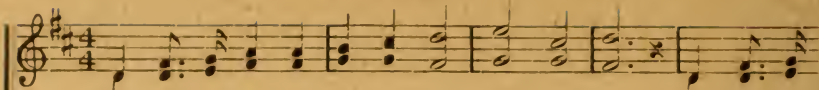
CHORUS.

This is where you'll find us, This is where we are, In the great S. A.

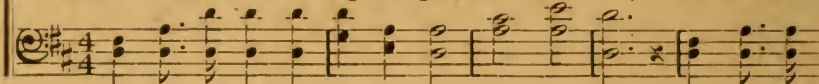
That led us when a - "stray, In - to the nar - row way, And

taught us how to pray. This is where you'll find us,

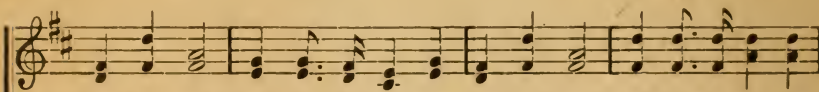
This is where we are, Gai - ly sing - ing on we mean to stay.



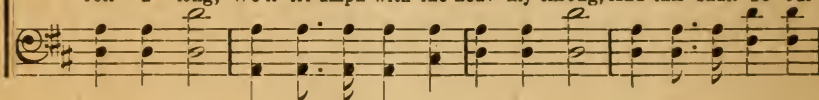
1. Come, let us all u-nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and
 2. Oh, tell to earth's re-mot-est bound, God is love; In Christ we
 3. In Ca-naan we will sing a-gain, God is love; And this shall




earth their prais-es bring; God is love. Let ev-'ry soul from
 have re-demp-tion found! God is love. His blood has wash'd our
 be our loud-est strain; God is love. Whilst end-less a-ges

sin a-wake, Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And sing with us, for
 sins a-way, His Spir-it turn'd our night to day, And now we can re-
 roll a-long, We'll tri-umph with the heav'nly throng, And this shall be our



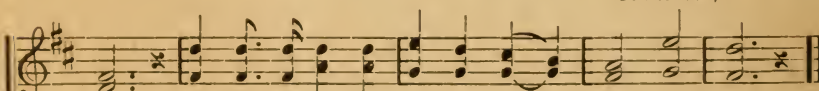
CHORUS.



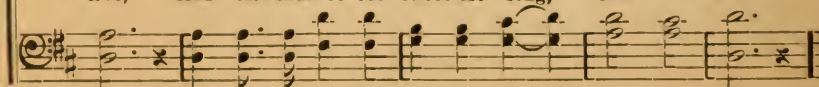
Je-sus sake, God is love. God is love, God is
 joyce to say, God is love. God is love, God is
 sweet-est song, God is love. God is love, God is



God is love,

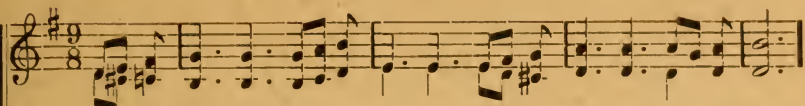


love, And sing with us for Je-sus sake, God is love.
 love, And now we can re-joyce to say, God is love.
 love, And this shall be our sweet-est song, God is love.

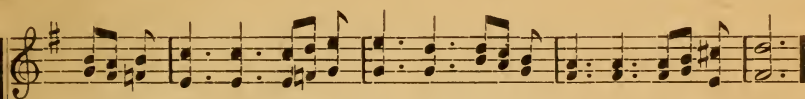
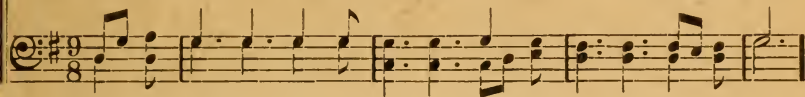


Precious Promise.

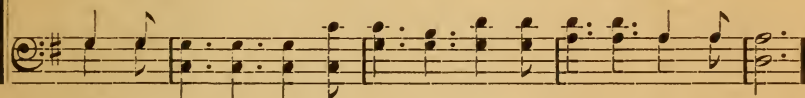
S. S. 682.



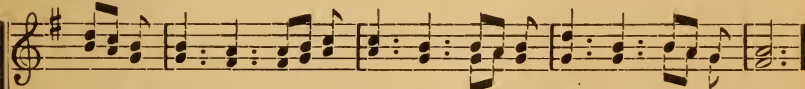
1. Pre - cious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er by,
2. When tempta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watchers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have per - ished In the grave of years gone by.
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,



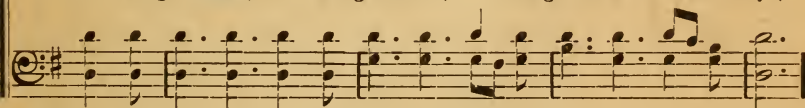
All the way from earth to heav - en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee; "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Let this prom - ise still be cher - ished: "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Hear thy trus - ty lead - er call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."



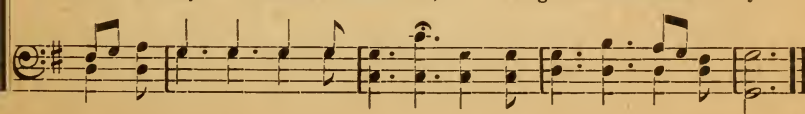
REFRAIN.



"I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;



On the way from earth to heav - en, I will guide thee with Mine - eye."



The Peace of God.

Musical Salvationist.

dim.

1. E - ven as a riv - er flow - ing On - ward to its na - tive sea,
 2. To the heart where strife was reigning — Je - sus spake, — dis - sen - sion ceased,
 3. Changeless in a world of chang-es, Peace is mine thro' good or ill.

mp

Bless - ings from the Lord be - stow - ing, Com - eth heaven's peace to me.
 From the bonds so long en - chain - ing, He hath wondrous - ly re - leased.
 Peace which ev - 'ry joy en - hanc - es, Gives to grief a ho - ly thrill

f con energia. *p*

Pass - ing mor - tal un - der - stand - ing, Nev - er to world - lings known:
 Par - don full for past trans - gres - sion, Grace for the time of need;
 Sav - iour, source of peace un - fail - ing, Thou who my peace hath willed,

f *p*

Yet for all the race ex - pand - ing, God's gift un - to His own.
 With such treas - ure in pos - ses - sion; Hap - py am I in - deed.
 Dwell in me, o'er all pre - vail - ing, Till earth - ly storms are stilled.

CHORUS. *Con grazia.* *cres.*

Peace of God, on me de - scend - ing, Peace of God, my life be - friend - ing,

The Peace of God,—Concluded.

f cres. *ff*

Peace of God, to bliss un - end - ing, Bear, oh, bear me

rall.

on, oh, bear me on, oh, bear me on, oh, bear me on.

mp a tempo.

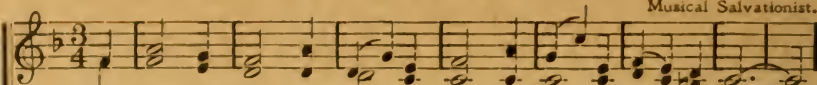
Ev - en as a riv - er flow - ing, Com - eth heav - en's peace to me; Bless - ings

f *p*

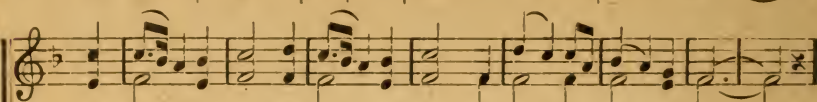
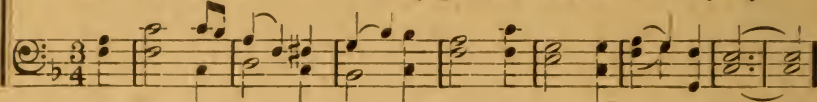
from the Lord be - stow - ing, Full, a - bundant, rich and free. Rich and

dim. e rall. *pp*

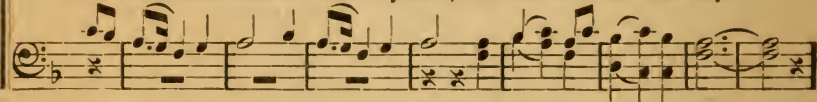
free, so rich and free, Peace of God so rich, so free.



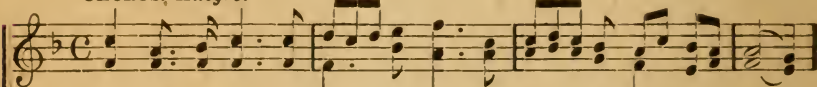
1. The cross, the blood-stain'd cross be - hold, The Lord on Cal - v'ry see;
2. The nails, the spear, the thorn - y crown He pa - tient - ly en - dur'd;
3. Death could not keep its vic - tim long, Nor yet the grave con - tain;
4. Oh, Sav - iour dear, no tongue can tell The greatness of that love;
5. Sal - va - tion all by faith may gain, And walk the heav'nly way;



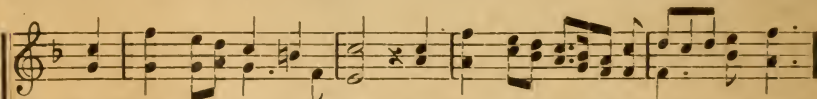
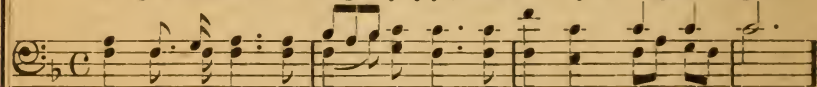
Oh, now be - lieve the sto - ry told—He died to ran - som thee.
 'Mid hell - ish wrath and world - ly frown, E - ter - nal life se - cured.
 Our Lord the might - y conq'ring One, Vic - to - rious lives a - gain!
 Love reach - ing from the mouth of hell To God's own throne a - bove.
 Praise Him! the Lamb of Cal - v'ry slain, Thro' one e - ter - nal day.



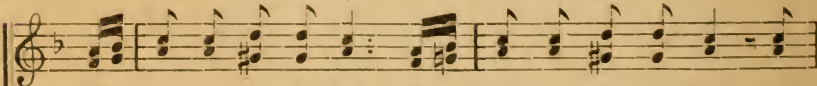
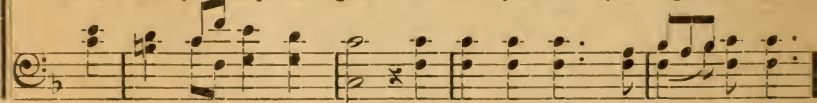
CHORUS, *Allegro*.



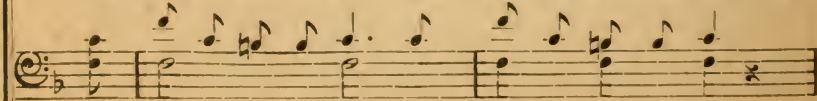
An - gels as - sist our might - y joys, Strike all - your harps of gold,



Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your high - est notes



His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be told, His



His love can ne'er be told,

His Love Can Ne'er Be Told.—Concluded.

love, His love, His love, His love, His love can ne'er be

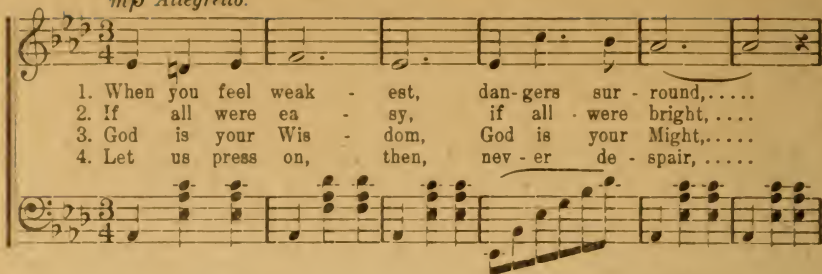
told; But when you raise your high-est notes His love can ne'er be

told, His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be
His love can ne'er be told, His love can
His love can ne'er be told, His love can

told, His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be
ne'er be told,
ne'er be told,

told, be told, His love,... His love... can ne'er be told.

Keep On Believing.

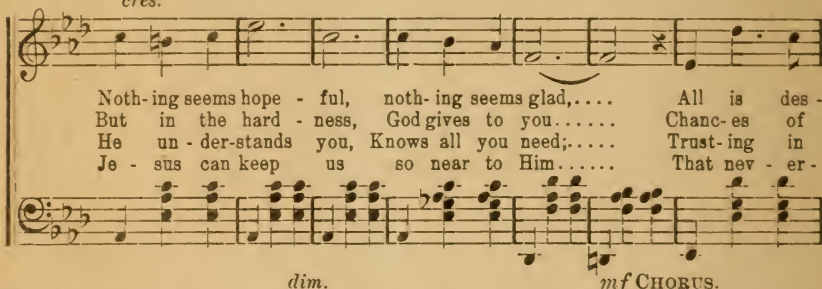
mp Allegretto.


1. When you feel weak - est, dan - gers sur - round,.....
 2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright,
 3. God is your Wis - dom, God is your Might,.....
 4. Let us press on, then, nev - er de - spair,



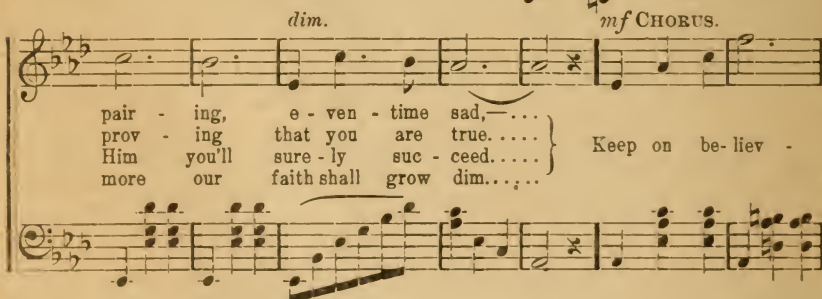
Sub - tle temp - ta - tion, trou - bles a - bound,.....
 Where would the Cross be? Where would the fight?.....
 God's ev - er near you, guid - ing you right;.....
 Live a - bove feel - ing, vic - to - ry's there,.....

cres.

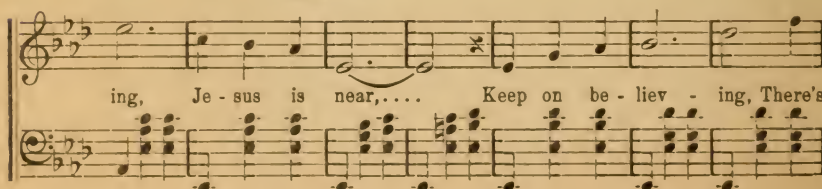


Not - ing seems hope - ful, noth - ing seems glad,.... All is des -
 But in the hard - ness, God gives to you..... Chanc - es of
 He un - der - stands you, Knows all you need,.... Trust - ing in
 Je - sus can keep us so near to Him..... That nev - er

dim. *mf* CHORUS.



pair - ing, e - ven - time sad,....
 prov - ing, that you are true,....
 Him you'll sure - ly suc - ceed,.... } Keep on be - liev -
 more our faith shall grow dim,.... }



ing, Je - sus is near,.... Keep on be - liev - ing, There's

Keep On Believing.—Concluded.

cres.

noth - ing to fear;... Keep on be - liev - ing, This is the

dim.

way,..... Faith in the night, As well as the day....

23 Grace for the Weary.

CHORUS.
mp Allegretto.

{ Grace for the wea - ry, In sin's path so drea - ry,
He now is near thee, Near to bless and keep thee,

1

Is found in Je - sus, the might - y to save;.....

2

Come and fol - low Je - sus, for thee life He gave....

Rolled Away.

1. Out up - on the broad way speeding, With the husks my poor soul feed-ing
 2. Fast from hope and mer - cy sink-ing, I the bit - ter cup was drinking;
 3. I had wandered long in sad-ness, Blind-ed by my sin and madness;

Je - sus came, and sought, and found me, And my bur - den, all my bur - den, All my
 Till in love my Saviour met me, All my dark-ness, all my darkness, All my
 Till by love my heart was brok-en, And my sor - row, all my sor - row, All my

CHORUS.

bur - den rolled a - way. } Rolled a-way, rolled a-way, Oh, the
 darkness turned to light. }
 sor - row changed to song. } Rolled a-way, rolled a-way,

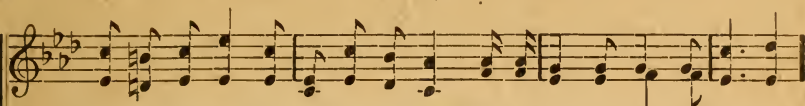
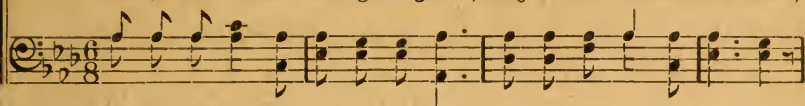
bur - den of my heart rolled a-way, Rolled a-way, rolled a -
 rolled a-way, rolled a-way,

way, Oh, the bur - den of my heart, Of my heart rolled a - way.
 rolled a-way,

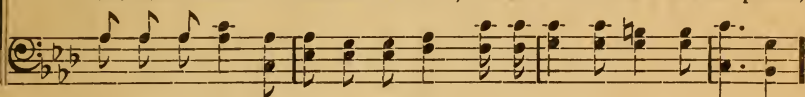
Down at the Fountain.



1. Down at the Fountain wonders are wrought; There 'twas I heard the sto - ry
2. Down at the Fountain par - don is gained, There Jesus snapped my fet - ters;
3. Down at the Fountain cour - age is gained, Strength for the weak and faint-hearted,

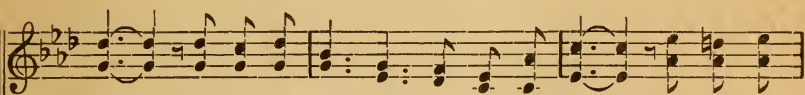
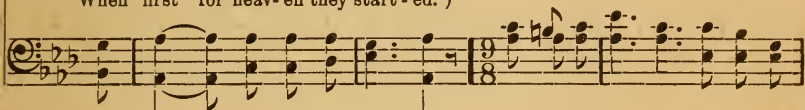


Of Je - sus' love; my burden there brought, And the wild storm bursting o'er me
Cleansed by His Blood my soul when sin-stained, And the past with all its ter - ror
Out from the soul all darkness is driven, And the hearts from sorrow are parted,

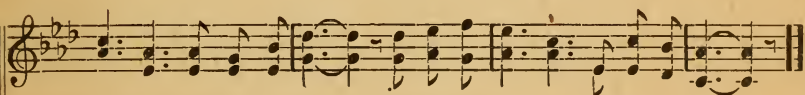
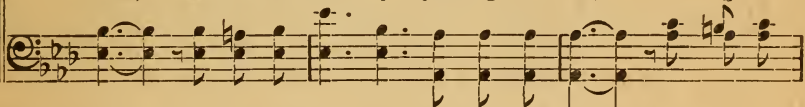


CHORUS.

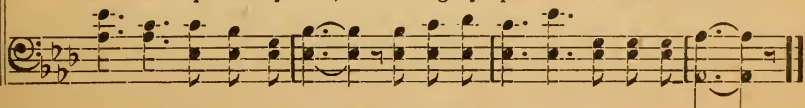
Was changed to heav - en - ly glo - ry. }
Was cast from me for - ev - er. } Down at the Fountain flow - ing so
When first for heav - en they start - ed. }



free, Je - sus is sweet - ly speak - ing to me, Lift - ing the

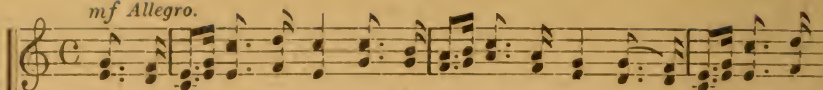


bur - den up from my soul, Bidding my spir - it rise and be whole.

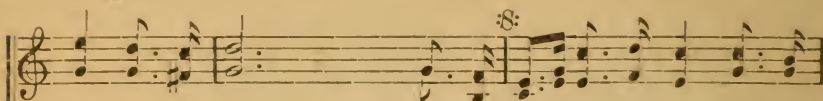
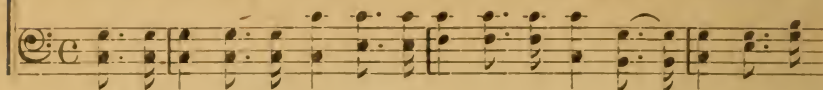


We'll All Shout Hallelujah.

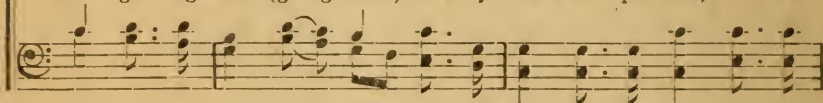
S. S. 317.

mf Allegro.

1. Oh, how hap-py are they who the Sav-iour o-bey, And have laid up their
2. That sweet comfort is mine; now the fa-vor di-vine I've received thro' the
3. 'Tis a heav-en be-low my Re-deemer to know; The an-gels can
4. Je-sus all the day long is my Sun and my Song, Oh, that all His sal-
5. Oh, the rap-tur-ous height of the ho-ly de-light Which I feel in the

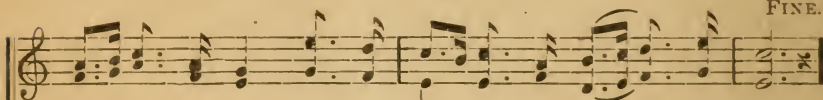


treas-ure a-bove, (a-bove;) Tongue can nev-er ex-press that sweet
 blood of the Lamb, (the Lamb,) With my heart I be-lieve, and what
 do noth-ing more, (nothing more,) Than fall at His feet, and the
 va-tion might see! (might see!) He doth love me, I cry, He did
 life-giv-ing blood! (giving blood!) Of my Sav-iour pos-sess, I am



D. S.—sing redeeming love with the

FINE.



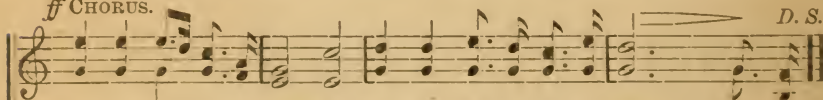
com-fort and peace Of a soul filled with Je-sus' love.
 joy I re-ceive, What a heav-en in Je-sus' name!
 sto-ry re-peat, And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore.
 suf-fer and die, To re-deem such a reb-el as me.
 per-fect-ly blest, As if filled with the heav-en of God.



shin-ing hosts above, And with Je-sus we'll be happy all the day.

f CHORUS.

D. S.



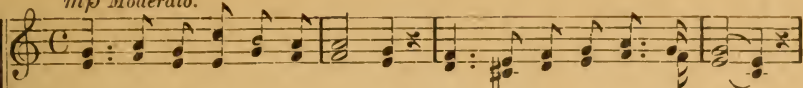
We'll all shout, Hal-le-lu-jah! As we march a-long the way; And we'll



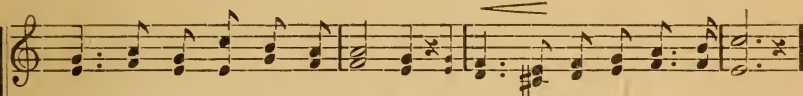
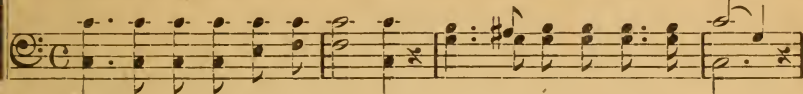
the way;

Room for Jesus.

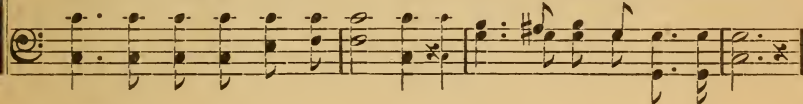
S. S. 34.

mp Moderato.

1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus— He who bore your load of sin?
2. Room for pleasure, room for busi - ness; But for Christ the Cru - ci - fied—
3. Have you an - y time for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus; Soon will pass God's day of grace;



As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
 Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died!
 Oh, "to - day" is "time ac - cept - ed," To - mor - row you may call in vain.
 Soon your heart be cold and si - lent, And your Saviour's pleadings cease.

*mf* CHORUS.

Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!



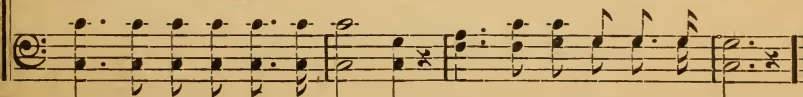
Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, o - bey!
 Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!



Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!



Swing your heart's door widely o - pen! Bid Him en - ter while you may.



Cleansing for Me.

S. 3. 407.

mf Moderato.

1. Lord, thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleans-ing for me,
 2. From all the sins o - ver which I have wept, Cleans-ing for me,
 3. From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom, Cleans-ing for me,

cleans-ing for me; From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,
 cleans-ing for me; Far, far a - way, by the blood - cur - rent swept,
 cleans-ing for me; From all the fears that would point me to doom,

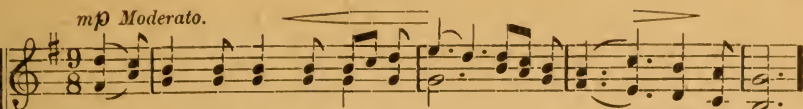
Cleans-ing from Thee, cleans-ing from Thee. Sin - ful and black though the
 Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me; Je - sus, Thy prom - ise I
 Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me; Je - sus, al-though I may

past may have been, Ma - ny the crush-ing de-feats I have seen, Yet on Thy
 dare to be-lieve, And as I come Thou wilt sure-ly re-ceive; That o - ver
 not un - der-stand, In child-like faith now I put forth my hand, And thro' Thy

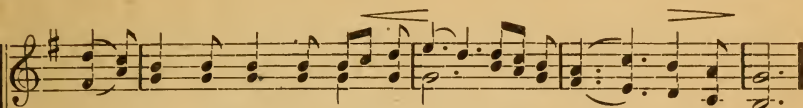
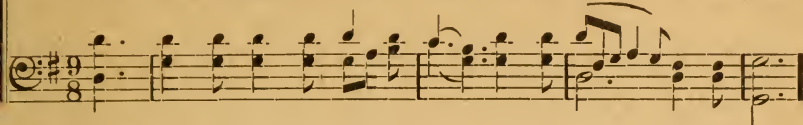
prom - ise, O Lord, now I lean, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
 sin I may nev - er more grieve, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
 word and Thy grace I shall stand, Cleans-ed by Thee, cleans-ed by Thee.

Behold! Behold the Lamb of God.

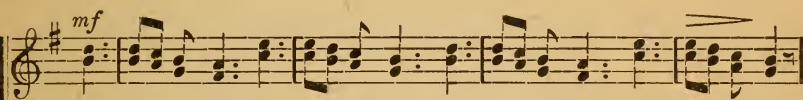
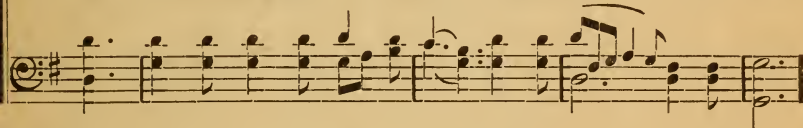
S. S. 13.

mp Moderato.

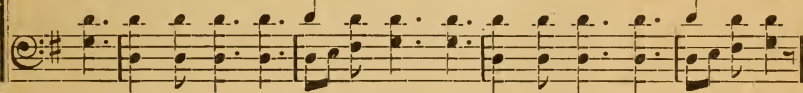
1. Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross.
 2. Come, sin - ners, see Him lift - ed up, On the cross, on the cross;
 2. And now the might - y deed is done, On the cross, on the cross;



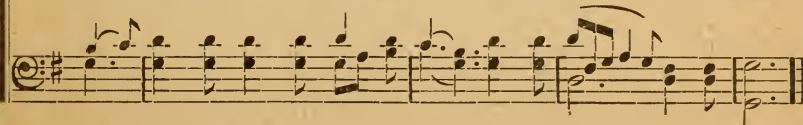
For us He shed His precious blood, On the cross, on the cross.
 He drinks for you the bit - ter cup, On the cross, on the cross.
 The bat - tle's fought, the vic - t'ry's won, On the cross, on the cross.



Oh, hear His all im - por - tant cry, "Why per - ish, blood-bought sin - ner, why?"
 The rocks do rend, the mountains quake, While Je - sus doth sal - va - tion make—
 To heav'n He turns His dy - ing eyes; "Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries;



Draw near and see your Sav - iour die, On the cross, on the cross.
 While Je - sus suf - fers for our sake, On the cross, on the cross.
 Then bows His sa - cred head and dies, On the cross, on the cross.



mf Moderato.

1. When moth - ers of Sa - lem Their chil - dren brought to Je - sus,
 2. "For I will re - ceive them, And fold them in My bo - som;
 3. How kind was our Sav - iour To bid those chil - dren wel - come!
 4. Oh, soon may the heath - en Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion

The stern dis - ci - ples drove them back, And bade them de - part;
 I'll be a Shep - herd to those lambs, Oh, drive them not a - way!
 But there are ma - ny thous - ands who Have nev - er heard His name;
 Ful - fil Thy bless - ed word, and cast Their i - dols all away!

But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, And sweet - ly smiled and
 For if their hearts to Me they give, They shall with Me in
 The Bi - ble they have nev - er read, They know not that the
 Oh, shine up - on them from a - bove, And show Thy - self a

kind - ly said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."
 glo - ry live: "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."
 Sav - iour said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."
 God of love; Teach the lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."

I Am So Glad.

S. S. 731.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heaven, Tells of His
 2. Je - sus loves me, and I know I love Him: Love brought Him
 3. If one should ask of me, how can I tell— Glo - ry to
 4. In this as - sur - ance I find sweet - est rest, Trust - ing in

love in the Book He has given; Won - der - ful things in the
 down my poor soul to re - deem; Yes, it was love made Him
 Je - sus, I know ver - y well; God's Ho - ly Spir - it with
 Je - sus, I know I am blest; Sa - tan, dis-mayed, from my

Bi - ble I see, This is the dear - est—that Je - sus loves me.
 die on the tree: Oh, I am cer - tain that Je - sus loves me!
 mine doth a - gree, Con - stant - ly wit - ness - ing Je - sus loves me.
 soul now doth flee When I just tell him that Je - sus loves me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, Fixed on Thee, Fixed on Thee;
 2. Let oth - ers boast of heaps of gold; Christ for me! Christ for me!
 3. In pin - ing sick - ness or in health, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 4. At home, a - broad, by night, by day, Christ for me! Christ for me!

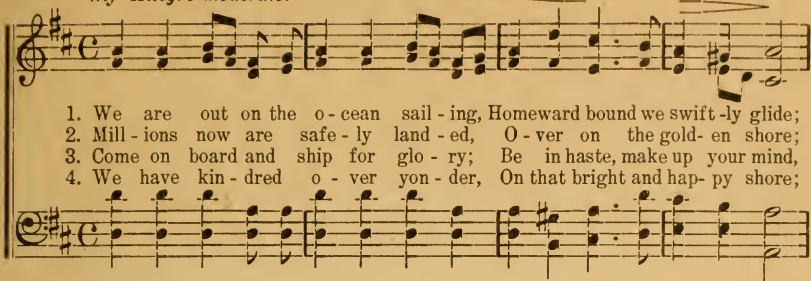
And my un - chang - ing choice is made, Christ for me!
 His rich - es nev - er can be told: Christ for me!
 In deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me!
 Wher - e'er I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for me!

He is my Proph - et, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - vation bring,
 Your gold will waste and wear a - way, Your hon - ors per - ish in a day;
 And in that all im - port - ant day, When I the call of death o - bey,
 Him first, Him last, Him all day long, My hope, my so - lace, and my song;

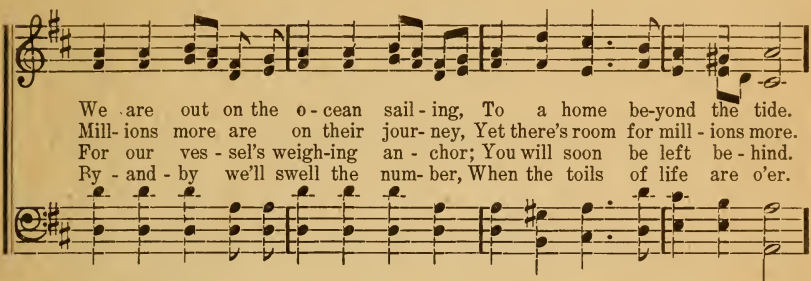
And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 My por - tion nev - er can de - cay, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 And pass from this dark world a - way, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 I'll send the ring - ing cry a - long, "Christ for me! Christ for me!"

We are Out On the Ocean Sailing.

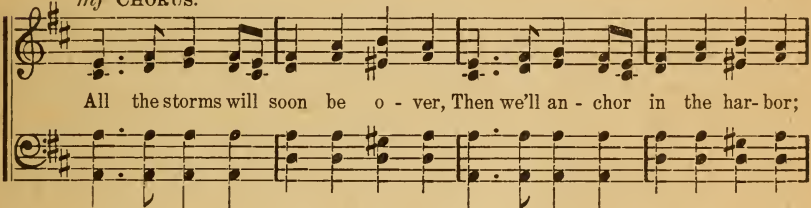
S. S. 845.

mf Allegro moderato.


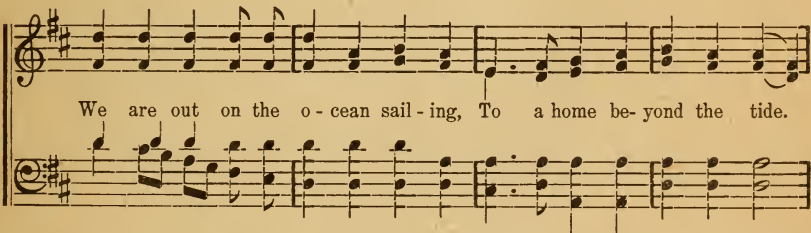
1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we swift - ly glide;
 2. Mill - ions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on the gold - en shore;
 3. Come on board and ship for glo - ry; Be in haste, make up your mind,
 4. We have kin - dred o - ver yon - der, On that bright and hap - py shore;



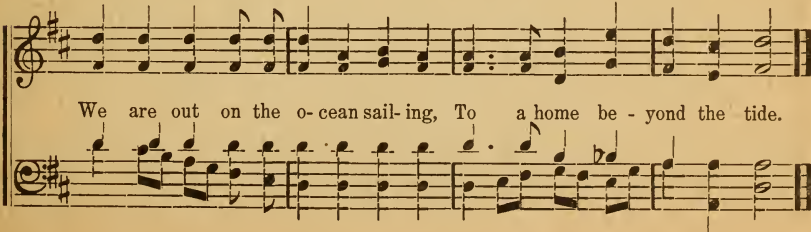
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.
 Mill - ions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for mill - ions more.
 For our ves - sel's weigh - ing an - chor; You will soon be left be - hind.
 Ry - and - by we'll swell the num - ber, When the toils of life are o'er.

mf CHORUS.


All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor;



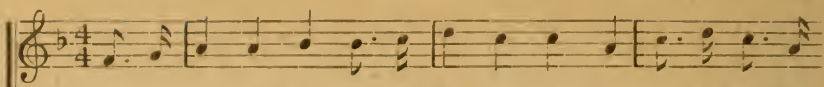
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.




We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

Jesus Waits to Pardon You.

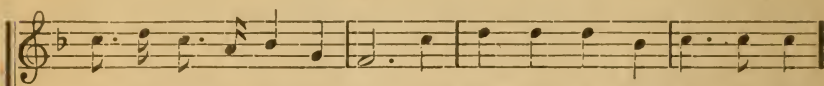
S. S. 94.




1. Let me sing to you in a glad re - frain, That Je - sus waits to
 2. In the years gone by it was told to thee, That Je - sus waits to
 3. What a sad, sad day, when you hear no more, That Je - sus waits to



par - don you; Let me tell it o - ver to you a - gain, That
 par - don you; You have heard it sung at your moth - er's knee, That
 par - don you; When the time is past and the sea - son o'er, That

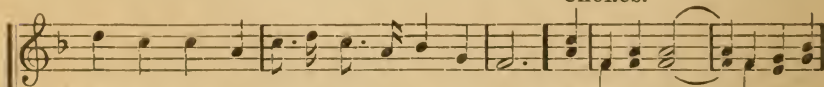


Je - sus waits to par - don you. You've tried and al - ways tried in vain,
 Je - sus waits to par - don you. She's gone from mor - tal sight a - way,
 Je - sus waits to par - don you. Ere voice shall fail and song shall die,



To free your soul from Sa - tan's reign; Oh, turn to Je - sus, He will
 Yet strange - ly near she seems to - day; You feel her gent - le touch and
 Be - fore the days of grace go by, Turn ye, or you will hear the

CHORUS.



break the chain, For Je - sus waits to par - don you. } Yes, Je - sus waits to pardon
 hear her say, My Je - sus waits to par - don you. }
 bit - ter cry, No Je - sus waits to par - don you. } Je - sus waits to

Jesus Waits to Pardon You.—Concluded.



you, To free - ly, free - ly par - don you; Yes,
 par - don you, free - ly, free - ly par - don, par - don you, Yes,

Je - sus waits.... to par - don you, To free - ly par - don you.
 Je - sus, Je - sus free - ly waits to par - don you,

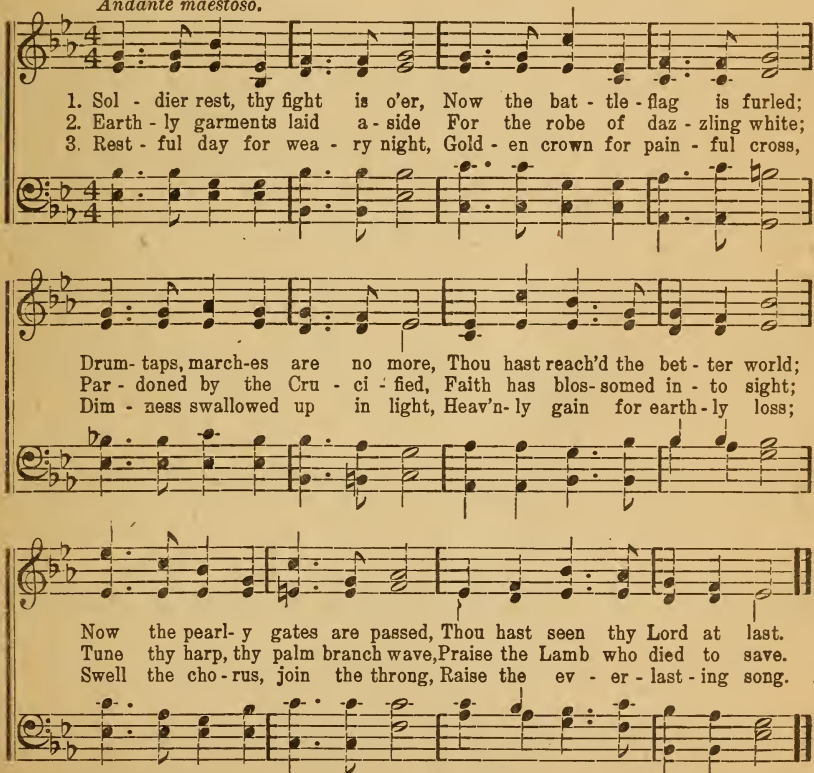
35

Soldier Rest.

Ashby Wood.

C. W. Waggoner.

Andante maestoso.



1. Sol - dier rest, thy fight is o'er, Now the bat - tle - flag is furled;
 2. Earth - ly garments laid a - side For the robe of daz - zling white;
 3. Rest - ful day for wea - ry night, Gold - en crown for pain - ful cross,

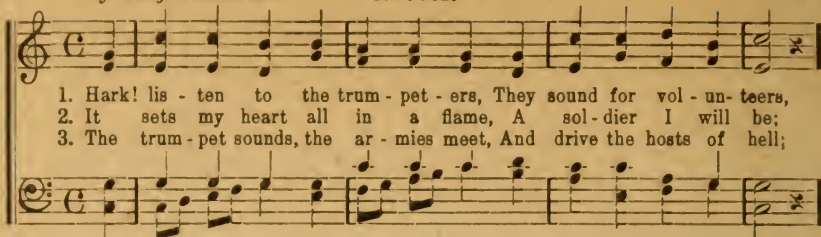
Drum - taps, march - es are no more, Thou hast reach'd the bet - ter world;
 Par - doned by the Cru - ci - fied, Faith has blos - somed in - to sight;
 Dim - ness swallowed up in light, Heav'n - ly gain for earth - ly loss;

Now the pearl - y gates are passed, Thou hast seen thy Lord at last.
 Tune thy harp, thy palm branch wave, Praise the Lamb who died to save.
 Swell the cho - rus, join the throng, Raise the ev - er - last - ing song.

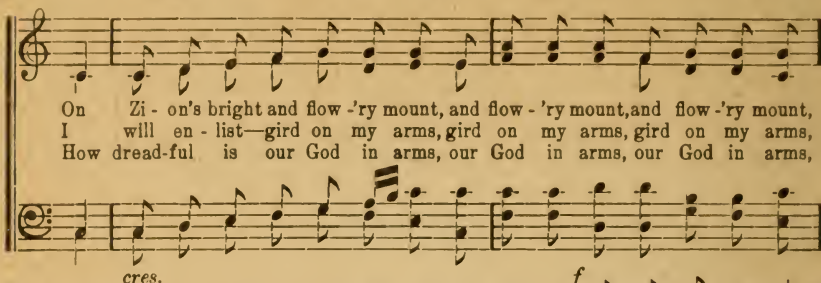
Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

mf Allegro moderato.

S. S. 532.

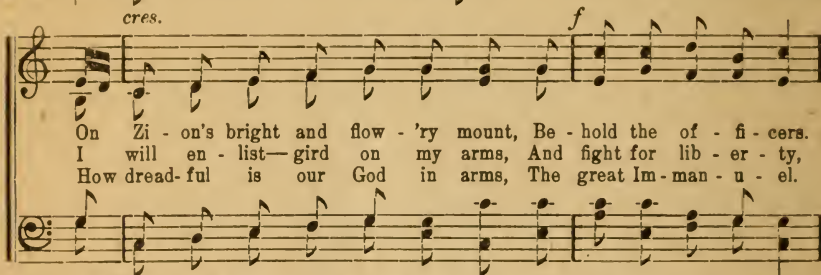


1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers, They sound for vol - un - teers,
 2. It sets my heart all in a flame, A sol - dier I will be;
 3. The trum - pet sounds, the ar - mies meet, And drive the hosts of hell;

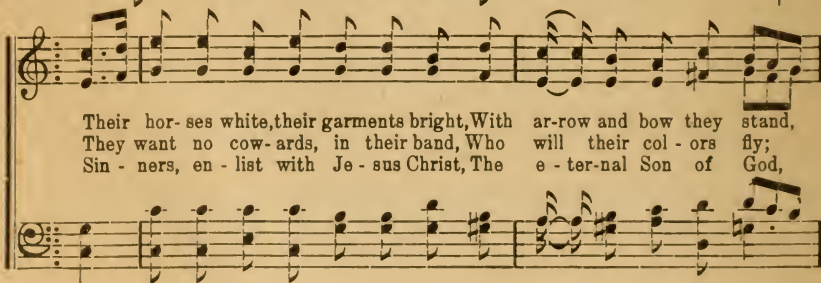


On Zi - on's bright and flow - 'ry mount, and flow - 'ry mount, and flow - 'ry mount,
 I will en - list - gird on my arms, gird on my arms, gird on my arms,
 How dread - ful is our God in arms, our God in arms, our God in arms,

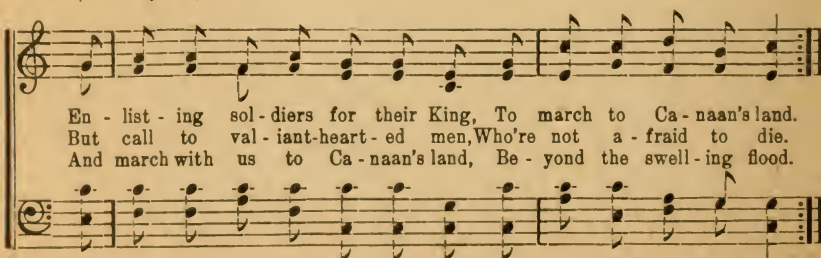
cres.



On Zi - on's bright and flow - 'ry mount, Be - hold the of - fi - cers.
 I will en - list - gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty,
 How dread - ful is our God in arms, The great Im - man - u - el.



Their hor - ses white, their garments bright, With ar - row and bow they stand,
 They want no cow - ards, in their band, Who will their col - ors fly;
 Sin - ners, en - list with Je - sus Christ, The e - ter - nal Son of God,



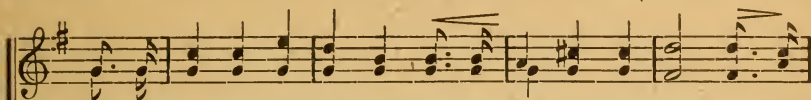
En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march to Ca - naan's land.
 But call to val - iant - heart - ed men, Who're not a - fraid to die.
 And march with us to Ca - naan's land, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

While the Light from Heaven.

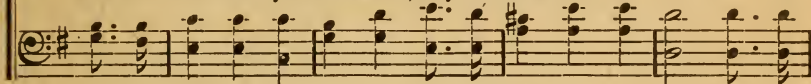
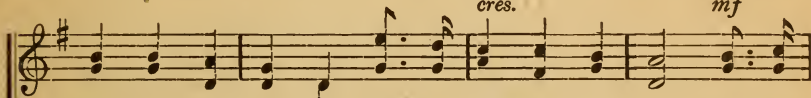
S. S. 142.

mp Moderato.

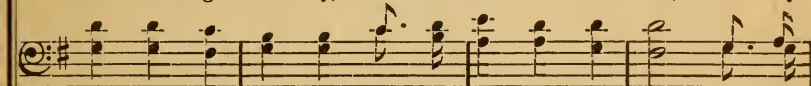
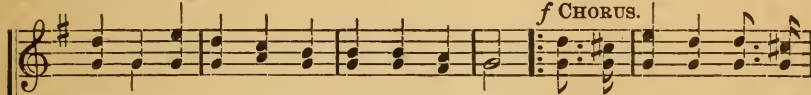
1. Sins of years are all num-bered, Black-est stains brought to light,
 2. All the past with its chan-ces, All the "what might have been,"
 3. Poor lost sin-ners of all kinds, Trem-bling fol-lowers as well,



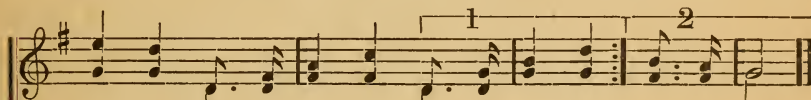
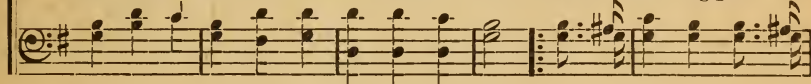
Bro-ken pledg-es un-cov-ered, None es-cape from His sight. Unwashed
 Ev-'ry con-quest and vic-t'ry He had meant you should win. How you'll
 With their robes sure-ly blood-washed, They shall come forth to tell Of the

*cres.**mf*

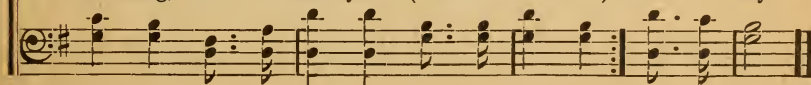
hearts are re-ject-ed, Guilt-y souls rise a-lone, When you
 wish you'd gone for-ward, Lov-ing Je-sus a-lone, When you
 bat-tles fought brave-ly, Of the vic-to-ries won, As they

*f* CHORUS.

stand in the light Of His great Judgment throne. { While the light from heav'n is
 While re-deem-ing grace is

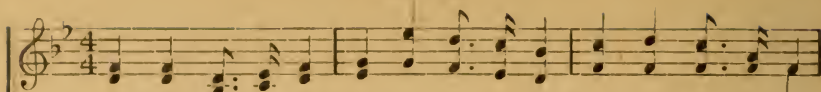


fall-ing, Sins con-fess-ing, wants re-veal-ing,
 flow-ing, He can wash your (Omit.....) sins a-way.

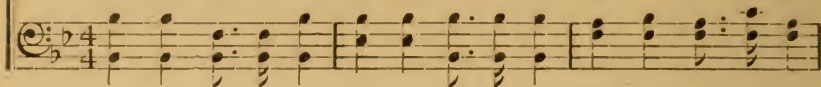


Sound the Battle Cry!

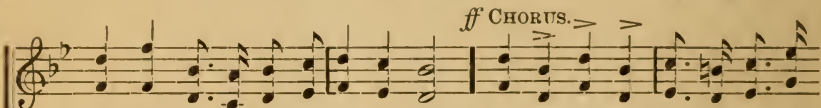
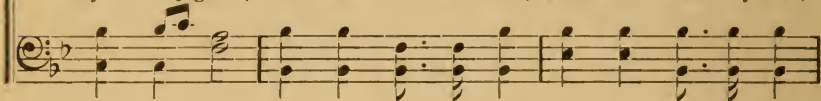
S. S. 554.



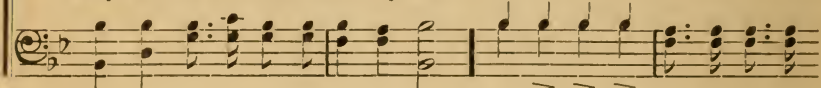
1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand - ard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, March - ing on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all



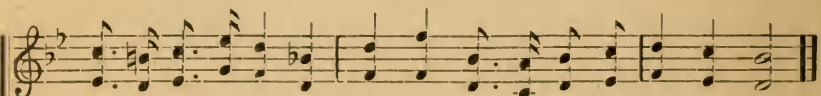
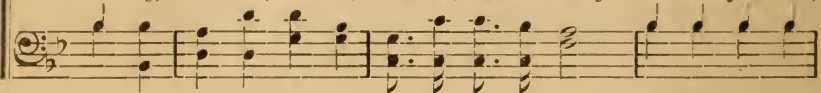
For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on; Stand firm, ev - 'ry one;
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright, Gleam - ing in the light;
By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,



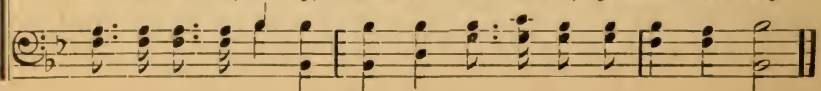
Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. } Rouse, then, soldiers, ral - ly 'round the
Bat - tling for the right We ne'er can fail. } Rouse, then, freeman, come from hill and
May we wear the crown Before Thy face. }



ban - ner; Read - y, stead - y, Pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward,
val - ley; Fu - thers, broth - ers, Earn - est, brave and strong: On - ward, for - ward,

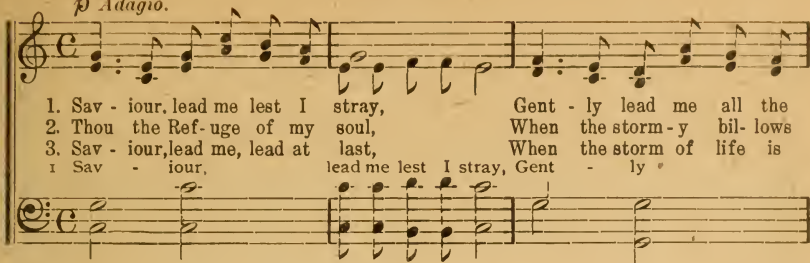


shout a - loud Ho - san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.
all u - nit - ed, ral - ly, "Death to Al - co - hol," your bat - tle - song.

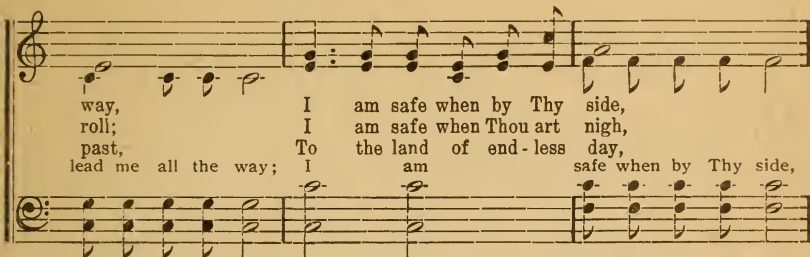


Saviour, Lead Me.

S. S. 755.

Adagio.


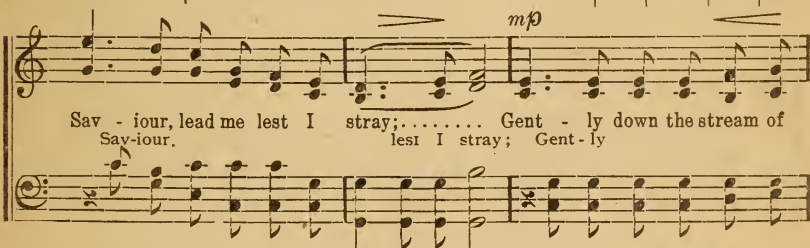
1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the
 2. Thou the Ref-uge of my soul, When the storm-y bil-lows
 3. Sav - iour, lead me, lead at last, When the storm of life is
 I Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gent - ly



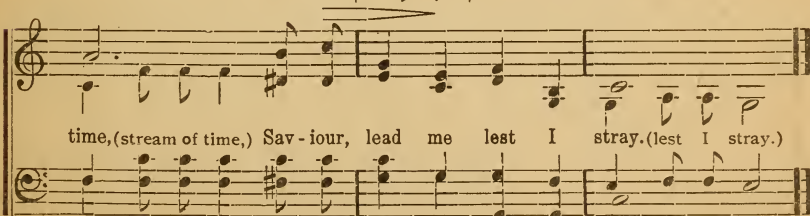
way, I am safe when by Thy side,
 roll; I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 past, To the land of end-less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

mf CHORUS. *Moderato.*


I would in Thy love a - bide.
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly. } Lead me, Lead me,
 Where all tears are wiped a - way.
 I would in Thy love a - bide.



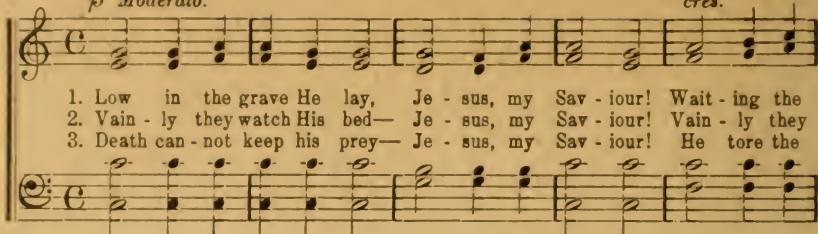
Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray;..... Gent - ly down the stream of
 Sav-iour. lest I stray; Gent-ly



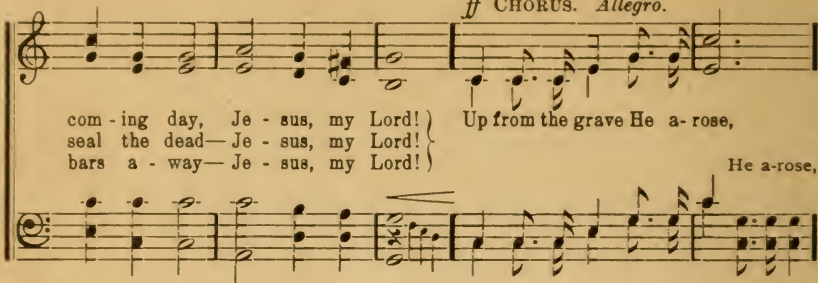
time, (stream of time,) Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray. (lest I stray.)

R. L.

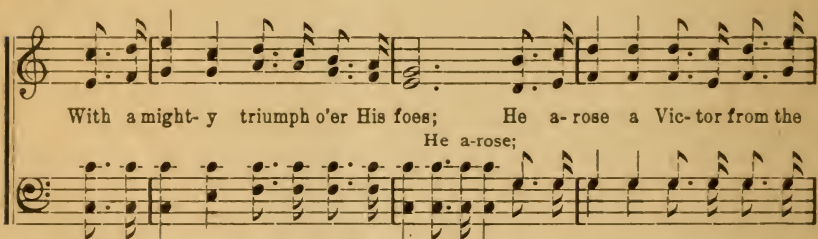
S. S. 799.

Robert Lowry.
cres.*p* Moderato.


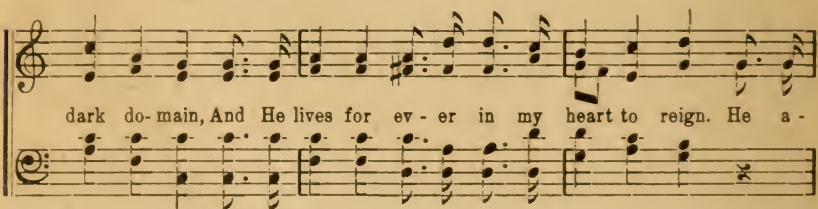
1. Low in the grave He lay, Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
 3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

ff CHORUS. *Allegro.*


com - ing day, Je - sus, my Lord! } Up from the grave He a - rose,
 seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! }
 bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord! } He a - rose,



With a might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
 He a - rose;



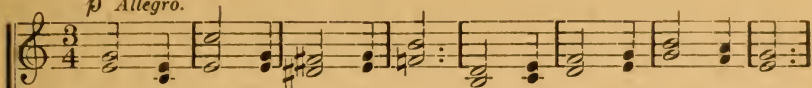
dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er in my heart to reign. He a -



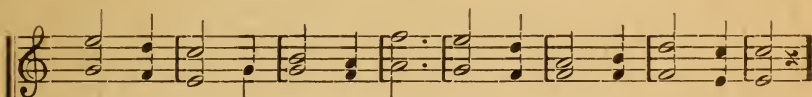
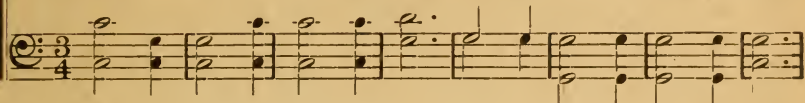
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

Thou Art a Mighty Saviour.

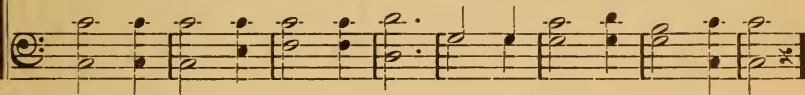
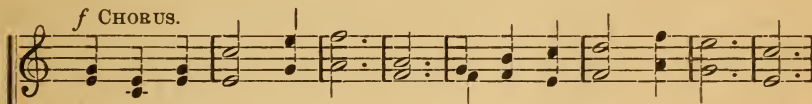
S. S. 503.

p Allegro.

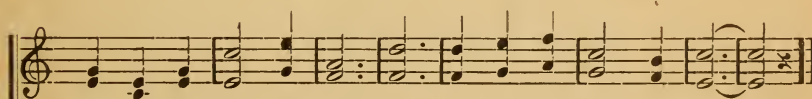
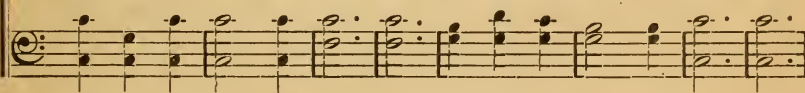
1. Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Thou hast done great things for me;
2. In Thy mer - cy, rich and free, Thou hast par - doned e - ven me:
3. Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, May my life a bless - ing be;
4. Now, Lord, let my light so shine That the world may know I'm thine;



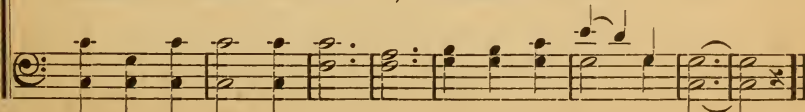
Thou didst leave Thy home a - bove, Thou didst suf - fer out of love.
 Thou hast kept me ev - 'ry hour, By Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's power.
 May it be a life of love, Lord, sup - ply me from a - bove.
 May I bear much fruit in Thee, That will stand e - ter - nal - ly.

*f* CHORUS.

Thou art a might - y Sav - iour, Thy love doth nev - er wa - ver;



Thou shalt be mine for ev - er, And Thine a - lone I'll be.

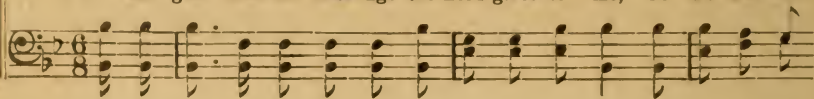


A Wonderful Saviour is Jesus.

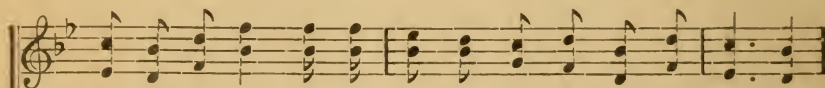
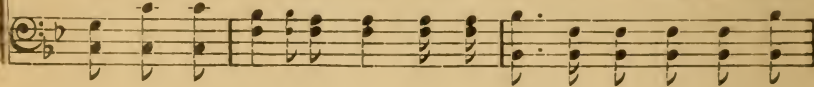
S. S. 209.



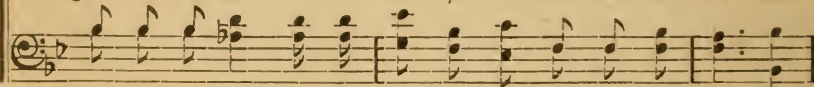
1. I have glo - ri - ous ti - dings of Je - sus to tell, How He un - to
2. I have found that from fear He can free - dom be - stow, And o - ver dark
3. All the wealth of the bless - ing in Je - sus I hold, No words ev - er
4. I am glad that the bless - ings the Lord gives to me, To all who will



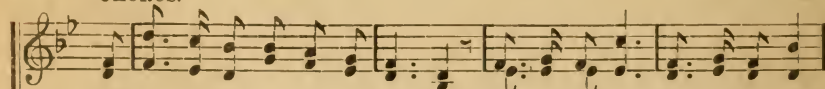
me has done all things well; And I love Him for stoop - ing, in
 sor - row joy's ra - diance can throw; As a friend He can cheer one in
 spok - en could ere un - fold, Like the waves of an o - cean up -
 ask Him are just as free; In His pit - y un - meas - ured He



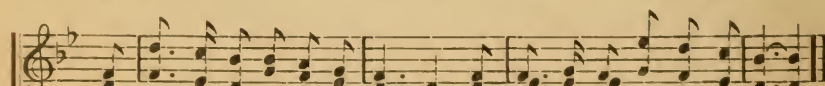
sin when I fell, Where His strong arm of mer - cy did reach me.
 grief, this I know, He in - deed is a won - der - ful Sav - iour.
 on me are rolled, Of His love all the rich - es un - bound - ed.
 gra - cious will be Un - to all who will seek His sal - va - tion.



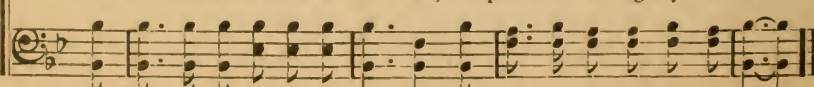
CHORUS.



A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, Cleans - ing the soul, Mak - ing it whole;

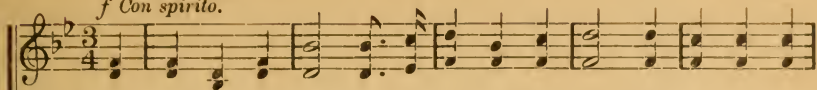


A won - der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, I've prov'd He is might - y to save.

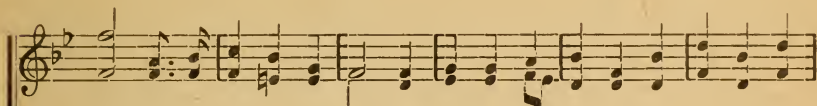
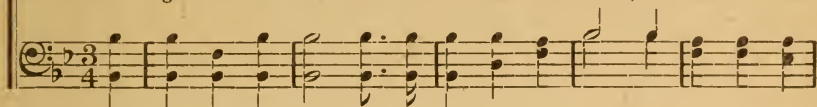


Stand Like the Brave.

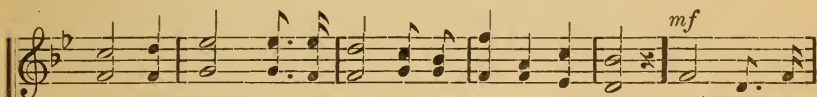
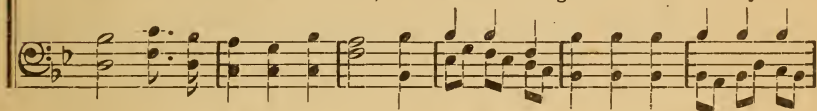
S. S. 540.

f Con spirito.

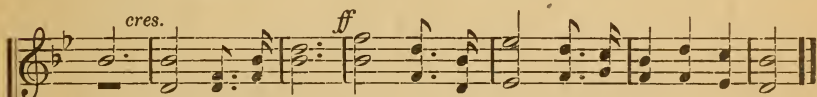
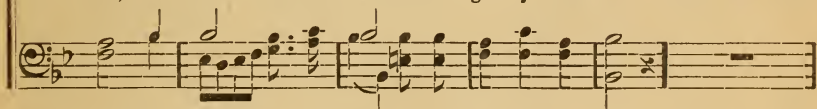
1. God's trum-pet is sound-ing, "To arms!" is the call, More war-riors are
2. On land and on wa-ter my col-ors I'll show, Thro' ten thous-and
3. When foes per-se-cute me I'll not be dis-mayed, Sin, death, hell and
4. I'll fight to the last with the Lord's sword and shield, And count it an



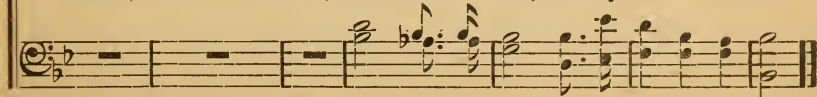
want-ed to help on the war; My King's in the bat-tle, He's call-ing for
 bat-tles with Je-sus I'll go; In dan-ger I'm cer-tain He'll take care of
 fiends shall not make me a-fraid; From fear-ing and doubt-ing I'm ful-ly set
 hon-or to die in the field; In death and the grave there is vic-t'ry for



me, A sal-va-tion sol-dier for Je-sus I'll be. Stand like the
 me, His blood-and-fire sol-dier for ev-er I'll be. Stand like the
 free, A sal-va-tion sol-dier for God I will be. Stand like the
 me, A sal-va-tion sol-dier in glo-ry I'll be. Stand like the



brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe.



To Heal the Broken Heart He Came.

mp Andante con espress.

mp Andante on espress.

1. A hid-ing-place from ev-'ry storm, A shel-ter that defends from harm,
2. O wound-ed heart, thy sor-row bring, For thou may'st gain re-lief from Him,
3. O trembling one, thy heav-y weight Of guilt just now to Je-sus take;
4. Thy bonds shall break, O cap-tive one, For Christ to set thee free has come;

A light that cheers the path of gloom, Is Christ to all who to Him come.
Who gave His life so to re-deem Each grieving soul o'er-thrown by sin.
He shed His blood that He might make A cleansing fount-ain for thy sake.
He waits to give the pre-cious boon—The freedom thou hast sought so long.

p CHORUS. *dolce.*

p CHORUS. *adice.*

The musical score for the chorus is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves.

To heal the brok - en heart He came,..... To free the
He came to heal the brok-en heart.

cap - - tive from his chain;..... The blood He spilt.....
From ev - 'ry chain each soul to free; The blood He spilt,

cres.

rit.

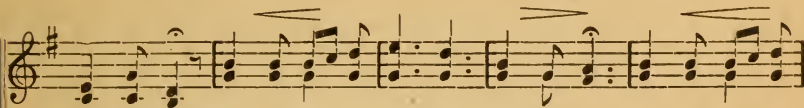
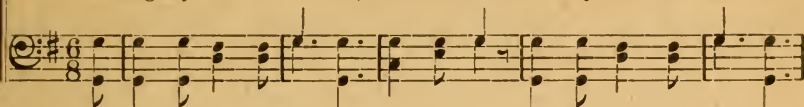
when He was slain, Brings guilt - y sin - ners home to God.
when He was slain,

I Bring My Heart to Jesus.

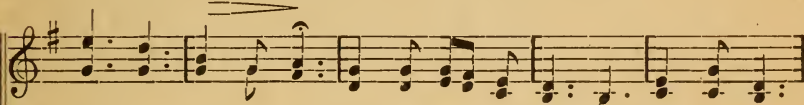
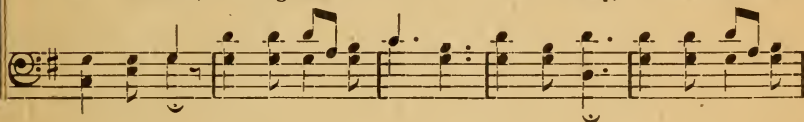
S. S. 372.

mp Allegretto.

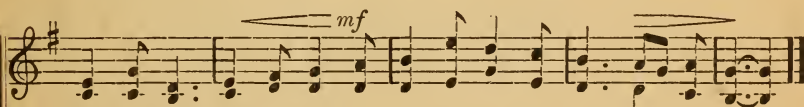
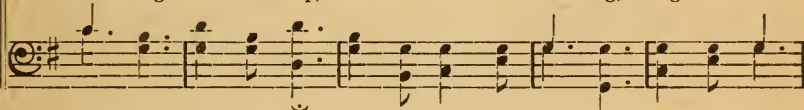
1. I bring my heart to Je - sus, with its fears, With its hopes and feel - ings,
2. I bring my life to Je - sus, with its care, And be - fore His foot - stool,
3. I bring my sins to Je - sus as I pray, That His blood will wash them
4. I bring my all to Je - sus; He hath seen How my soul de - sir - eth



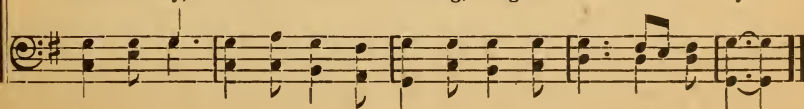
and its tears; Him it seeks, and find - ing, it is blest; Him it loves, and
leave it there. Fad - ed are its treas - ures, poor and dim; It is not worth
all a - way. While I seek for fa - vor at His feet, And with tears, His
to be clean; Noth - ing from His al - tar I would keep, To His cross of



lov - ing, is at rest. Walk - ing with my Sav - iour, heart in heart,
liv - ing with - out Him, More than life is Je - sus, love and peace,
prom - ise still re - peat, He doth tell me plain - ly Je - sus lives
suff - 'ring I would leap, And the fire de - scend - ing, brings to me

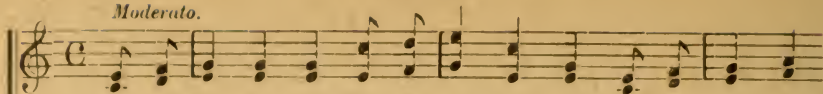


None can part, Walk - ing with my Sav - iour, heart in heart, None can part.
Ne'er to cease, More than life is Je - sus, love and peace, Ne'er to cease.
And for - gives, He doth tell me plain - ly Je - sus lives And for - gives.
Lib - er - ty, And the fire de - scend - ing, brings to me Lib - er - ty.

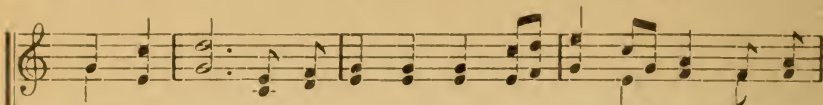


Sinner, See Yon Light.

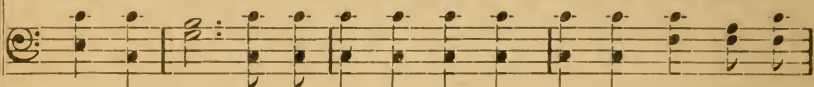
S. S. 29.

Moderato.

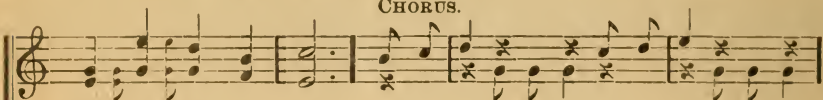
1. Sin - ner, see yon light, Shin - ing clear and bright From the Cross on
2. In the gloom - y shade When He knelt and pray'd, Oh, what pain - ful
3. See, the Sav - iour stands, With His wound - ed hands And He calls a -
4. Come a - way to Him And con - fess your sin, Come to Him who



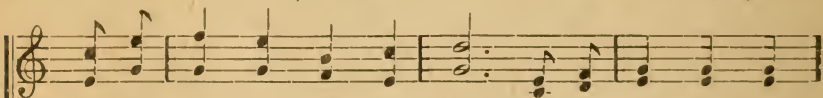
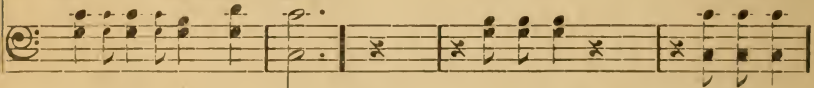
Cal - va - ry, Where the Sav - iour died, And from His side Came the
 ag - o - ny! When His brow was wet With the bloody sweat In the
 loud to thee, "I for thee life gave, Thy soul to save Then thy
 died for thee; To His feet draw near With a heart sin - cere, And from



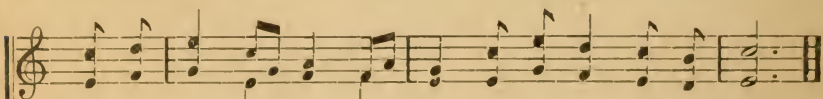
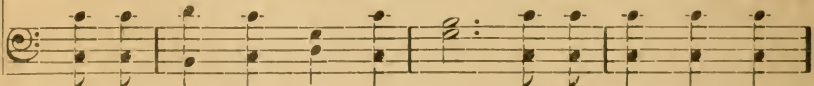
CHORUS.



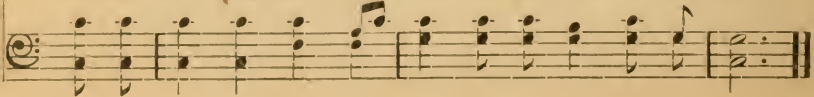
Blood that sets us free.
 gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne. } Come a - way, come a - way,
 heart now give to me. } Come a - way, come a - way,
 sin He'll set thee free.



To the Cross for ref - uge flee; See, the Sav - iour stands



With His bleed - ing hands, Thy ran - som He paid on the tree.



Oh, What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

mp Adagio.

S. S. 171.

1. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that
 2. Oh, what shall I do to be saved When the pleas - ures of
 3. Oh, what shall I do to be saved When sick - ness my
 4. O Lord, look in mer - cy on me! Come, come and speak

bur - den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the
 youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the
 strength shall sub - due, Or the world in a day, Like a
 peace to my soul! Un - to whom shall I flee, Bless - ed

winds are at war, Chill - ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll.
 earth are re - moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?
 cloud, rolls a - way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view?
 Lord, but to Thee? Thou canst make my poor brok - en heart whole!

mf CHORUS. *Moderato.* *f*
 What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
 That will I do! That will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved.

Oh, What Will You Do Without Christ?

Tune,—47.—S. S. 151

1 Oh, what will you do without Christ
 When the stars of the elements fall?
 When you stand all alone
 Before the whole throne,
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?

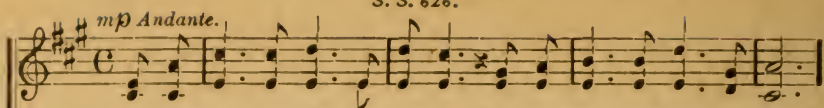
CHO.—What will you do?
 What will you do?
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?

2 Oh, what will you do without Christ
 When eternity bursts on your view?
 When to judgment you go,

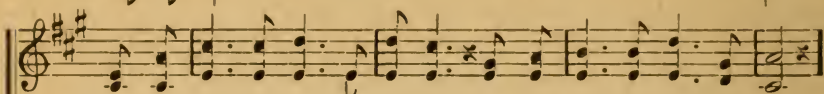
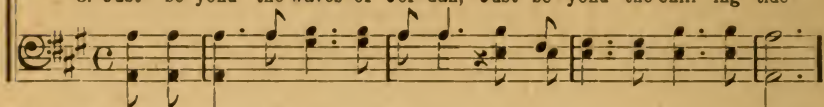
What, what will you do?
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?
 3 Oh, what will you do without Christ,
 Who have often admitted His love?
 But you've wandered from Him,
 And your heart's filled with sin,
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?
 4 Oh, what will you do without Christ,
 If to-night you are summoned to die?
 If you have to meet God
 Unwashed in the blood,
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?

When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

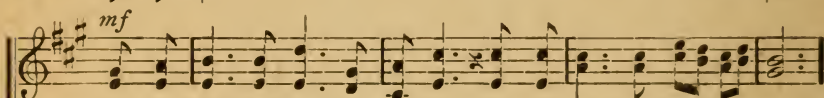
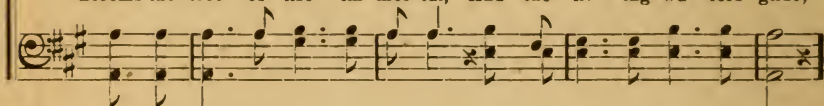
S. S. 626.



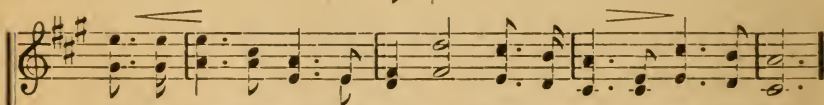
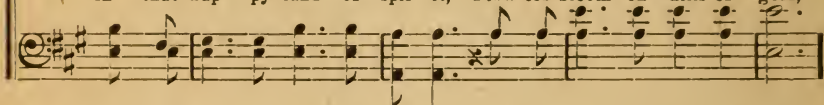
1. I have giv'n up all for Je-sus, This vain world is nought to me,
2. When the voice of Je-sus calls me, And the an-gels whis-per low,
3. Just be-yond the waves of Jor-dan, Just be-yond the chill-ing tide



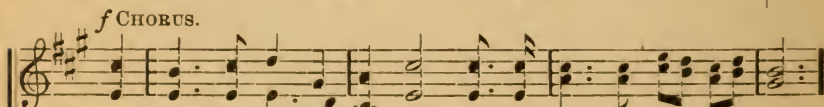
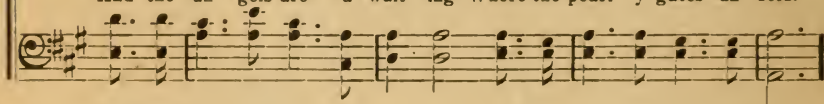
All its pleas-ures are for-got-ten In re-mem-b'ring Cal-va-ry;
 I will lean up-on my Sav-iour, Thro' the val-ley as I go;
 Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv-ing wa-ters glide;



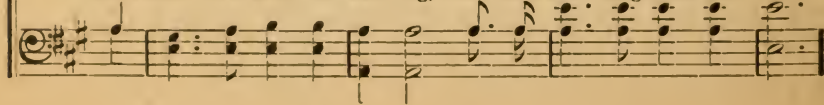
Tho' my friends de-spise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks cold,
 I will claim His pre-cious promise Worth to me the world of gold,
 In that hap-py land of spir-it, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold,



I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl-y gates un-fold.
 "Fear no e-vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl-y gates un-fold."
 And the an-gels are a-wait-ing Where the pearl-y gates un-fold.



Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And the eve-ning bells will toll;



When the Pearly Gates Unfold.—Concluded.

But my heart will know no sad-ness, When the pearl-y gates un-fold.

50

Come, Saviour Jesus.

Tune,—Eman,—S. S. 415.

p Andante.

1. Come, Sav-our Je-sus, from a-bove, As-sist me
 2. Oh, let Thy sa-cred pres-ence fill, And set my
 3. While in this re-gion here be-low, No oth-er
 4. Hence-forth may no un-clean de-light Di-vide this
 5. Wealth, hon-or, pleas-ure, and what else This short en-
 6. Noth-ing on earth do I de-sire But Thy pure

with Thy heav'n-ly grace; Emp-ty' my heart of
 long-ing spir-it free; Which wants to have no
 good will I pur-sue; I'll bid this world of
 con-se-crat-ed soul; Pos-sess it, Thou who
 dur-ing world can give, Tempt as ye will, my
 love with-in my breast: This, on-ly this, do

earth-ly love, And for Thy-self pre-pare the place.
 oth-er will, But day and night to feast on Thee.
 noise and show, With all its glit-tring snares, a-dieu!
 hast the right, As Lord and Mas-ter of the whole.
 soul re-pels, To Christ a-lone re-solved to live.
 I re-quire, And free-ly give up all the rest.

Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

S. S. 347.

*mp Allegretto.**cres.*

1. Why are you doubt-ing and fear-ing? Why are you still un-der
 2. You say, "I'm weak, I am help-less; I've tried a-gain and a-
 3. When in my sor-row He found me, Found me, and bade me be
 4. When in the tem-pest He hides me, When in the storm He is

sin? Have you not found That His grace doth a-bound? He's
 gain!" Well, this may be true, But 'tis not what you do— 'Tis
 whole: Turned all my night In-to heav-en-ly light, And
 near, All the way 'long He car-ries me on,

f CHORUS. Vivace.

might-y to save, let Him in!
 He who's the "Might-y to Save!" }
 from me my bur-den did roll!
 Now I have noth-ing to fear!

Je-sus is strong to de-

liv-er! Might-y to save! might-y to save! Je-sus is

strong to de-liv-er! Je-sus is might-y to save!

We're Marching to Zion.

S. S. 591.

mf Allegretto.

1. To leave the world be-low, March up-ward with our band, And
 2. The cit-y we shall see, The heav'n-ly mu-sic hear; March-
 3. The pearl-y gates are wide, The streets are bright and fair; We'll
 4. With "blood and fire" un-furled, March-ing to vic-t'ry grand, The

cres.

step by step we mean to go, And step by step we mean to go,
 ing to songs of vic-to-ry, March-ing to songs of vic-to-ry,
 march to-ge-th-er side by side, We'll march to-ge-th-er side by side,
 Ar-my means to lead the world, The Ar-my means to lead the world

To Zi-on's hap-py land, To Zi-on's hap-py land.
 With all the Ar-my there, With all the Ar-my there.
 Till safe-ly land-ed there, Till safe-ly land-ed there.
 To Zi-on's hap-py land, To Zi-on's hap-py land.

f CHORUS.

We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on, We're

march-ing The Ar-my to Zi-on, That beau-ti-ful-cit-y of God.

Whiter Than the Snow.

S. S. 380.

mp Moderato.

mp Moderato.

The first staff of music is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo and dynamics are marked as 'mp Moderato.' The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests, creating a rhythmic melody. The staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1. Tell me what to do to be pure, In the sight of the All-see-ing eyes?
2. Will my Sav-iour on - ly pass by, On - ly show me how faulty I've been?
3. Now I know to me Thou wilt show What be-fore I nev - er could see;

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The song is in 4/4 time, as indicated by the time signature at the end of the staff.

Tell me, is there no thorough cure, No es-cape from the sins I de-spise?
Will He not at-tend to my cry? Can I not at this mo-ment be clean?
Now I know in me Thou wilt dwell, And u-nit-ed to Thee I shall be.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the system. The system ends with a double bar line.

mf

The first system of the musical score for 'The Swan Song' is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Tell me, can I nev - er be free From this ter - ri - ble bondage with - in?
Bless - ed Lord, almight - y to heal, I know that Thy power cannot fail;
The light of Thy smile is on me, Thy love to my heart is made known;

The light of the sun is on me, my love to my heart made known,

mp

[illegible]

Is there no de-liverance for me? Must I al-ways have sin dwell with-in?
Here and now I know--yes, I feel, The prayer of my heart does pre-vail.
Now the face of God I shall see, And His power in my life shall be shown.

The first staff of music is in G major, 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

f CHORUS.

f CHORUS.

Whit - er - than the snow,
Whit - er - than the snow,

[illegible]

Whiter Than the Snow.—Concluded.

Whit - er than the snow! Wash me in the
 Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow!

blood of the Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.
 of the Lamb, than snow.

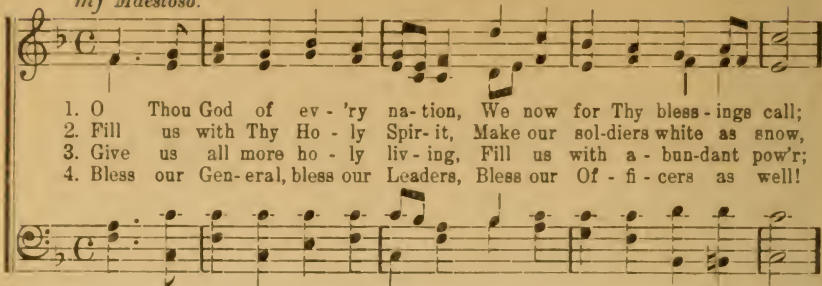
The musical score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

54 Keep Me Unspotted From Sin.

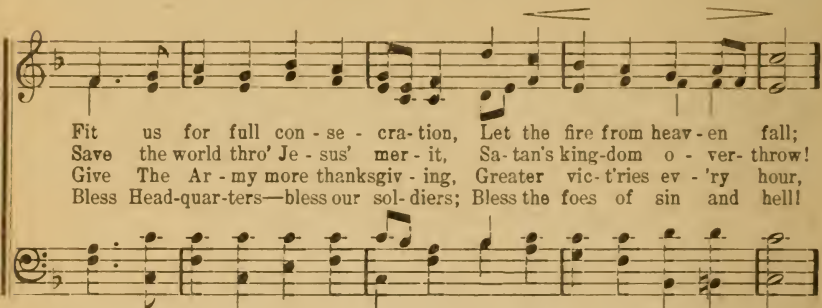
mf CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Keep me un - spot - ted from sin, dear Sav - iour, Keep me un -
 spot - ted from sin, my Lord; I'll live for Thy glo - ry, And
 tell out the sto - ry Of how Thou hast suf - fered and died.

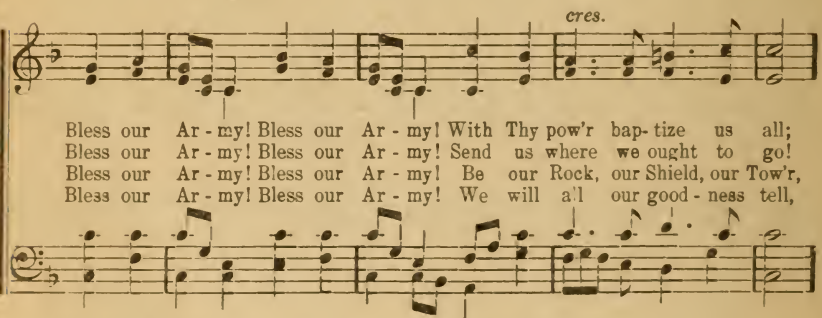
The musical score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

mf Maestoso.


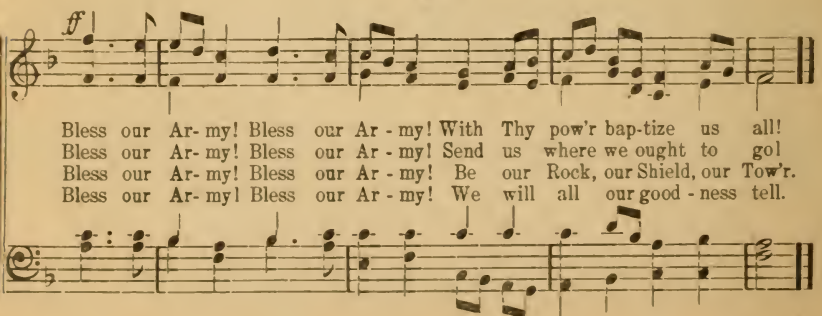
1. O Thou God of ev - 'ry na - tion, We now for Thy bless - ings call;
 2. Fill us with Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Make our sol - diers white as snow,
 3. Give us all more ho - ly liv - ing, Fill us with a - bun - dant pow'r;
 4. Bless our Gen - eral, bless our Leaders, Bless our Of - fi - cers as well!



Fit us for full con - se - cra - tion, Let the fire from heav - en fall;
 Save the world thro' Je - sus' mer - it, Sa - tan's king - dom o - ver - throw!
 Give The Ar - my more thankgiv - ing, Greater vic - t'ries ev - 'ry hour,
 Bless Head - quar - ters—bless our sol - diers; Bless the foes of sin and hell!

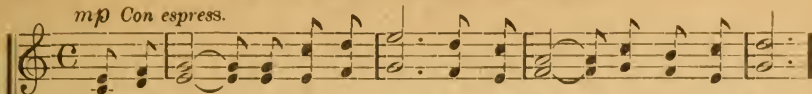


Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! With Thy pow'r bap - tize us all;
 Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! Send us where we ought to go!
 Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tow'r,
 Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! We will all our good - ness tell,

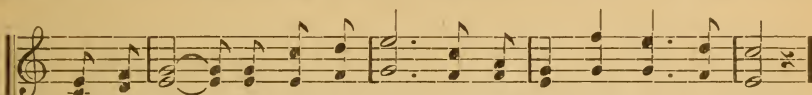
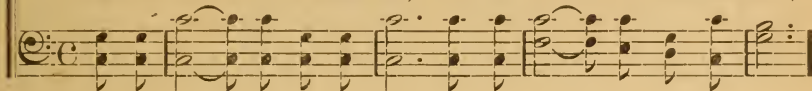


Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! With Thy pow'r bap - tize us all!
 Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! Send us where we ought to go!
 Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tow'r.
 Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! We will all our good - ness tell.

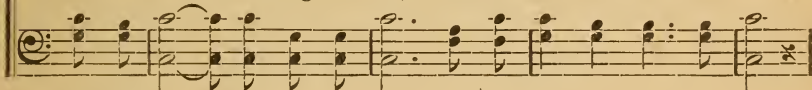
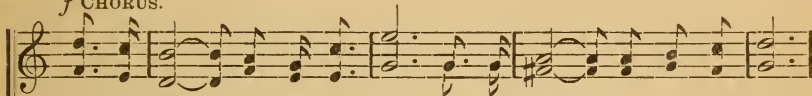
Far Away Across the Sea.

mp Con espress.

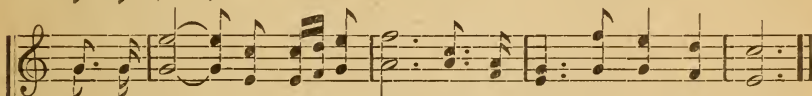
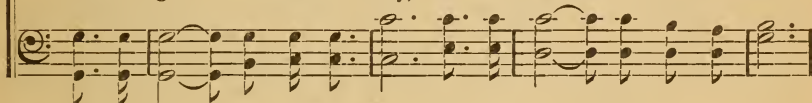
1. Far a - way a - cross the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair,
 2. Hark, I hear the Mas - ter say, "Up, ye reap - ers! Why so slow?
 3. Just be - yond the roll - ing tide, The up - lift - ed hand I see;
 4. Bear me o'er the rest - less sea, Let the winds the can - vass swell;



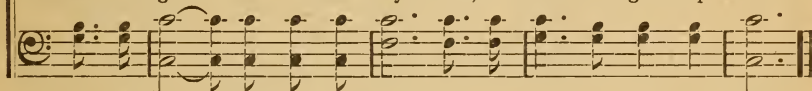
There's a call, a plain - tive plea, I must has - ten to be there.
 In my vine - yard, far a - way, There's a work for you to do!"
 Lo, the gates are o - pened wide, And the lost are call - ing me.
 In - dia's shores I long to see; Dear - est land fare - well! fare - well!

*f* CHORUS.

Let me go! I can - not stay, 'Tis the Mas - ter who doth call!



Let me go! I must o - bey! Lord, for Thee I give up all.



Gracious Saviour, Holy Shepherd.

Tune,—55.—S. S. 739.

- 1 Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd
 Little ones are dear to Thee;
 Gathered with Thine arms and carried
 In Thy bosom may they be;
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
 From all want and danger free.

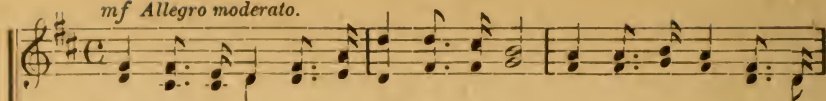
- 2 Let Thy holy word instruct them,
 Fill their minds with heavenly light;
 Let Thy love and grace constrain them

To approve whate'er is right.
 Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
 May they prove Thy burden light.

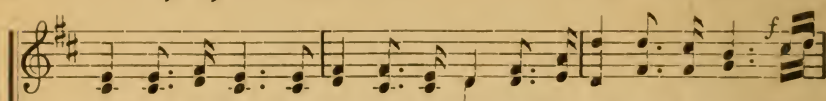
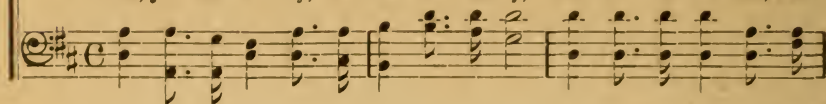
- 3 Taught to love the joyful praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 With both lips and hearts kept holy,
 Glad thank-offerings may they bring.
 Then with all Thy saints in glory,
 Join to praise their Lord and King.

Ring the Bell, Watchman.

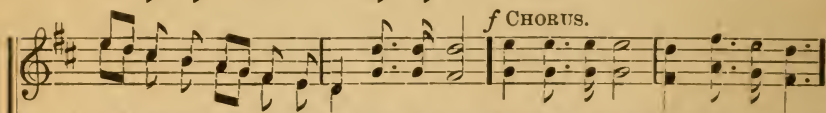
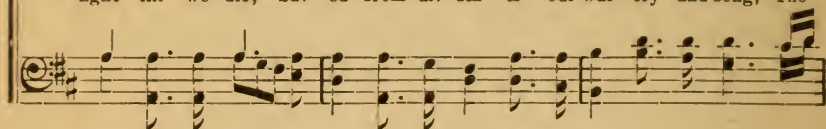
S. S. 528.

mf Allegro moderato.

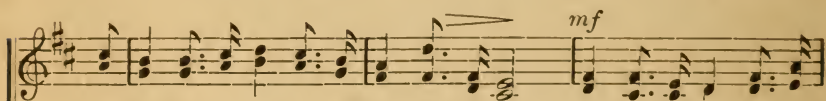
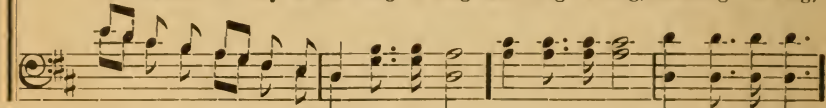
1. Come, join our Ar-my, to bat-tle we go, Je-sus will help us to
2. Come, join our Ar-my, the foe must be driv'n; To Je-sus, our Cap-tain, the
3. Come, join our Ar-my, the foe we de-fy, True to our col-ors, we'll



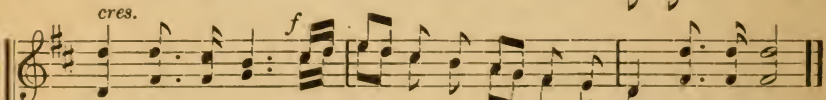
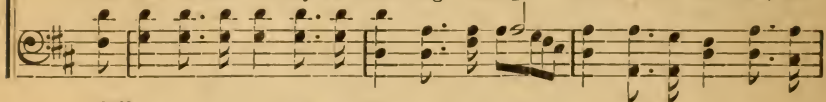
con-quer the foe De-fend-ing the right and op-pos-ing the wrong, The
world shall be giv'n; If hell should surround us, we'll press thro' the throng, The
fight till we die; "Sav-ed from all sin" is our war-cry and song, The



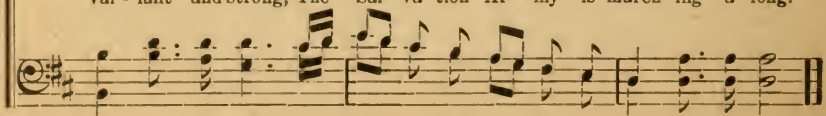
Sal-va-tion Ar-my is march-ing a-long. March-ing a-long, march-ing a-long,



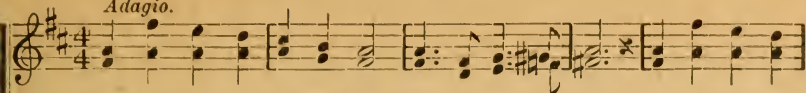
The Sal-va-tion Ar-my is march-ing a-long; Sol-diers of Je-sus, be



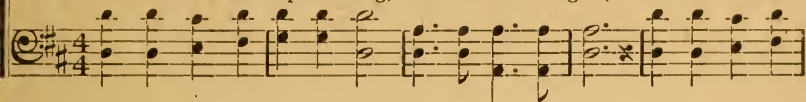
val-iant and strong, The Sal-va-tion Ar-my is march-ing a-long.



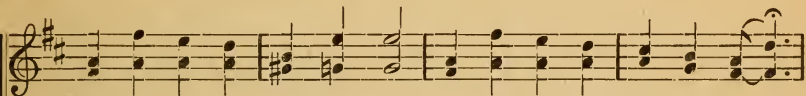
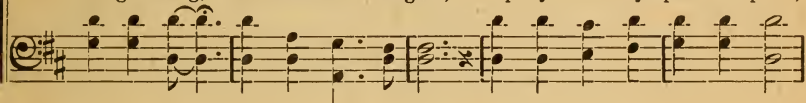
Child, Come Home Again.

Adagio.

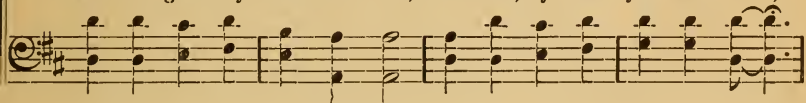
1. Tho' from Thee I've wandered long, Take me home a - gain; Tho' a-against Thee
 2. Of my fol - ly I re - pent, Take me home a - gain, Sure I know Thou
 3. Let me wear a - doption's ring, Take me home a - gain, Let me hear the



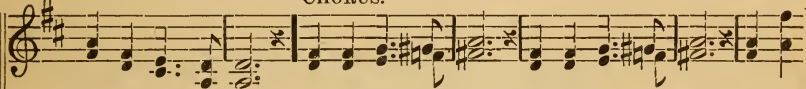
I've done wrong, Take me home a - gain, Fa - ther, pit - i - ful and kind,
 wilt re - lent, Take me home a - gain; I am hun - gry, I am cold,
 an - gels sing, Take me home a - gain; Deep - ly I my past de - plore,



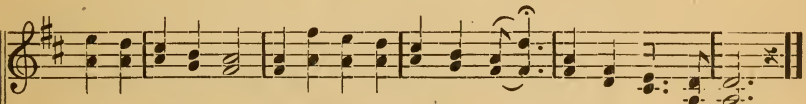
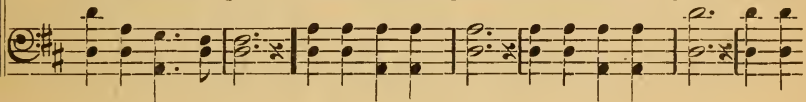
Ease I pray this troub - led mind, In Thee let 'me com - fort find,
 Must I per - ish from Thy fold, Let me now Thy face be - hold,
 And with grief my heart is sore, Fa - ther, try me yet once more,



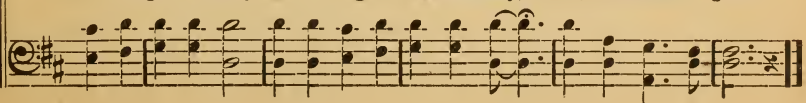
CHORUS.



Take me home a - gain. Take me home a - gain, Take me home a - gain, Tho' from

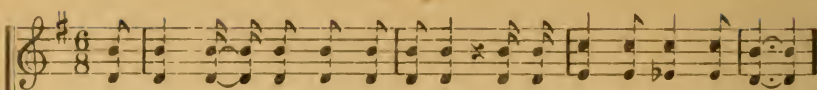


Thee I've gone a-stray, Yet I long to hear Thee say, Child, come home a - gain.

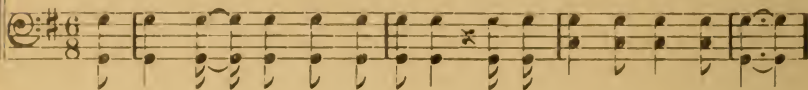


It's True There's a Beautiful City.

S. S. 666.



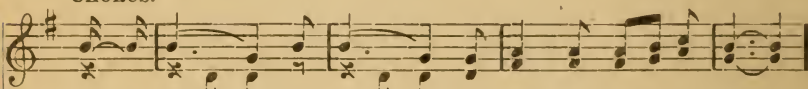
1. It's true there's a beau-ti-ful cit-y, That it's streets are pav'd with gold:
 2. Those lov'd ones dwell in that cit-y, Whom you plac'd be-neath the sod,



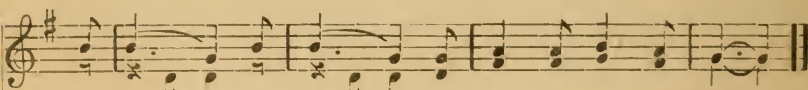
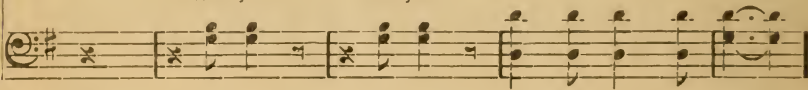
No earth-ly tongue can de-scribe it, Its glo-ries can nev-er be told—
 When your heart felt nigh to breaking, And you promised you'd serve your God—



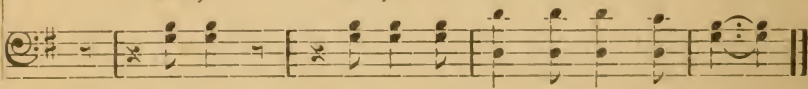
CHORUS.



But I know!... I know!... I know! I shall be there!
 Will you?.... Will you?.... Say, will you meet me there?
 I know! I know!
 Will you? Will you?



I know!... I know!... I know I shall be there!
 Will you?.... Will you?.... Say, will you meet me there?
 I know! I know!
 Will you? Will you?

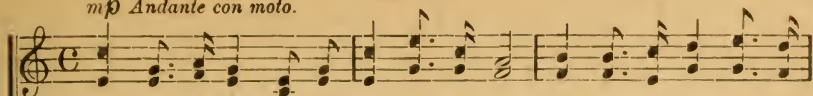


3 There is none but the pure and holy
 Can ever enter in;
 You have no hope of its Glory,
 If still you're the servant of sin—
 Bless God! Bless God!
 Bless God, you may be there!

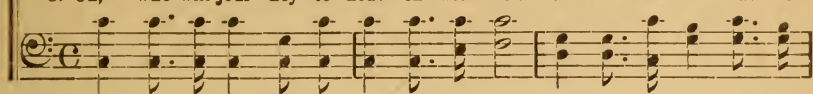
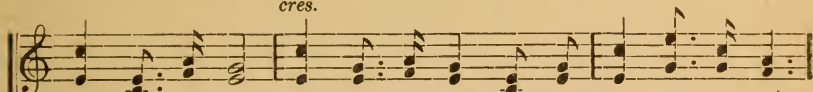
4 Yes, you can go there, my brother,
 For Jesus has died on the tree; [ing,
 And that same precious Blood is now flow-
 That washed a poor sinner like me—
 Will you? Will you?
 Will you now wash and be clean?

My Home is in Heaven.

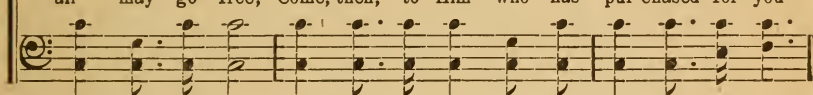
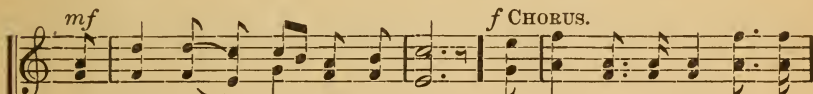
S. 6. 634.

mp Andante con moto.


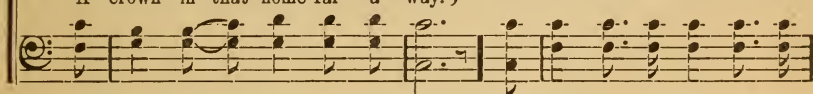

1. I have a home that is fair-er than day, And my dear Sav-iour has
 2. Friends I shall see, who have journeyed be-fore, And land-ed safe on that
 3. Oh, who will jour-ney to heav-en with me? Je-sus has died that we


cres.


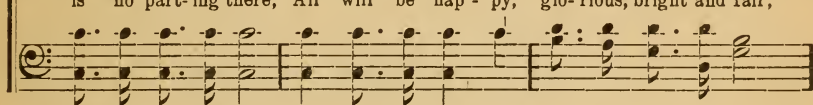
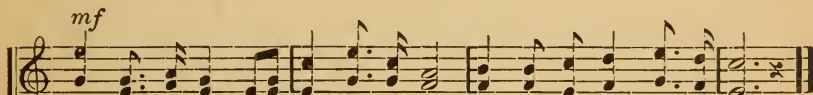
shown me the way Oft when I'm sad and temp-ta-tions a-rise.
 beau-ti-ful shore; I shall see Je-sus, that will be my joy,
 all may go free; Come, then, to Him who has pur-chased for you


*mf**f* CHORUS.


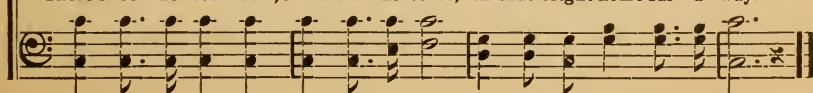
I look to my home far a-way. }
 In that bright home far a-way. } My home is in heav-en, there
 A crown in that home far a-way. }

is no part-ing there, All will be hap-py, glo-rious, bright and fair;

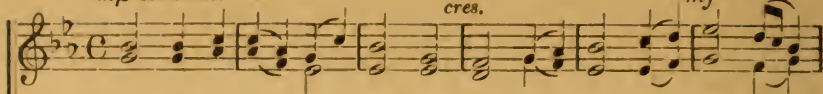

mf


There'll be no sor-row, there'll be no tears, In that bright home far a-way.

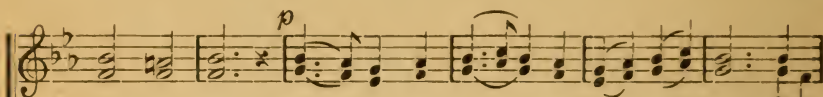
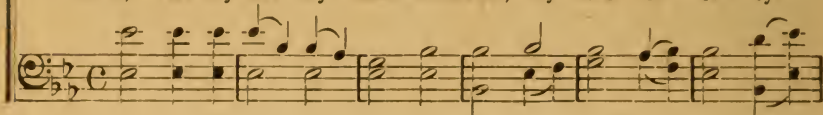


Would Jesus Have the Sinner Die?

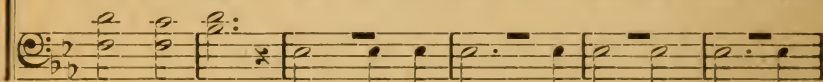
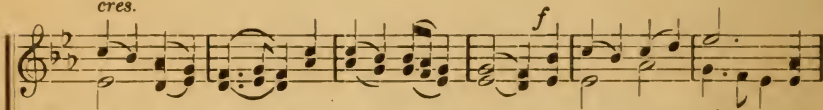
Tune.—Sovereignty.—S. S. 16.

*mp Andante.**cres.**mf*

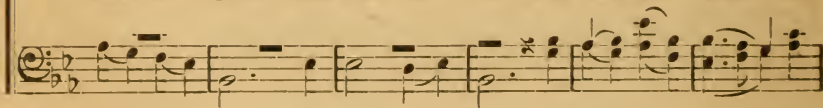
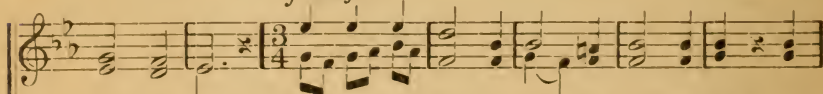
1. Would Je - sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs He then on
 2. Oh, let me kiss Thy bleed - ing feet, And bathe and wash them
 3. Oh, let Thy love my heart con - strain, Thy love for ev - 'ry



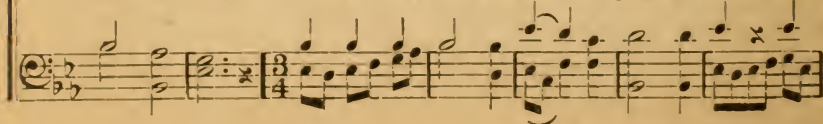
yon - der tree? What means that strange ex - pir - ing cry? Sin -
 with my tears; The sto - ry of Thy love re - peat In
 sin - ner free; That ev - 'ry fall - en soul of man May

*cres.**f*

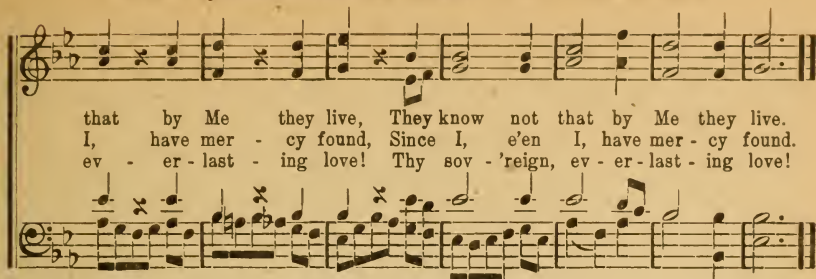
ners, He prays for you and me, Sin - ners, He prays for
 ev - 'ry droop - ing sin - ner's ears, In ev - 'ry droop - ing
 taste the grace that found out me; May taste the grace that

*f Allegro.*

you and me. "For-give them, Fa - ther, oh, for-give! They know not,
 sin - ner's ears, That all may hear the quick'ning sound, Since I, e'en
 found out me; That all man-kind with me may prove Thy sov - 'reign



Would Jesus Have the Sinner Die?—Concluded.



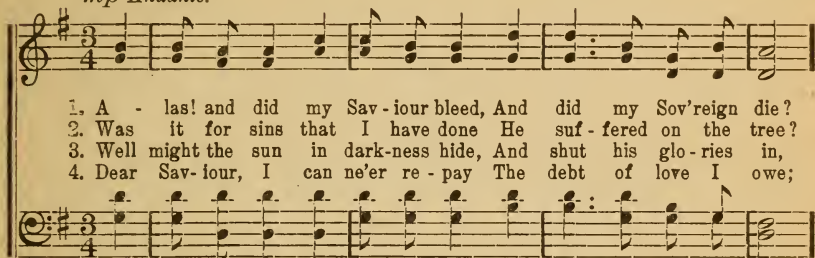
that by Me they live, They know not that by Me they live.
I, have mer - cy found, Since I, e'en I, have mer - cy found.
ev - er - last - ing love! Thy sov - reign, ev - er - last - ing love!

63

Remember Me.

S. S. 6.

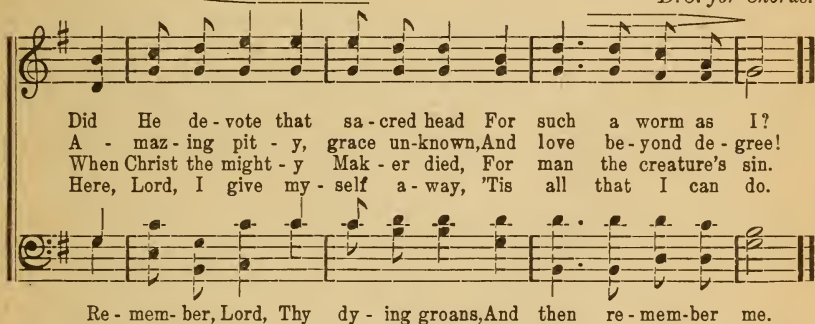
mp Andante.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for sins that I have done He suf - fered on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Dear Sav - iour, I can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO.—Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord, re - mem - ber me;

D.C. for Chorus.



Did He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ the might - y Mak - er died, For man the creature's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

Re - mem - ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.

64

Thou Lamb of God, Whose Precious Blood.

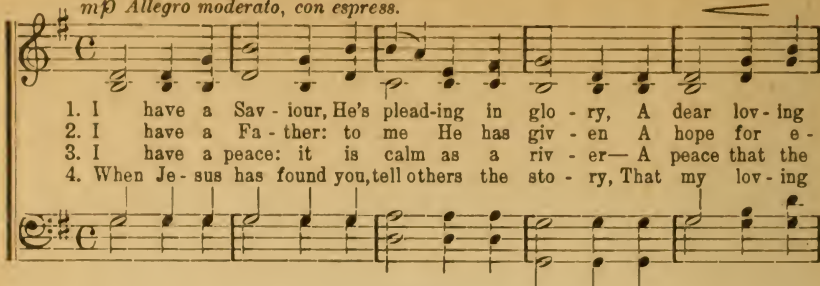
Tune, —62.—S. S. 18.

- 1 Thou Lamb of God, whose precious blood
For every guilty sinner flows,
A cleansing, efficacious flood,
A healing stream for human woes.
Now let us feel its quickening power,
Oh, cleanse our souls this very hour!
- 2 Assembled here with one accord,
We claim Thy promised blessing now,
And dare believe Thy precious word,

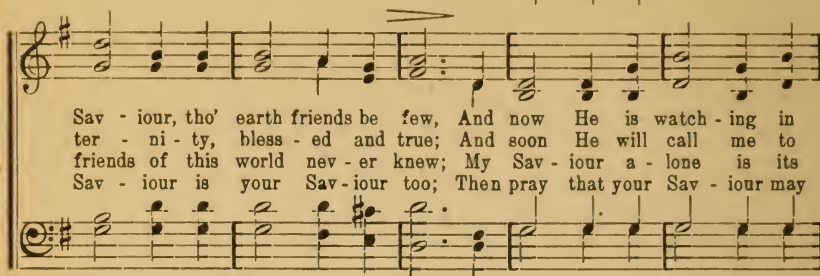
- As down before Thy throne we bow.
Oh, fill us with Thy mighty power,
And save, O Lord, this very hour!
- 3 Oh, solemnize our every heart,
And let us feel Thy presence now.
Subdue, dear Lord, each stubborn heart,
That all in penitence may bow.
Convict us by Thy mighty power,
And save, dear Lord, this very hour.

For You I Am Praying.

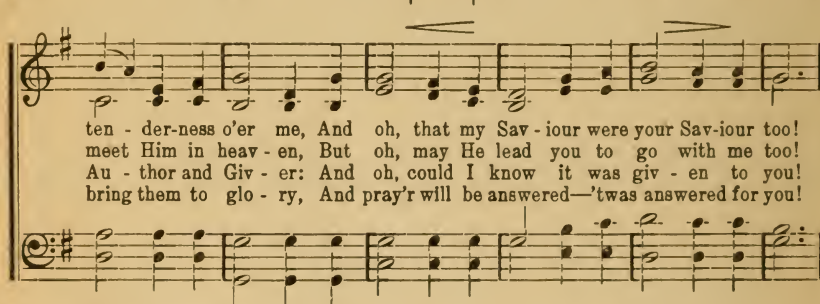
S. S. 20.

mp Allegro moderato, con espress.


1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
 4. When Je - sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

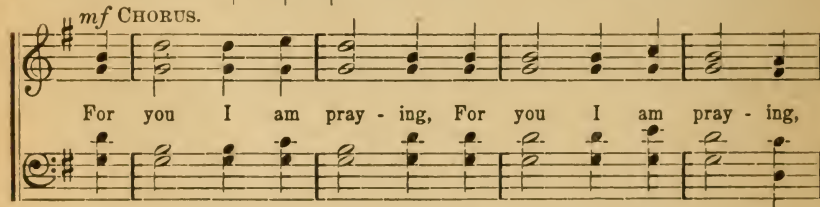


Sav - iour, tho' earth friends be few, And now He is watch - ing in
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to
 friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its
 Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may



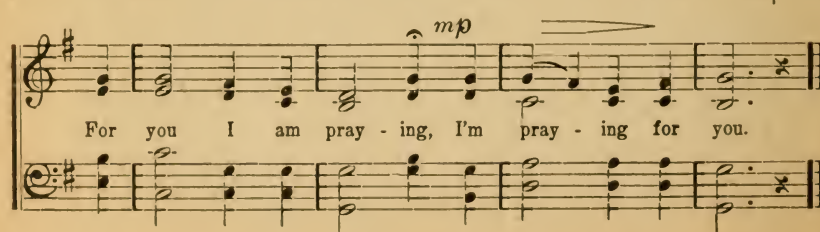
ten - der - ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav - iour too!
 meet Him in heav - en, But oh, may He lead you to go with me too!
 Au - thor and Giv - er: And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
 bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

mf CHORUS.



For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

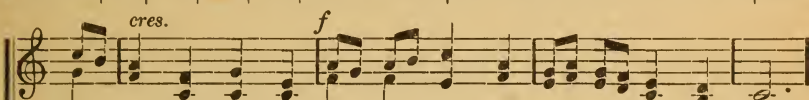
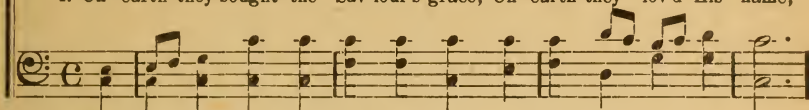
mp



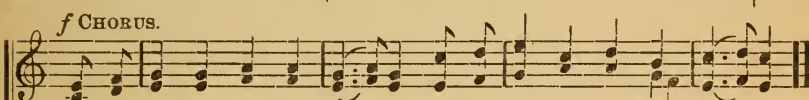
For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

mf Allegro moderato.

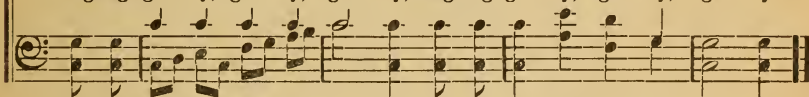
1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil- dren stand;
2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
3. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To take a - way their sin;
4. On earth they sought the Sav-iour's grace, On earth they lov'd His name;



Chil- dren whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band.
 Where all is peace and joy and love, How came those chil- dren there?
 Wash'd in that prec - ious pur - ple flood, Be - hold them white and clean.
 So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb.



Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.



We Have a Message.

Tune, —65.—S. S. 60.

- 1 We have a message,
 A message from Jesus,
 And time is now hastening,
 Its moments are few;
 He's seeking poor sinners,
 Make haste to receive Him.
 The Master is come

And He calleth for you.

For you He is calling,
 For you He is calling,
 Yes, Jesus is calling,
 Is calling for you.

- 2 We have a message,
 A message from Jesus,
 A message of hope
 To the poor, weary heart;
 The love of my Saviour,
 There's nothing so precious.

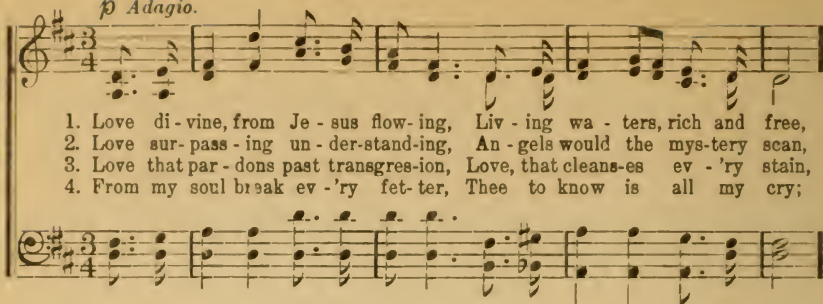
The friendship of Jesus
 Will never depart.

- 3 We have a message,
 A message from Jesus,
 A message of love
 To the poor drunkard's soul;
 The love of my Jesus
 Will snap all his fetters.
 The blood of my Saviour
 Makes perfectly whole.

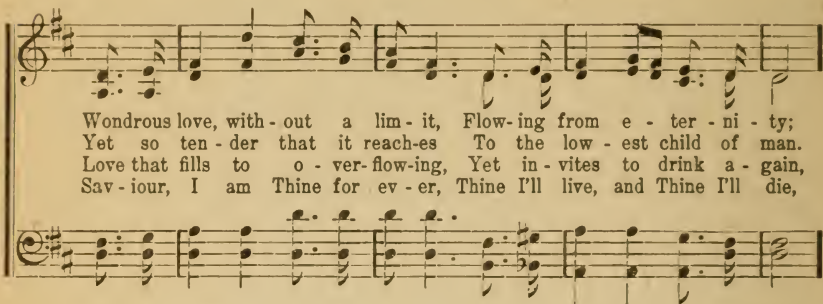
- 4 We have a message,
 A message from Jesus;
 O poor, wretched scoffer,
 You're selling your soul!
 But Jesus invites you
 Just now to receive Him.
 And He will forgive you
 And pardon the whole.

Love Divine.

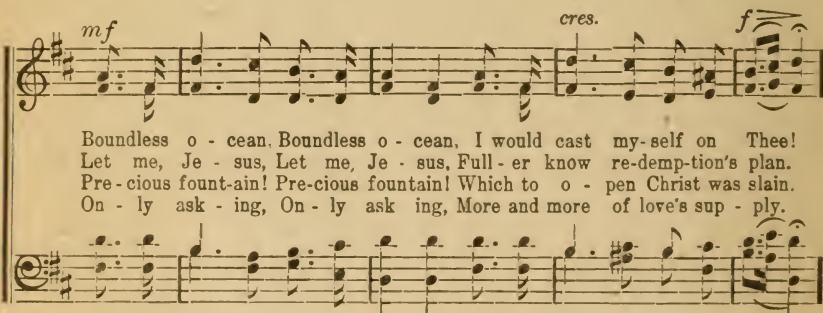
Tune.—"The Last Rose of Summer."—S. S. 414.

p Adagio.


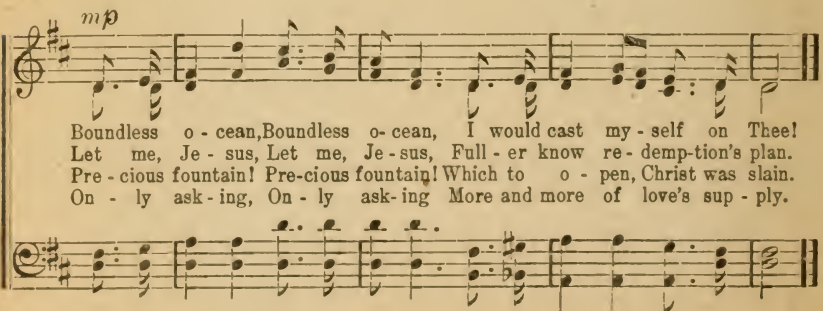
1. Love di-vine, from Je - sus flow-ing, Liv-ing wa - ters, rich and free,
 2. Love sur-pass-ing un-der-stand-ing, An-gels would the mys-tery scan,
 3. Love that par-dons past transgres-sion, Love, that cleans-es ev-'ry stain,
 4. From my soul break ev-'ry fet-ter, Thee to know is all my cry;



Wondrous love, with-out a lim-it, Flow-ing from e-ter-ni-ty;
 Yet so ten-der that it reach-es To the low-est child of man.
 Love that fills to o-ver-flow-ing, Yet in-vites to drink a-gain,
 Sav-iour, I am Thine for ev-er, Thine I'll live, and Thine I'll die,



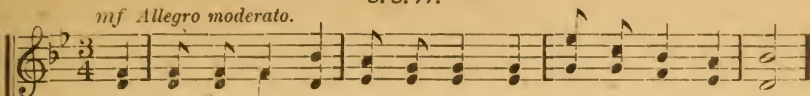
Boundless o - cean, Boundless o - cean, I would cast my-self on Thee!
 Let me, Je - sus, Let me, Je - sus, Full - er know re-demp-tion's plan.
 Pre-cious fount-ain! Pre-cious fountain! Which to o - pen Christ was slain.
 On - ly ask - ing, On - ly ask ing, More and more of love's sup - ply.



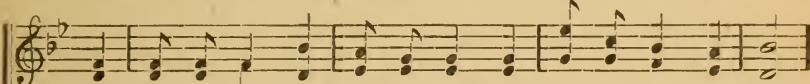
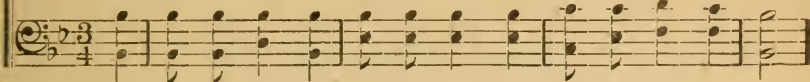
Boundless o - cean, Boundless o - cean, I would cast my-self on Thee!
 Let me, Je - sus, Let me, Je - sus, Full - er know re-demp-tion's plan.
 Pre-cious fountain! Pre-cious fountain! Which to o - pen, Christ was slain.
 On - ly ask - ing, On - ly ask-ing More and more of love's sup - ply.

We Have No Other Argument.

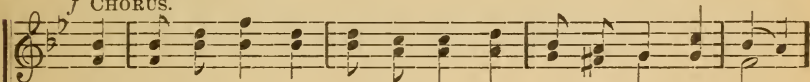
S. S. 77.

mf Allegro moderato.

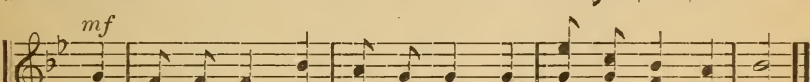
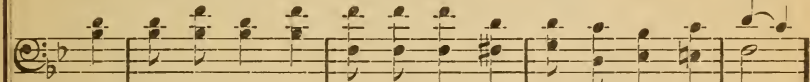
1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;
3. Je - sus the prisoner's fet - ters breaks And bruise - es Sat - an's head;
4. Oh, that the world would taste and see The rich - es of His grace!
5. Hap - py, if with my lat - est breath I may but gasp His name,



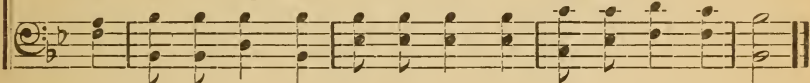
An - gels and men be - fore Him fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
 He scat - ters all their guilt - y fear, He turns their hell to heaven.
 Power in - to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead.
 The arms of love that com - pass me Would all man - kind em - brace.
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death, "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"

*f* CHORUS.

We have no oth - er ar - gu - ment, We want no oth - er plea;



mf It is e - nough that Je - sus died, And that He died for me.



Sinner, We are Sent to Bid You.

Tune,—68.—S. S. 36.

- 1 Sinner, we are sent to bid you
To the gospel feast to-day.
Will you take the invitation?
Will you, can you, yet delay?

- 2 Come, oh, come, all things are ready,
To your Saviour's bosom fly;
Leave the worthless world behind you;
Seek for pardon, or you die.

CHO.—Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow;
Do not wait until to-morrow;
Now your Saviour kindly calls you,
Come, poor sinner, come away.

- 3 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue can tell—
What are all its boasted treasures
To a soul when sunk in hell?

Following Jesus.

1. I have a Sav- iour, One I love so well, How He has lov'd me
2. Pas- tures a- bun- dant doth His hand pro- vide, Still wa- ters flow- ing
3. When I would wan- der from the path a- stray, Then He doth draw me
4. When la- bor's end- ed and the jour- ney's done, Then He will lead me

tongue can nev - er tell; On the cross He suf - fered, shed His blood and
ev - er at my side, Good - ness and mer - cy fol - low on my
back in - to the way; In the dark - est val - ley I need fear no
safe - ly to my home; There I shall dwell in rap - ture sure and

died, That I might ev - er in His love con - fide.
track, With such a Shep - herd, noth - ing can I lack.
ill, For He, my Shep - herd, will be with me still.
sweet, And with all the lov'd ones gath - er round His feet.

CHORUS.

Fol - low-ing Je - sus ev - er day by day, Noth - ing can

Following Jesus.—Concluded.

harm me when He leads the way; Sun-shine or dark-ness,

What-e'er be-fall, Je-sus, my Sav-four, is my all in all.

72

I Feel Like Singing All the Time.

S. S. 321.

mf Allegro.

1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wip'd a-way,
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine,
3. When fierce temp-ta-tions try my heart, I'll sing "Je-sus is mine!"
4. The an-gels sing a glo-rious song, But not a song like mine,

cres. *ff*

For Je-sus is a Friend of mine: I'll serve Him ev-'ry day.
 Fast fell the burn-ing tears; but now I'm sing-ing all the time.
 And so, though tears at times may start, I'm sing-ing all the time.
 For I am wash'd in Je-sus' blood, And sing-ing all the time.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high!

Singing. Singing,

Hark, Hark, My Soul.

S. S. 564.

mf Moderato.

1. Hark, hark, my soul, what war-like songs are swell-ing,
 2. On-ward we go, the world shall hear our sing-ing,
 3. Far, far a-way, like thun-der grand-ly peal-ing,
 4. Con-querors at last, though the fight be long and drear-y,

Thro' all the land and on from door to door; How grand the
 Come, guilt-y souls, for Je-sus bids you come; And thro' the
 We'll send the call for mer-cy full and free; And burdened
 Bright day shall dawn and sin's dark night be past; Our bat-tles

truths those burn-ing strains are tell-ing Of that great
 dark its ech-oes loud-ly ring-ing, Shall lead the
 souls by thous-ands hum-bly kneel-ing, Shall bend, dear
 end in sav-ing sin-ners wea-ry, And Sa-tan's

f CHORUS.

war till sin shall be no more.
 wretch-ed, lost, and wandering home. }
 Lord, their reb-el necks to Thee. } Sal-va-tion Ar-my,
 king-dom down shall fall at last.

Hark, Hark, My Soul.—Concluded.

Ar - my of God, On - ward to con - quer the world with fire and

blood, On - ward to con - quer the world with fire and blood.

74

Spanish Chant.

mf Moderato.

S. S. 375.

1. Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Let Thy Spir - it fall on me;
2. Burn out ev - 'ry sel - fish tho't, Let Thy will in me be wrought;
3. Teach me how to fight and win Per - fect vic - t'ry o - ver sin;

f
Let the cleans - ing, heal - ing flow Wash and keep me white as snow,
Fan my love in - to a flame, Send a pen - te - cos - tal rain,
Give me a com - pass - ion deep, That will for lost sin - ners weep,

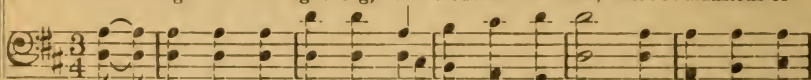
mf
That henceforth my life may be Bright and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
That henceforth my life may be Spent in win - ning souls for Thee.
That henceforth my life may prove That I serve Thee out of love.

The Lion of Judah.

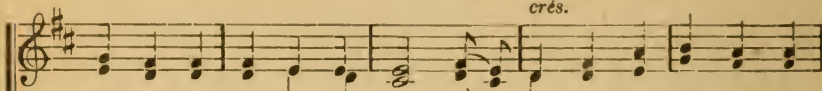
S. S. 28.

mf Allegro.

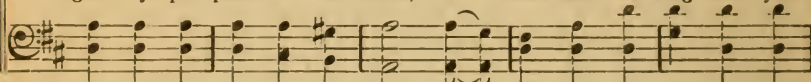
1. Come, sin-ners, to Je-sus; no lon-ger de-lay; A free, full sal-
 2. The world will op-pose you, and Sa-tan will rage; To hin-der your
 3. Tho' rough be the fight-ing, and troubles a-rise, There're mansions of



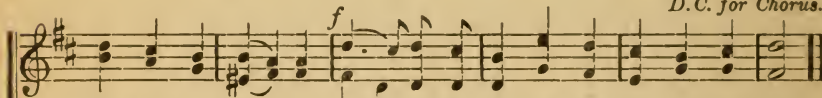
CHO.—For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the

crés.

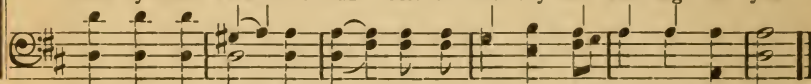
va-tion is of-fered to-day; A-rise, all ye bond-slaves, a-
 com-ing they both will en-gage; But Je-sus, your Sav-iour, hath
 glo-ry pre-pared in the skies; A crown and a king-dom you



vic-t'ry a-gain and a-gain;; For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall

D.C. for Chorus.

wake from your dream! Be-lieve, and the light and the glo-ry shall stream.
 conquered for you, And He will as-sist you to con-quer them too.
 short-ly shall view—The lau-rels of vic-t'ry are wait-ing for you.



break ev-'ry chain, And give us the vic-t'ry a-gain and a-gain.

O Soldier of Jesus.

Tune,—75.—S. S. 353.

- 1 O Soldier of Jesus,
 How blessed art thou,
 For Jesus is waiting
 To strengthen thee now;
 Fear not to rely
 On the word of thy God,
 Step out on the promise—
 Get under the blood.
- 2 Oh, ye that are hungry
 And thirsty rejoice!
 For ye shall be filled;
 Oh, hear that sweet voice
 Inviting you now
 To the banquet of God;
 Step out on the promise—
 Get under the blood.

- 3 Who sighs for a heart
 From iniquity free?
 O poor, troubled soul,
 There's a promise for thee!
 Thou shalt rest, weary one,
 In the bosom of God;
 Step out to the promise—
 Get under the blood.
- 4 The promise can't save,
 Though each promise is true;
 'Tis the blood we get under,
 That cleanses us through;
 It cleanses us now,
 Oh, glory to God!
 We rest on the promise—
 We're under the blood.

Where is My Boy To-Night?

R. L.

S. S. 19.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care, The
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
 3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
 4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
 prat - tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
 bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My
 heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

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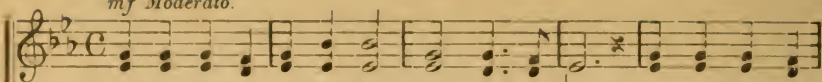
Where is My Boy To-Night.

Chorus.—Tune,—77.

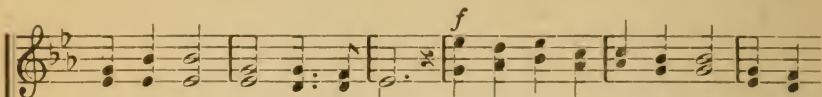
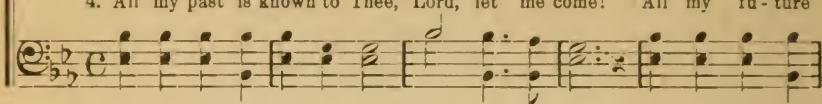
CHORUS.—Oh, come to my Saviour now,
 Oh, come to my Saviour now,
 Behold, He stands with out-stretched hands,
 Oh, come to my Saviour now.

There is a Happy Land.

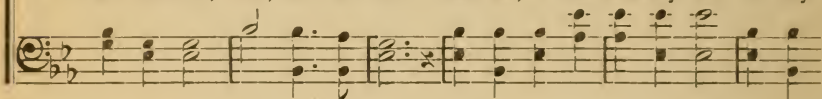
S. S. 133.

mf Moderato.

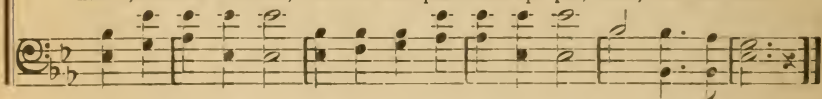
1. As I am, be-fore Thy face, Sav-iour I pray, Let the mer-its
 2. As I am, my griefs I lay Down at Thy feet; Stoop to kiss my
 3. As I am, so tired of strife, Lord, let me come! As I am for
 4. All my past is known to Thee, Lord, let me come! All my fu-ture



- of Thy grace Claim me to-day. Canst Thou my poor treasure take, And my
 tears a-way, Lord, I en-treat. None but Thine own hand can heal, None by
 death or life, Lord, let me come! Crowds of fears obstruct my way, Past de-
 Thou canst see, Lord, let me come! Take me, I can trust my all In Thy



- heart Thy tem-ple make? Can my sins, for Thy dear sake, Be wash'd a-way?
 Thine own eye re-veal All I want, and all I feel, Lord, let me come!
 feats would bid me stay, Yet in child-like faith I pray, Lord, let me come!
 hands, whate'er be-fall, Then no tem-pest shall ap-pal, Lord, let me come!



Be the Matter What it May.

Tune,—79.—S. S. 720.

- 1 Be the matter what it may,
 Always speak the truth;"
 Whether work or whether play,
 Always speak the truth.
 Never from this rule depart,
 'Grave it deeply on your heart,
 Written 'tis in God's own chart,
 Always speak the truth.
- 2 Falsehoods seldom stand alone,
 Always speak the truth;
 One begets another one,
 Always speak the truth.

Falsehood all the soul degrades,
 'Tis a sin from which proceeds
 Greater sins and darker deeds,
 Always speak the truth.

- 3 When you're wrong the folly own,
 Always speak the truth;
 Here's a victory to be won,
 Always speak the truth.
 He who speaks with lying tongue,
 Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
 Then, with courage true and strong,
 Always speak the truth.

Traveling Home.

Trav-'ling home, Trav-'ling home, Led by Je-sus we are trav-'ling home;

Trav-'ling home, Trav-'ling home, Led by Je-sus we are trav-'ling home.

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Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

Tune,—Innocents.—S. S. 724.

mf Moderato.

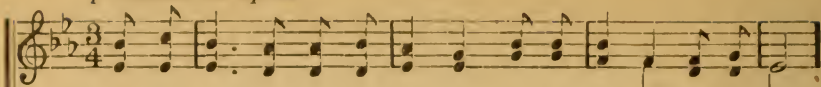
1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
 2. Fain I would to Thee be brought—Glorious Lord, for - bid it not;
 3. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my hap - py days;

cres. Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty, *f* Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
 In the king - dom of Thy grace Give a lit - tle child a place.
 Then the world shall al - ways see Christ, the Ho - ly Child, in me.

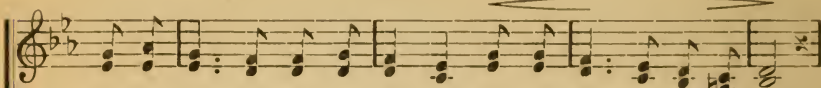
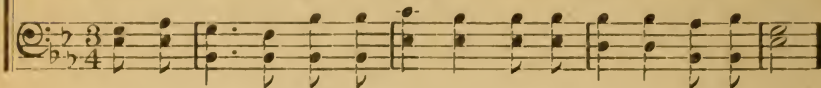
Hear We Not a Voice From Heaven.

Tune,—82.—S. S. 712.

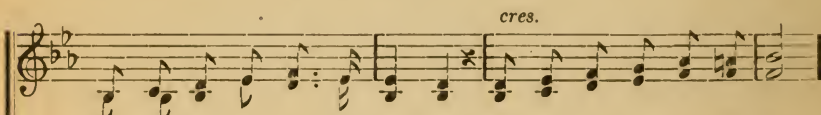
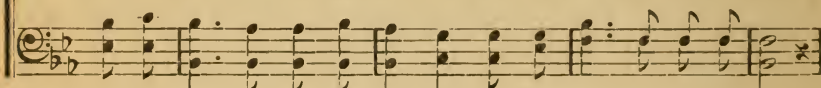
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Hear we not a voice from heaven,
 To the listening spirit given?
 "Children, come!" it seems to say;
 "Give your hearts to Me to-day."</p> <p>2 Lord, we would remember Thee,
 While from pain and sorrow free;
 While our day is in its dew,
 And the clouds of life are few.</p> | <p>3 Then, when night and age appear,
 Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
 Thou our glorious Leader be,
 When the stars shall fade and flee.</p> <p>4 Now to Thee, O Lord, we come,
 In the morning's early bloom
 Breathe on us Thy grace divine,
 Touch our hearts and make them Thine</p> |
|---|--|

p Andante con espress.

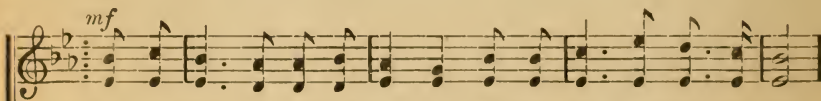
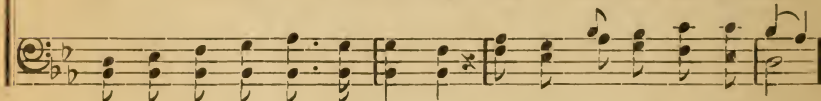
1. What are now those burn-ing long-ings, Oh, so strong with-in my breast,
2. What are now those doubts that hin-der, Fears that point my soul to doom?
3. Where are now those chains that bound me—Chains of sin, and self and pride?
4. Where are now the gold-en fan-cies That were mine in days of yore?



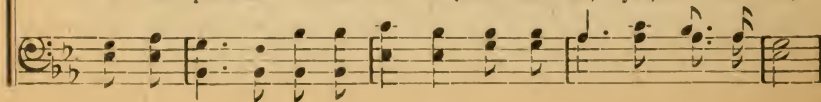
Longings for the smile of Je-sus, Long-ings to be set at rest?
 Dark'ning tem-pests o'er me gath-er, In my heart peace has no room.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus broke them When I sought His riv-en side;
 They are gone like fleet-ing shad-ows, And I feel their charms no more;



When I see my sin and sor-row, Tears of bit-ter an-guish fall;
 Can, oh, can I not find ref-uge Where no ter-ror can ap-pal?
 Now a sweet-er, no-bler bond-age Doth my rap-tured soul en-thral,
 For I left my i-dle dream-ing When I heard the Mas-ter's call,



For I know I once lov'd Je-sus More than all, yes, more than all!
 Yes, just now I'll turn to Je-sus, And I'll love Him more than all,
 For there's pleas-ure in His ser-vice, More than all, yes, more than all,
 For there's pleas-ure in His ser-vice, More than all, yes, more than all,

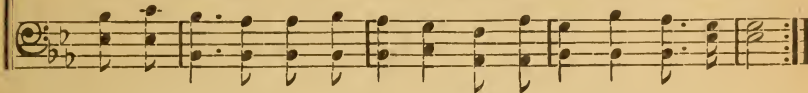


I Have Pleasure in His Service.—Concluded.

Repeat for Chorus.



For I know I once lov'd Je - sus More than all, yes, more than all!
 Yes, just now I'll turn to Je - sus, And I'll love Him more than all.
 For there's pleasure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all.
 For there's pleasure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all.



85

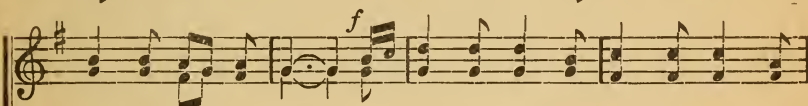
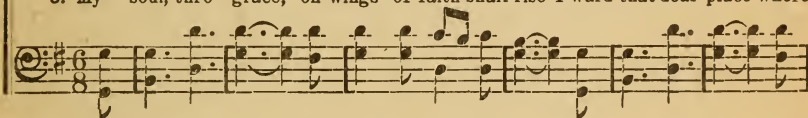
Begone, Vain World.

S. S. 220.

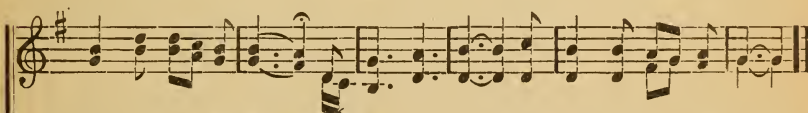
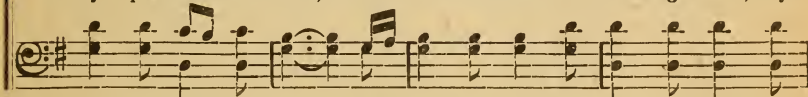
mf Allegretto.



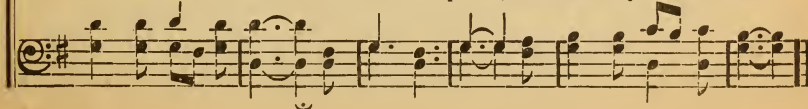
1. Be - gone, vain world! Thou hast no charms for me, My cap - tive soul has
2. What are thy charms, could I command the whole? Thy min - gled sweets could
3. My soul, thro' grace, on wings of faith shall rise T'ward that dear place where

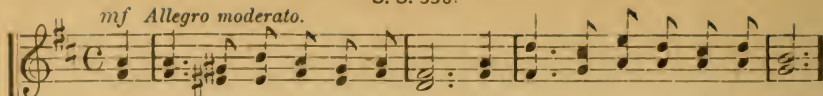


long been held by thee; I lis - tened long To thy vain song, And
 nev - er feed my soul. A no - bler prize At - tracts mine eyes, Where
 my pos - sess - ion lies; That sa - cred land At God's right hand, My

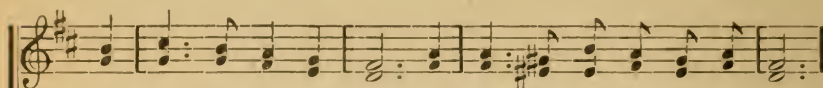
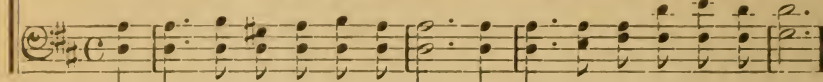


tho't thy mu - sic sweet, And thus my soul lay grov'ling at thy feet.
 trees im - mor - tal grow, A fruit - ful land where milk and hon - ey flow.
 dear Re - deem - er's throne, Where Je - sus pleads, and makes my cause His own.

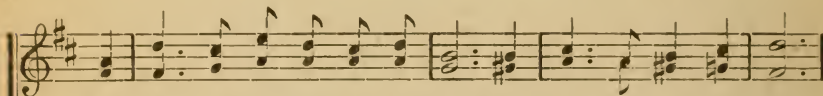
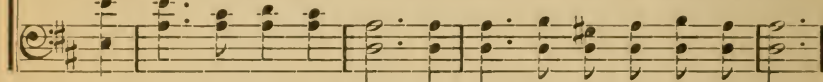


mf Allegro moderato.

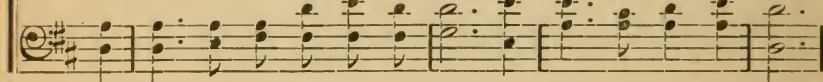
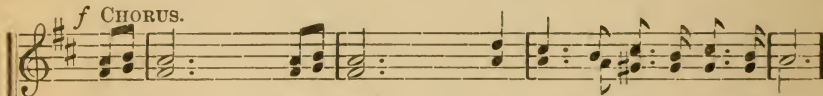
1. O glo-rious hope of per-fect love! It lifts me up to things a-bove,
 2. Re-joice-ing now in earn-est hope, I stand, and from the mountain top
 3. A land of corn and wine and oil, Fa-vored with God's pe-cul-iar smile,



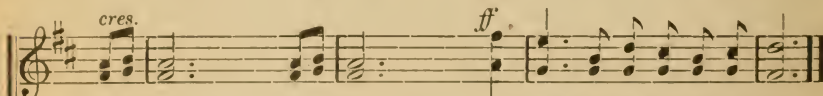
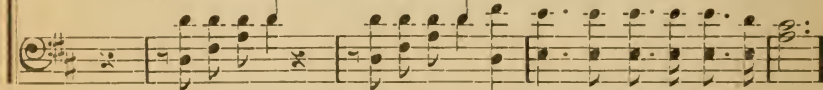
It bears on ea-gle's wings; It gives my rav-ished soul a taste,
 See all the land be-low; Riv-ers of milk and hon-ey rise,
 With ev-ery bless-ing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteous-ness,



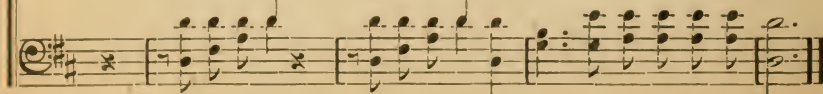
And makes me for some mo-ments feast, With Je-sus, priests and kings.
 And all the fruits of par-a-dise In end-less plen-ty grow.
 And keeps His own in per-fect peace, And ev-er-last-ing rest.

***f* CHORUS.**

He lives, He lives, I know that my Re-deemer lives!
 I know He lives, I know He lives,

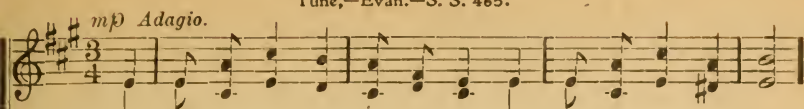


He lives, He lives, I know that my Re-deemer lives.
 I know He lives, I know He lives,

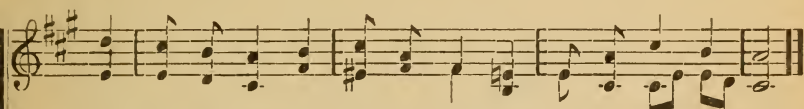
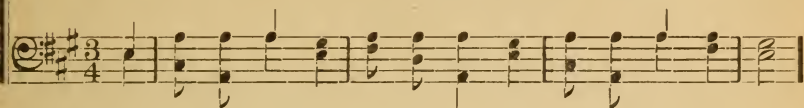


O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

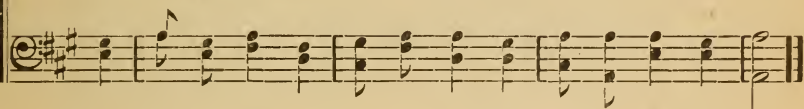
Tune,—Evan.—S. S. 465.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. The bus - y tribes of flesh and blood, With all their cares and fears,
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;

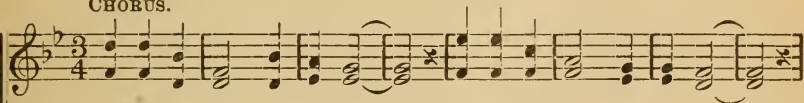


Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure!
 Are car - ried down - ward by the flood, And lost in fol - lowing years.
 They fly for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the open - ing day.

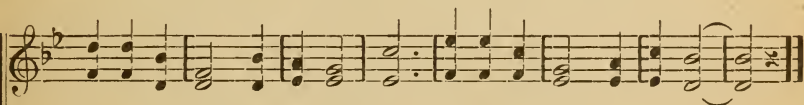
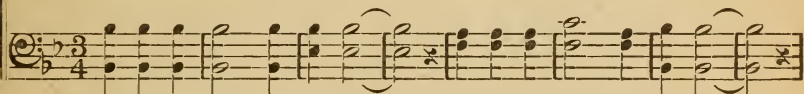


Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

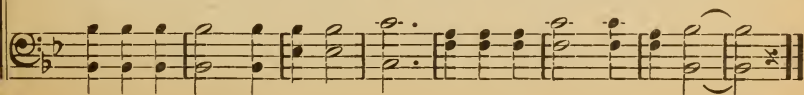
CHORUS.



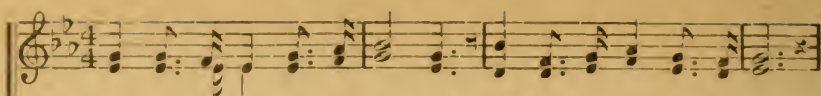
Cal - va - ry's stream is flow - ing, Cal - va - ry's stream is flow - ing,



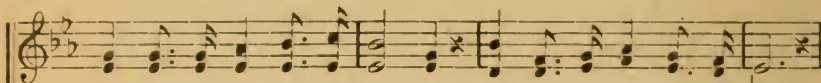
Flowing so free For you and me, Cal - va - ry's stream is flow - ing.



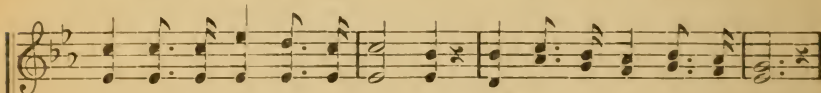
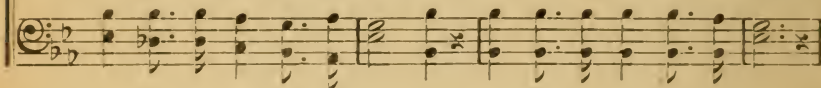
Tell Me the Story of Jesus.



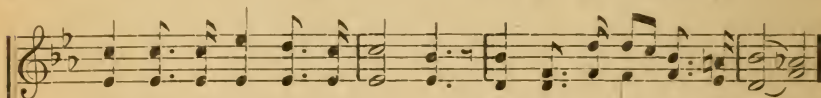
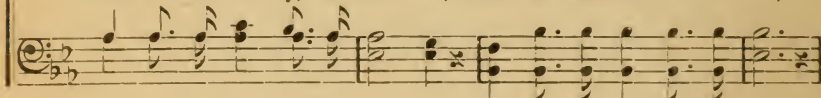
1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast - ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He pass'd,
3. Tell of the cross where they nail'd Him, With - ing in an - guish and pain,



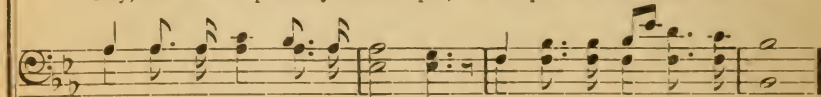
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;



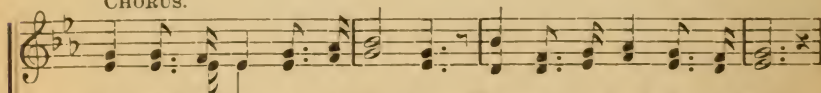
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang, as they welcomed His birth, —
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - rows He bore;
Love in the sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



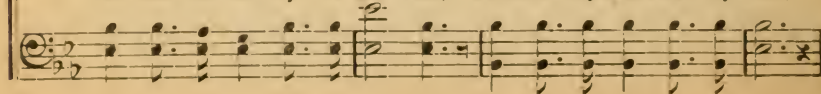
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed, and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.



CHORUS.



Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;



Tell Me the Story of Jesus.—Concluded.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard

90

Hallelujah! 'tis Done.

S. S. 243.

mf Allegro.

1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God full sal - va - tion to give
 2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly and dan - ger - ous too,
 3. Ma - ny lov'd ones have I in you heav - en - ly throug -
 4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see stand - ing close by their King,

cres.

Un - to Him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
 Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
 They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is their song;
 And He smiles, as their song of sal - va - tion they sing.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am

sav'd by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

You Can Tell Out the Story.

mf Allegretto.

1. Tell out the won-der-ful sto-ry, Tell it wher-e'er you go;
 2. Nev-er a sto-ry so won-drous, Tell it to all a-round;
 3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of Je-sus, Tell ev-'ry sin-sick soul;

cres.

Tell of the King and His glo-ry, Tell how He lov'd us so.
 While we were sin-ners He lov'd us, Mer-cy and grace a-bound.
 Won-der-ful mes-sage of Mer-cy, Je-sus can make them whole.

*mf**cres.*

This is the sto-ry most pre-cious, Je-sus has died to re-deem us;
 Wand'ring and wea-ry He sought us, Back to the Fa-ther He brought us,
 Still flows the won-der-ful riv-er, From ev-'ry sin to de-liv-er,

mf CHORUS.

You can tell out the sweet sto-ry, You—yes, you. You can tell out the sweet

mf cres.

sto-ry, You—yes, you. Some-bod-y's life will be brighter, Somebody's

You Can Tell Out the Story.—Concluded.

care will be light - er; You can tell out the sweet sto-ry, You—yes, you.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

92

Come Home.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, Come home, You who are wea-ry, come home;
Come home, Come home,

p *rit.* *p*

Earn-est-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece includes dynamic markings: *m* (mezzo), *cres.* (crescendo), *p* (piano), and *rit.* (ritardando). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

93

Shine.

CHORUS.

Shine, shine, just where you are, Shine, shine, just where you are,

Send forth the light In - to the night, Shine for the Lord where you are.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

S. S. 419.

p Adagio *cres.* *mf*

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
 2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou
 3. Still Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
 4. And He the wit - ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That

cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
 dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse Till spot - less all and pure.
 per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
 ev - 'ry prom - ise is ful - fill'd, If faith but brings the plea.

f CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee;
 I'm com - ing now, Oh,

mp

Wash me, cleanse me in the blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

Before Thy Face, Dear Lord.

Tune,—94.—S. S. 362.

- 1 Before Thy face, dear Lord,
 Myself I want to see;
 And while I every question sing,
 I want to answer Thee.

While I speak to Thee,
 Lord, Thy goodness show;
 Am I what I ought to be?
 O Saviour, let me know!

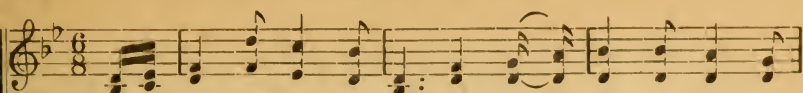
- 2 Am I what once I was?
 Have I that ground maintained

Wherein I walked in power with Thee,
 And Thou my soul sustained?

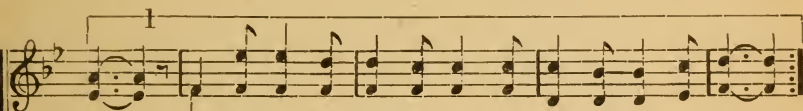
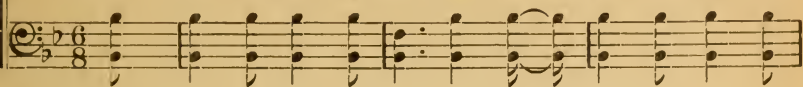
- 3 Do I possess a heart
 In thought and action clean?
 From Monday morn till Sunday eve
 Has my salvation been?

- 4 Have I the zeal I had
 When Thou didst me ordain
 To preach Thy word and seek Thy lost?
 Or do I feel it pain?

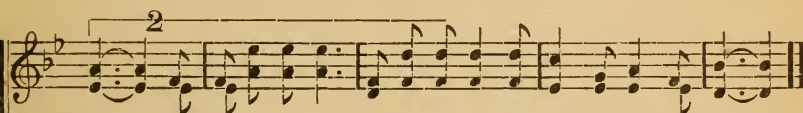
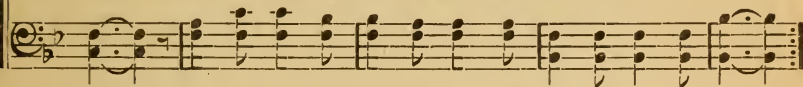
Walking With Jesus.



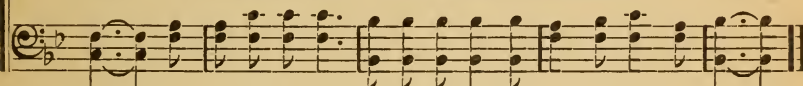
{ I'm walk - ing now with Je - sus, and He's walk - ing now with
He says He'll nev - er leave me and what - e'er may be -



me; All day long my hap - py song is bless - ed Cal - va - ry;

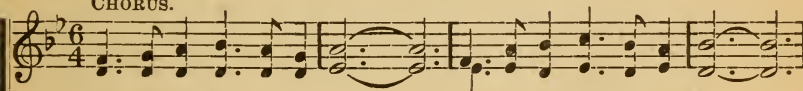


tide, I've nothing to fear, Je - sus is near He's al - ways at my side.

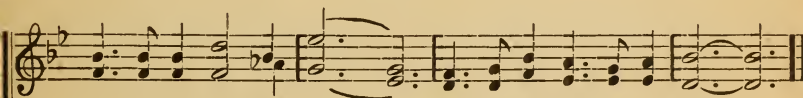
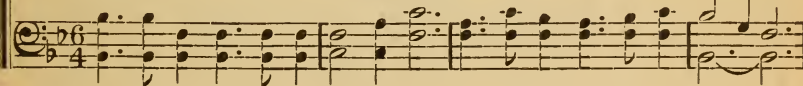


The Prodigal Son.

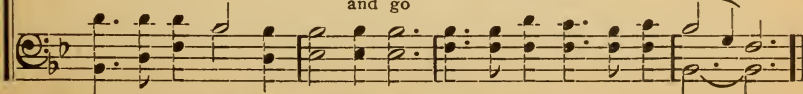
CHORUS.



Back to my Fa - ther and home, Back to my Fa - ther and home,
and home,



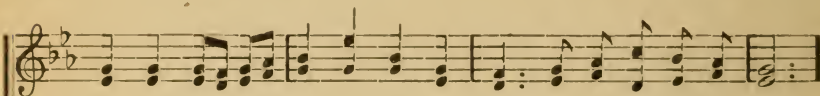
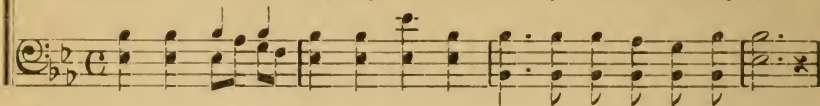
I will a - rise and go Back to my Fa - ther and home.
and go



p Moderato.



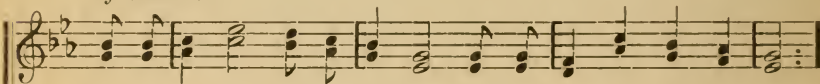
1. Sav - iour, like a Shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest' care;
2. Thou hast prom-ised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be:
3. Earl - y let us seek Thy fa - vor, Earl - y let us do Thy will;



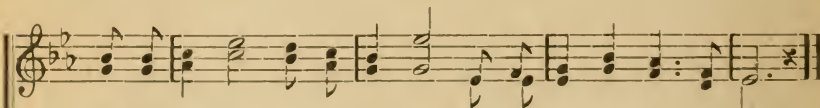
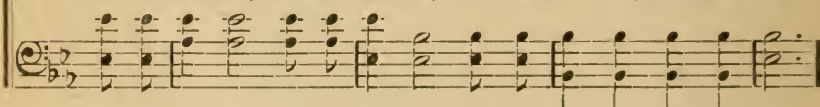
In Thy pleasant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy fold pre-pare.
Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-iour, With Thy joy our bos-oms fill:



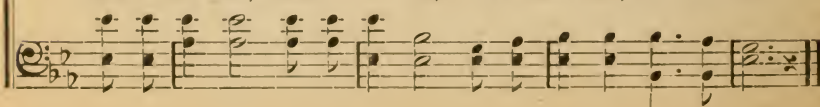
mf CHORUS.



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Let us earl - y turn to Thee!
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast lov'd us; lov'd us still!

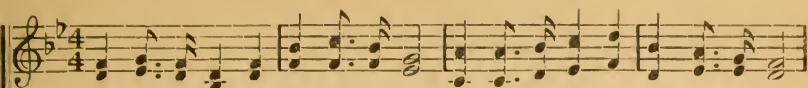


Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Let us earl - y turn to Thee!
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast lov'd us; love us still!

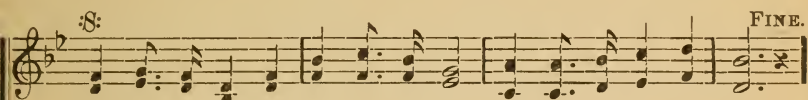
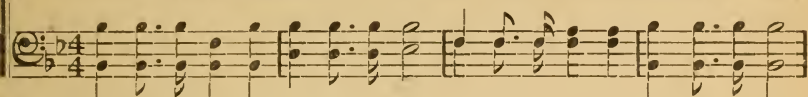


Come to the Saviour.

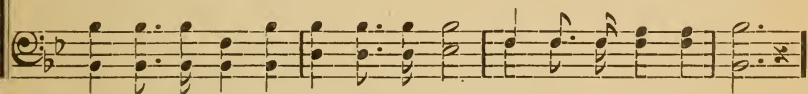
S. S. 64.



1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;
2. "Come to the Sav-iour!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev-'ry heart leap forth and re-joice,
3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest commands, and o-bey;

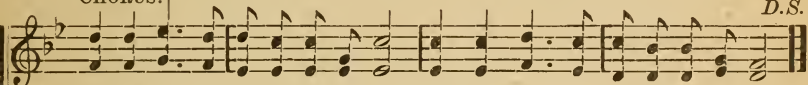


Here in our midst He's stand-ing to-day, Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come!"
 And let us free-ly make Him our choice; Do not de-lay, but come.
 Hear now His ac-cents ten-der-ly say, "Come to your, Sav-iour, come?"

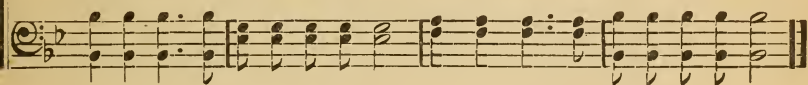


D.S.—And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;



Blessed Jesus, Save Our Children.

Tune,—98.—S. S. 745.

- 1 Blessed Jesus, save our children,
 Be their guardian through life's way;
 From all evil e'er protect them,
 Walk Thou with them, come what may.
 In white raiment
 Let us meet them,
 When earth's shadows flee away.

- 2 Blessed Jesus, lead our children
 Into paths of service sweet;
 Up the hill of Calvary climbing,
 May they and the sinner meet!

More than conquerors
 Let us see them
 Bring their jewels to Thy feet!

- 3 Blessed Jesus, make our children
 Thine for life and Thine for aye!
 When death's waters overtake them,
 Be their Rock, their Light, their Stay!
 Tender Shepherd,
 Let us find them
 On Thy breast in realms of day!

While the Spirit Passes By.

(An American melody.)

Moderato.

1. There are wants my heart is tell-ing, While the Spir - it pass-es by;
 2. There are sins my lips con-fess-ing, While the Spir - it pass-es by;
 3. Here I stand, my-self dis-dain-ing, While the Spir - it pass-es by;

And with hope my soul is swell-ing, While the Spir - it pass-es by.
 Treasures long my heart pos-sess-ing, While the Spir - it pass-es by.
 Stand in faith Thy mer-cy claim-ing, While the Spir - it pass-es by.

mf
 Oh, what pros-pects now I see, What a life my life may be,
 All the world's de-light and cheer, All the things I held so dear;
 Let Thy power my soul re-fine, Let Thy grace my will in-cline;

If Thy seal is placed on me, While the Spir - it pass-es by.
 Ah, how worth-less they ap-pear, While the Spir - it pass-es by.
 Take my all and make it Thine, While the Spir - it pass-es by.

mf CHORUS.

While the Spir - it pass-es by, While the Spir - it pass-es by!

While the Spirit Passes By.—Concluded.

p cres.

Let my heart be sealed for Thee, While the Spir - it pass - es by!

102

Just As I Am.

S. S. 165.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

103

While the Days are Going By.

Tune.—101.

1 There are lonely hearts to cherish
 While the days are going by;
 There are weary souls who perish,
 While the days are going by;
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

CHO.—While the days are going by,
 While the days are going by;
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

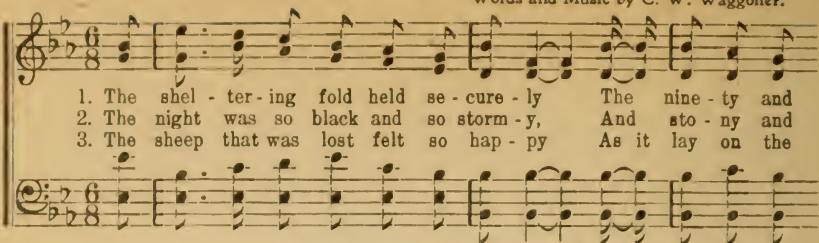
2 There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by;

Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by;
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes;
 Help your fallen brother rise,
 While the days are going by.

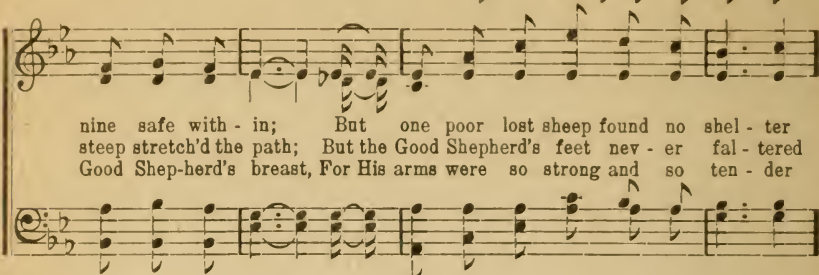
3 All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by;
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by;
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow;
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by.

The Lost Sheep.

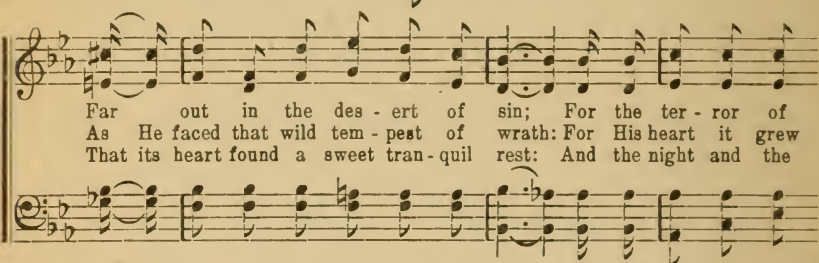
Words and Music by C. W. Waggoner.



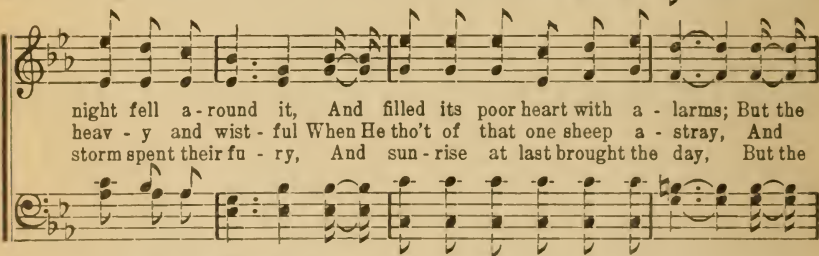
1. The shel - ter - ing fold held se - cure - ly The nine - ty and
 2. The night was so black and so storm - y, And sto - ny and
 3. The sheep that was lost felt so hap - py As it lay on the



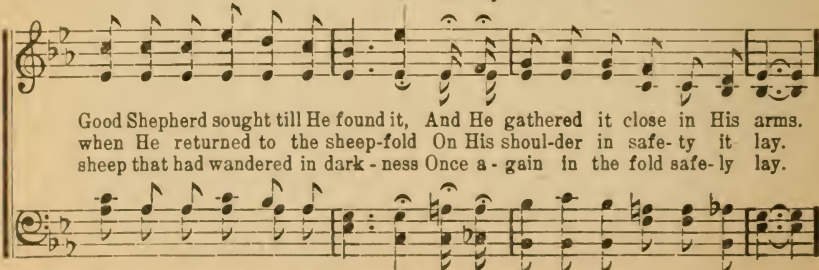
nine safe with - in; But one poor lost sheep found no shel - ter
 steep stretch'd the path; But the Good Shepherd's feet nev - er fal - tered
 Good Shep - herd's breast, For His arms were so strong and so ten - der



Far out in the des - ert of sin; For the ter - ror of
 As He faced that wild tem - pest of wrath: For His heart it grew
 That its heart found a sweet tran - quil rest: And the night and the



night fell a - round it, And filled its poor heart with a - larms; But the
 heav - y and wist - ful When He tho't of that one sheep a - stray, And
 storms spent their fu - ry, And sun - rise at last brought the day, But the



Good Shepherd sought till He found it, And He gathered it close in His arms.
 when He returned to the sheep-fold On His shoul - der in safe - ty it lay.
 sheep that had wandered in dark - ness Once a - gain in the fold safe - ly lay.

The Lost Sheep.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Thro' the tem - pest and night He went seek - ing, And He

sought it at such fear - ful cost; But I'm glad that He

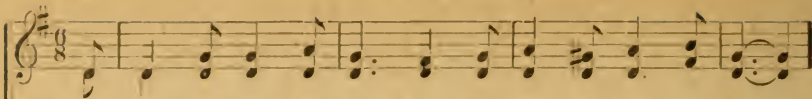
sought till He found it, For I am the sheep that was lost.

105 I'm Believing and Receiving.

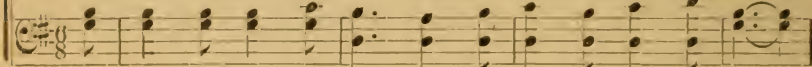
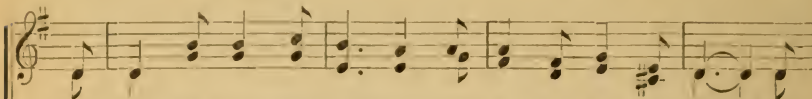
CHORUS.

I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the riv - er go;

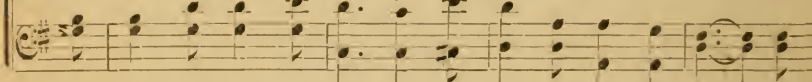
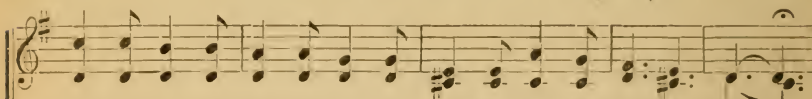
And my heart its waves are cleans - ing, Whit - er than the driv - en snow.



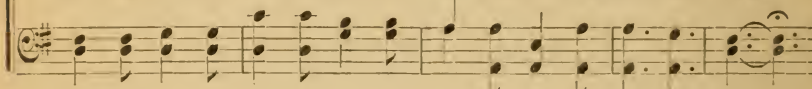
1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, wea - ry and sick with sin,
 2. He washed the bleed - ing sin - wounds and poured in oil and wine;
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, for me His blood was shed,
 4. So while the hours are pass - ing, all now is per - fect rest;


And on His shoul - ders brought me back to His fold a - gain; While
 He whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art mine," I
 A mock - ing crown so thorn - y they placed up - on His head; I
 I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, the bright - est and the best, When

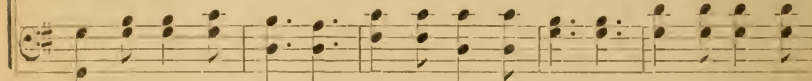

an - gels in His pres - ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang.
 nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice.
 wondered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 He will call me to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.




CHORUS.



Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

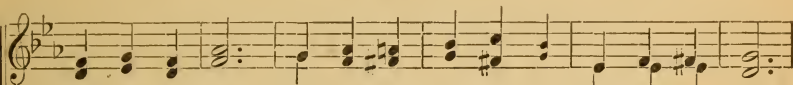
brought me to the fold! Won - drous grace that brought me to the fold!



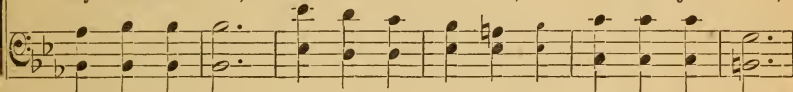
Beautiful Christ.



1. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, Bright Star of earth; Lov - ing and ten - der from
 2. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, what joy you brought, When from heav'n splendor the
 3. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, gen - tle and mild, Light for the sin - ner in



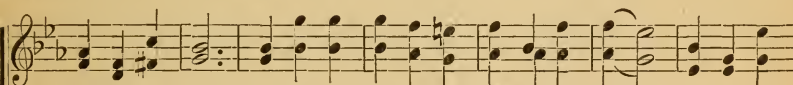
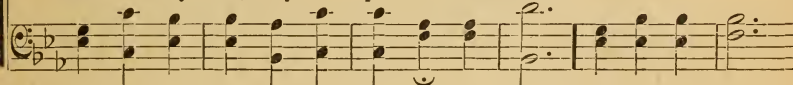
mo - ment of birth; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, low - ly Thy lot,
 earth you first sought; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, Be - lov - ed of God,
 ways dark and wild; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, save such just now,



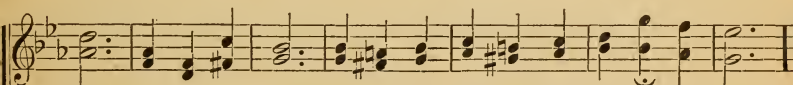
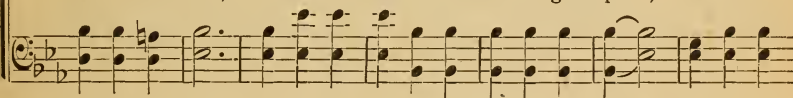
CHORUS.



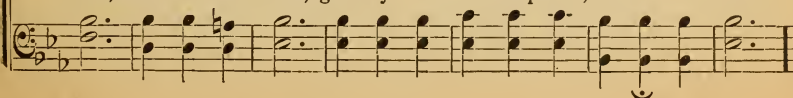
Born in a man - ger, so rude was Thy cot.
 Em - blem of pur - i - ty, em - blem of good. Beau - ti - ful Christ,
 As at Thy feet, they in pen - i - tence bow.



Beau - ti - ful Christ, Fairest of thousands and Pearl of great price; Beau - ti - ful



Christ, Beau - ti - ful Christ, glad - ly we wor - ship Thee, Beau - ti - ful Christ.



mp Moderato.

1. O Lord, I come just now to Thee, Bound down by
 2. My i - dols now I cast a - side, All doubt - ful
 3. I give my - self to Thee to save, And cleanse out

fear.... and doubt and sin! Thou on - ly canst my spir - it
 things... I put a - way; My life I place at Thy com-
 all..... that's wrong in me, That I no oth - er aim may

cres.

free..... And make me pure and clean with - in.
 mand..... Thy voice in all things to o - bey.
 have..... But live to serve and hon - or Thee.

mf CHORUS.

I can, I do be - lieve in Thee (be - lieve in Thee), For

cres.

Thou hast shed Thy blood for me (Thy blood for me); The cleans - ing

Rocked in the Cradle.

stream now sets me free; The blood, the blood of Cal - va - ry!

f *rit.*

109

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine! By Thy won-der-ful

mf

pow - er, And Thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine!

110

I've Left The Land of Death and Sin.

Tune 108. S. S. 208.

1 I've left the land of death and sin,
The road that many travel in,
And if you ask the reason why,
I'm going to seek a home on high.

3 I often weep to see the sin
And wretchedness that men are in:
My cares all flee, my tears all dry
When faith beholds my home on high.

CHORUS. This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
I dare not listen to their cry,
This world is not my home.

4 Say sinner, will you go with me
And seek that land of liberty?
Oh, do not stay, but tell me why
You will not seek this home on high.

2 There are many would my progress stay,
And beg me not to weep or pray,
I dare not listen to their cry,
I seek a glorious home on high.

5 My soul, it swells with great delight,
When thinking of my home of light,
The angels sing, and so will I
When I have reached my home on high.

S. S. 35.

mf Moderato.

1. Hark! the gos - pel news is sound-ing, Christ has suf-fered on the tree;
 2. Oh, es-cape to yon-der moun-tain! Ref-uge find in Him to-day;
 3. Grace is flow-ing like a riv-er, Mil-lions there have been sup-plied,

Streams of mer-cy are a-bound-ing, Grace for all is rich and free.
 Christ in-vites you to the foun-tain, Come and wash your sins a-way;
 Still it flows as fresh as ev-er From the Sav-iour's wound-ed side;

Now, poor sin-ner, Now, poor sin-ner, Look to Him who died for thee.
 Do not tar-ry, Do not tar-ry, Come to Je-sus while you may.
 None need per-ish, None need per-ish, All may live, for Christ has died.

Guide Me, Great Jehovah!

Tune 111. S. S. 700.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land!
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me till I want no more.

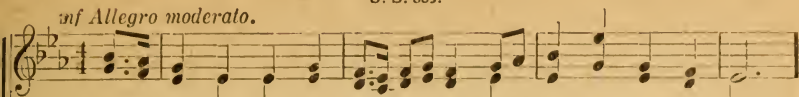
2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

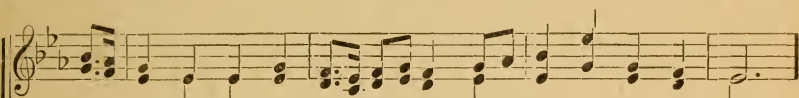
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Lead me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

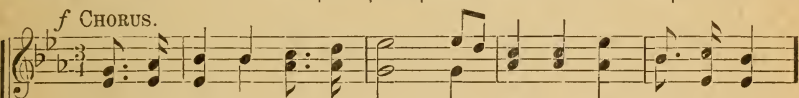
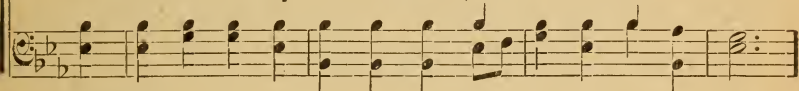
S. S. 339.

mf Allegro moderato.

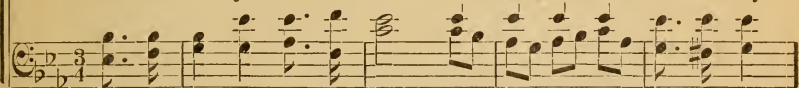
1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;
 2. "Wor- thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex- alt- ed thus!"
 3. Je- sus is wor- thy to re-ceive Hon- or and pow'r di- vine;
 4. The whole cre- a- tion join in one To bless the sa- cred name



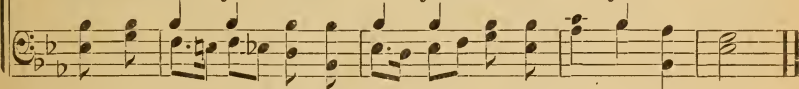
- Ten thou-sand-thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 "Wor- thy the Lamb," our hearts re- ply, "For He was slain for us!"
 And bless-ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for- ev- er Thine.
 Of Him who sits up- on the throne, And to a- dore the Lamb.



- Hal- le- lu- jah to the Lamb Who died on Mount Cal- va- ry!



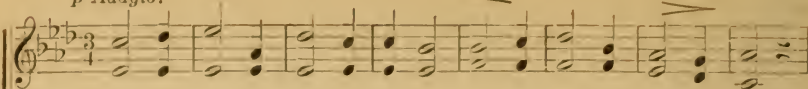
- Hal- le- lu- jah! Hal- le- lu- jah! Hal- le- lu- jah! A- men.



Jesus, I Love Thy Charming Name.

Tune 113. S. S. 326.

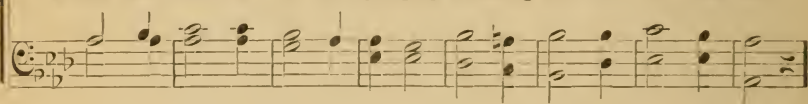
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.</p> | <p>3 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.</p> |
| <p>2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
 My Transport and my Trust;
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.</p> | <p>4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
 With my last laboring breath;
 Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
 The Conqueror of death.</p> |

p Adagio.

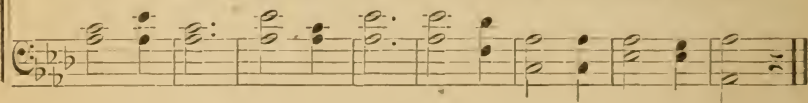
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Come just now, Thou might-y Spir-it, Make me feel and make me see;
3. Love of God—so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ—so rich and free,
4. Now Thy full sal - va-tion bring-ing, Draw my heart, O Lord, to Thee!



Show'rs the thirst - y soul re-fresh-ing: Let Thy pow'r de - scend on me!
 Send the burn-ing, cleans-ing fire, Now show forth Thy pow'r in me!
 Grace of God—so strong and boundless, Mag-ni - fy it all in me!
 Whilst the streams of life are springing, Bless ing oth - ers, oh, bless me!

*f* CHORUS.

E - ven me! E - ven me! Let Thy pow'r de - scend on me!



- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
 Bless Thy little lambs to-night;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.

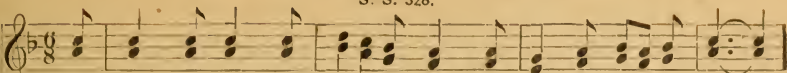
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.

- 2 Thro' this day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;

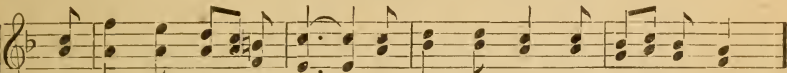
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

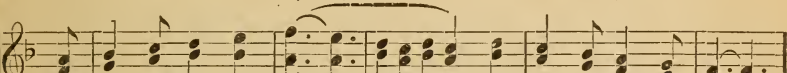
S. S. 328.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev-er's ear,
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou-ble breast,
 3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place,
 4. Till then I will Thy love pro-claim, With ev - 'ry fleet-ing breath,

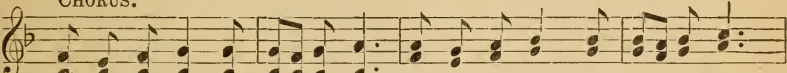


In a be - liev-er's ear. It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds,
 And calms the trou-bled breast, 'Tis Man - na to the hun - gry soul,
 My shield and hid - ing place, My nev - er-fail - ing treasury filled,
 With ev - 'ry fleet-ing breath, And may the mu - sic of Thy name,

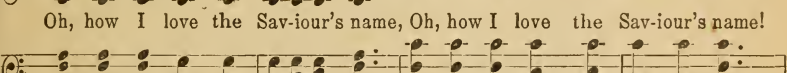


And drives a - way his fears,..... And drives a-way his fears.
 And to the wea-ry, rest,..... And to the wea-ry, rest.
 With boundless stores of grace,..... With boundless stores of grace.
 Re - fresh my soul in death,..... Re - fresh my soul in death.

CHORUS.



Oh, how I love the Sav-iour's name, Oh, how I love the Sav-iour's name!



So do I, so do I, so do I, I love the Sav-iour's name.

mf Moderato.

1. I am saved bless-ed - ly saved by the Blood, Sweet - ly
 2. I was saved years a - go by the Blood, Aft - er
 3. I've been fight - ing for God ev - er since, In the
 4. In this war - fare I fight with de - light; Ev - er

kept by the pow'r of His might; I am walk - ing and talk - ing with
 striv - ing and pray - ing, with tears; But when will - ing the Spir - it came
 Sal - va - tion Ar - my so brave; Where He leads I will fol - low; I'm
 read - y for serv - ice I am; Warn - ing sin - ners to flee from the

Je - sus my Lord, In His pre - cepts I run with de - light.
 in like a flood, And it washed all a - way sins of years.
 at His com - mand To go for - ward, poor sin - ners to save.
 wrath that's to come, And get washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

f CHORUS.
 Bless-ed - ly saved, saved by the Blood; Bless-ed - ly
 .Bless-ed-ly saved, saved by the Blood;

saved by the Blood of the Lamb; Hap - py and free, Je - sus with
 Hap - py and free,

Blessedly Saved.

me, Je - sus with me, Bless - ed - ly saved, bless-ed-ly kept, yes, I am.

119

Christians, Awake!

S. S. 804.

mf Moderato.

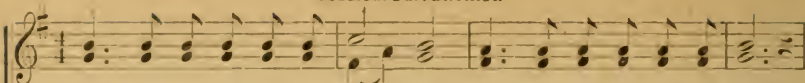
1. Chris-tians, a - wake, sa-lute the hap-py morn Where - on the Sav-iour of man-
2. Then to the watch-ful shep-herds it was told, Who heard th'an-gel-ic her-ald's

kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys-ter - y of love
voice, "Be - hold, I bring good ti - dings of a Sav-iour's birth

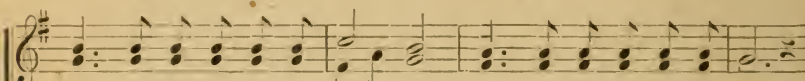
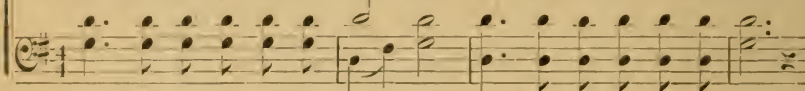
Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
To you and all the na-tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful-

ti-dings first be - gun Of God in - car-nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
filled His promised word, This day is born a Sav-iour, Christ the Lord."

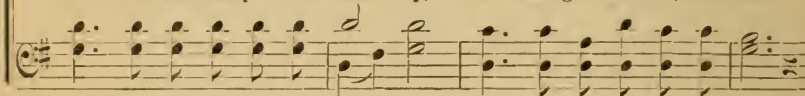
Musical Salvationist.



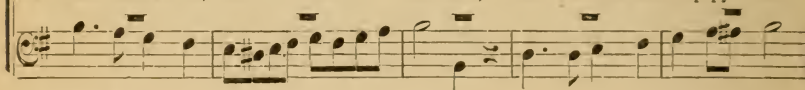
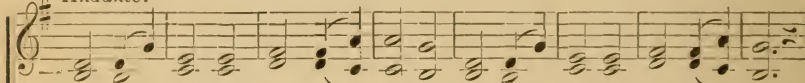
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Come, ye guilt - y, come to Me;
2. Yes! though high in heav'n - ly glo - ry, Still the Sav - iour calls to thee;
3. Soon that voice will cease its call - ing, Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
4. Life is found a - lone in Je - sus, On - ly there 'tis of - fered thee—



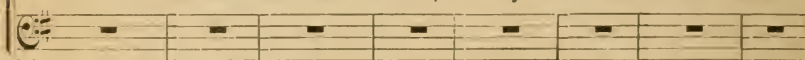
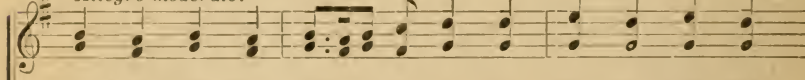
I have rest and peace to of - fer, Rest, thou la-b'ring one, for thee."
 Faith can hear His in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, ye la - den, come to me."
 Sin - 'ner, heed the gra - cious mes - sage, "To the blood for ref - uge flee."
 Of - fered with - out price or mon - ey, 'Tis the gift of God, sent free.



1-4. Take sal - va - tion, take sal - va - tion, Take it now and hap - py be!

*Andante.*

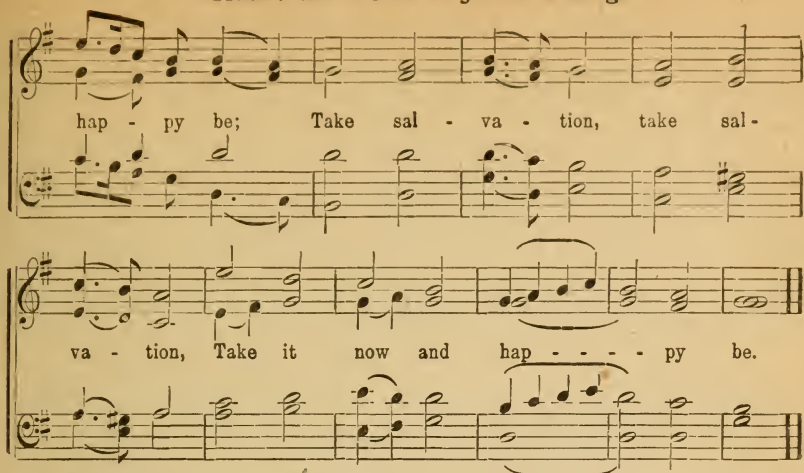
Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Come, ye guilt - y, come to Me!"
 Yes! though high in heav'n - ly glo - ry, Still the Sav - iour calls to thee:
 Soon that voice will cease its call - ing, Now it speaks, and speaks to thee:
 Life is found a - lone in Je - sus, On - ly there 'tis of - fered thee.

*Allegro moderato.*

Take sal - va - tion, take sal - va - tion, Take it now and



Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

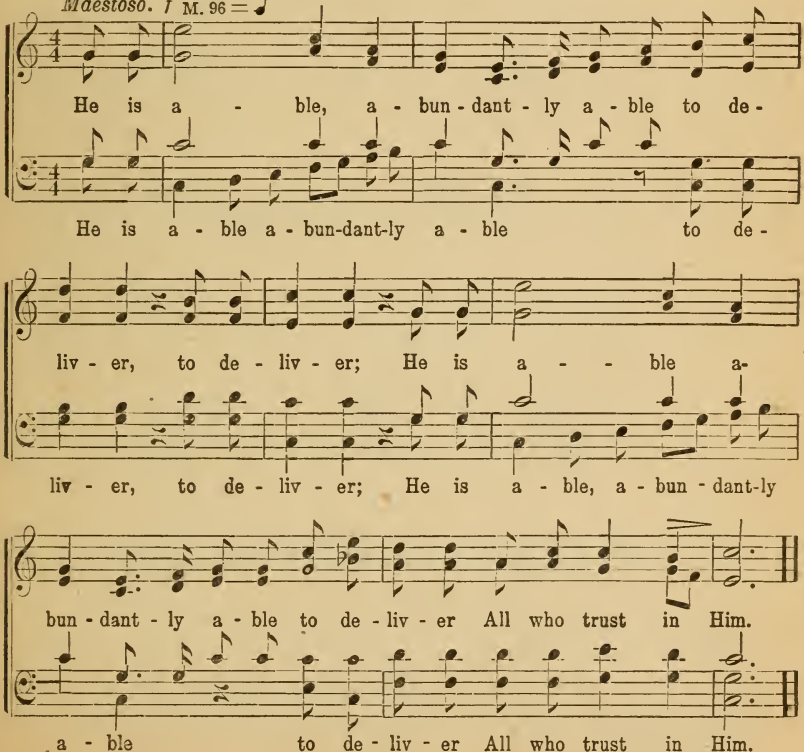


hap - py be; Take sal - va - tion, take sal -
va - tion, Take it now and hap - - - py be.

121 CHORUS.

My Deliverer.

Maestoso. f M. 96 = ♩



He is a - ble, a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to de -
He is a - ble a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to de -
liv - er, to de - liv - er; He is a - - - ble a -
liv - er, to de - liv - er; He is a - ble, a - bun - dant - ly
bun - dant - ly a - ble to de - liv - er All who trust in Him.
a - ble to de - liv - er All who trust in Him.

Moderato. mf

1. Is my cross too much for me? Is my cross too much for me?
 2. Is my cross too much for me? Is my cross too much for me?
 3. Is my cross too much for me? Is my cross too much for me?
 4. Is my cross too much for me? Is my cross too much for me?
 5. Is my cross too much for me? Is my cross too much for me?

cres.

When I con - tem-plate how brave-ly He en - dured the cross to
 When I see His cross up - ris - ing, See Him shame and death de-
 With His pres - ence ev - er near me, With His love to bless and
 Are the bur - dens that op-press me, Or the sor - rows that dis-
 No, dear Sav - ior, I will nev - er Shirk the cross, but bear it

*cres. f**dim e rall.*

save me From the sins that did en-slave me, Is my cross too much for me?
 spis-ing, And with love His foes bap-tiz-ing, Is my cross too much for me?
 cheer me, And His faith-ful pledge to hear me, Is my cross too much for me?
 tress me Great-er than the gifts that bless me? Is my cross too much for me?
 ev - er; Naught from Thee my soul shall sev - er, Leaving all, I fol - low Thee.

CHORUS.

No, no, no, no, I count no sac - ri - fice too dear,
 No, no, no, no, no, I count, I count no cross too dear,

Is My Cross Too Much for Me?

I count no sac-ri-fice too dear, Since Je-sus died for a
 I count no sac-ri-fice too dear, no cross too dear,
 reb-el like me; No sac-ri - fice..... I count too dear.....
 no sac-ri-fice I count too dear, I count too dear.

123 I Was Wandering in the Wilderness.

CHORUS. *Presto.*

I was wan-d'ring in the wil-der-ness, Far a-way (far a-way),
 far a-way (far a-way); But Je-sus sought me in
 ten-der-ness; Hap-py day (hap-py day), hap-py day (hap-py day)!

We Are Marching On.

Musical Salvationist.

1. In the bat - tle a - gainst sin we have en - list - ed,
 2. We're an Ar - my raised by God to preach Sal - va - tion,
 3. And in pris - on cells where reigns the night of sad - ness,
 4. In the slums we have a might - y glo - rious Mis - sion,
 5. And in ev - 'ry land our glo - rious flag is fly - ing;

Though the world to stop it has per - sist - ed, Yet 'the might - y
 With a full and per - fect lib - er - a - tion From the sins that
 And men speak of crimes as acts of mad - ness, E - ven there the
 Where the poor do al - ways night - ly lis - ten, And are urged to
 None need per - ish, we are ev - er cry - ing, For "It's fin - ished"

God has us as - sist - ed, And we're march - ing on to vic - to - ry.
 brought us con - dem - na - tion; And we're march - ing on to vic - to - ry.
 Ar - my takes its glad - ness; And we're march - ing on to vic - to - ry.
 make a full de - ci - sion; And go march - ing on to vic - to - ry.
 was His cry when dy - ing; And we're march - ing on to vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

We are marching on, we are marching on, an Ar - my brave;
 We are marching, on - ward marching, an Ar - my brave, Army brave;

We Are Marching On.

We are marching on, we are marching on, to free the slave;
We are march-ing, on - ward march-ing, to free the slave, the slave,

We are marching on, we are marching on, the world to save;
We are march-ing, on - ward march-ing, the world to save, to save;

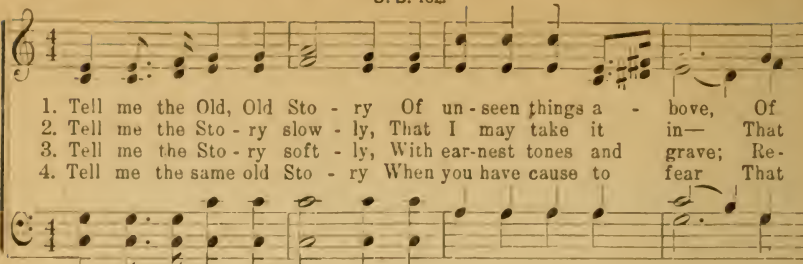
We are marching on, we are marching on, March-ing on to vic - to - ry.

125 CHORUS.

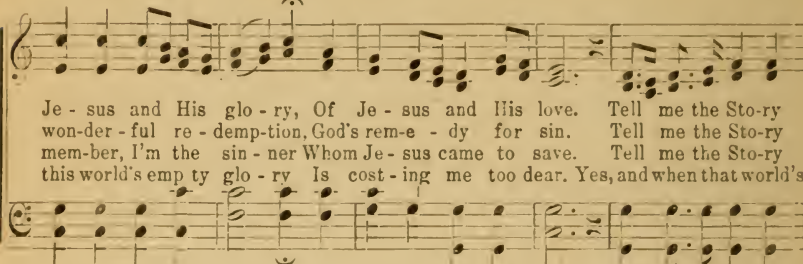
Only to Know.

On - ly to know that Thou art mine, When clouds are dark or sun doth shine;

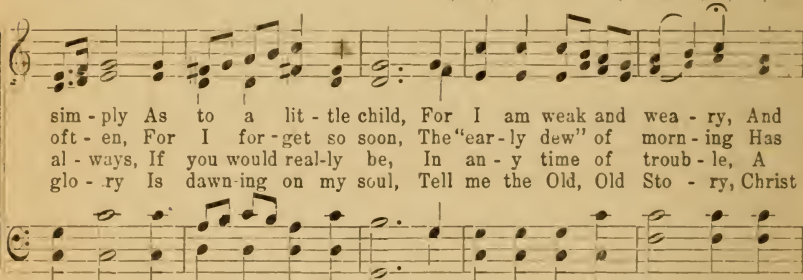
On - ly to know that Thou art mine, Then joy or pain, I'll not re - pine.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That
 3. Tell me the Sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re -
 4. Tell me the same old Sto - ry When you have cause to fear That

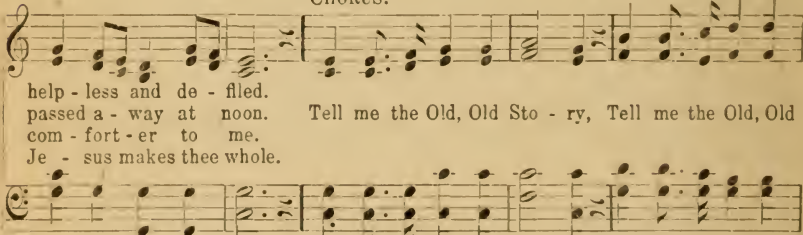


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry
 mem - ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me the Sto - ry
 this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

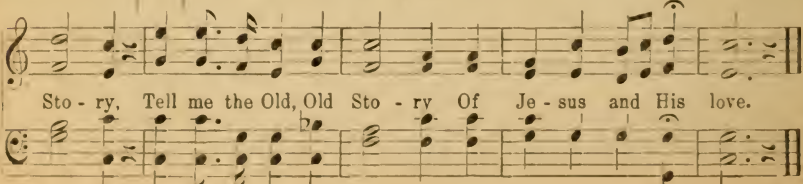


sim - ply As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
 oft - en, For I for get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
 glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Christ

CHORUS.



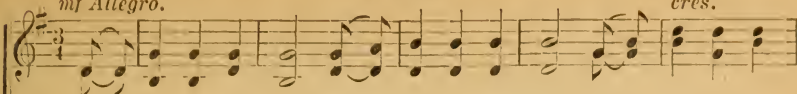
help - less and de - filed.
 passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
 com - fort - er to me.
 Je - sus makes thee whole.



Sto - ry. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

My God, I am Thine.

S. S. 248.

*mf Allegro.**cres.*

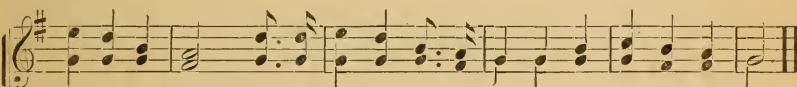
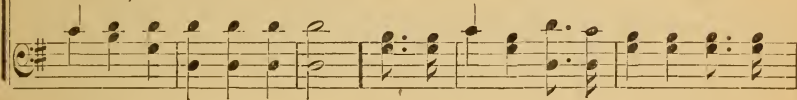
1. My God, I am Thine, what a com-fort di - vine, What a bless-ing to
2. In the heav-en - ly Lamb thrice hap - py I am, And my heart it doth
3. True pleas-ures a - bound in the rap - tur-ous sound, And who-ev - er has
4. My Je - sus to know, and to feel His blood flow, 'Tis life ev - er -
5. Yet on - ward I haste to the heav-en - ly feast, That, that is the



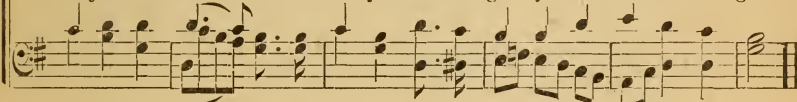
CHORUS.



- know that my Je - sus is mine.
 dance at the sound of His name.
 found it has par - a - dise found. Hal - le - lu - jah! send the glo - ry! Hal - le -
 last - ing, 'tis heav-en be - low.
 ful - ness, but this is the taste.



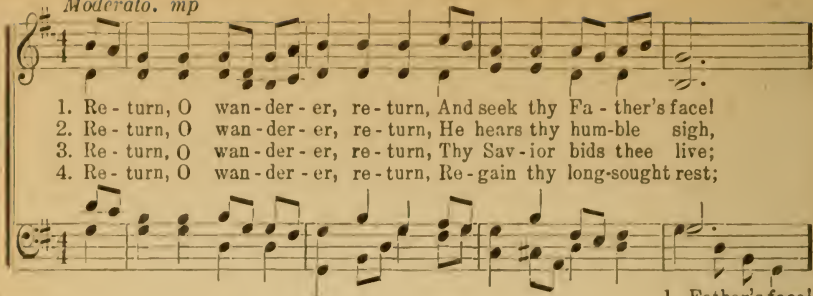
- lu-jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! send the glo-ry! Re - vive us a - gain.



Come, With Me Visit Calvary.

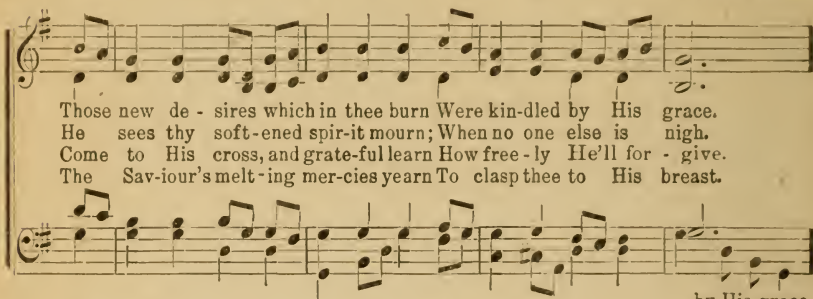
Tune 126. S. S. 346.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, with me visit Calvary,
 Where our Redeemer died;
 His blood now fills the fountain,
 'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide.
 He died from sin to sever
 Our hearts and lives complete;
 He saves and keeps forever
 Those living at His feet.</p> | <p>3 I will surrender fully
 And do my Saviour's will;
 He shall now make me holy,
 And with Himself me fill.
 He's saving I'm believing,
 This blessing I now claim;
 His Spirit I'm receiving,
 My heart is in a flame.</p> |
| <p>2 God's great, free, full salvation,
 Is offered here and now;
 Complete blood-bought redemption
 Can be obtained by you.
 Reach out faith's hand, now claiming,
 The cleansing blood will flow;
 Look up, just now, believing,
 His fulness you shall know.</p> | <p>4 I've wondrous peace through trusting,
 A well of joy within;
 This rest is everlasting,
 My days fresh triumphs win.
 He gives me heavenly measure,
 Pressed down and running o'er;
 O what a priceless treasure!
 Glory for evermore!</p> |

Moderato. mp


1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek thy Fa - ther's face!
 2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, He hears thy hum - ble sigh,
 3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Thy Sav - ior bids thee live;
 4. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Re - gain thy long - sought rest;

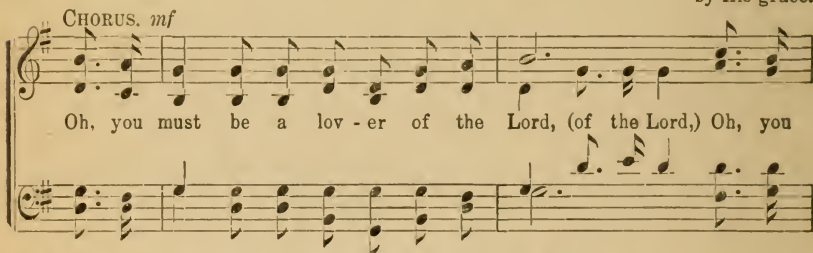
1. Father's face!



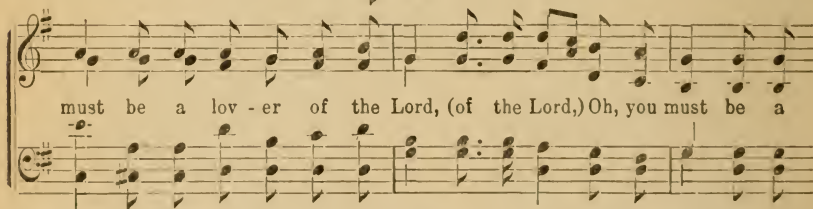
Those new de - sires which in thee burn Were kin - dled by His grace.
 He sees thy soft - ened spir - it mourn; When no one else is nigh.
 Come to His cross, and grate - ful learn How free - ly He'll for - give.
 The Sav - ior's melt - ing mer - cies yearn To clasp thee to His breast.

by His grace.

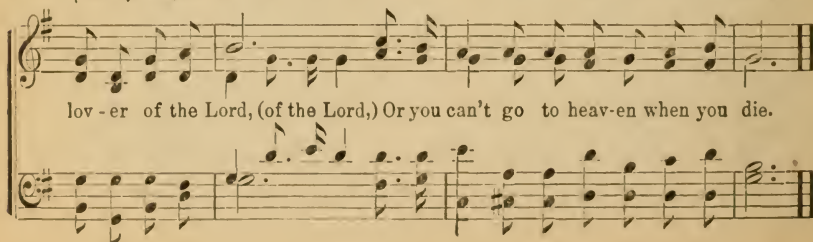
CHORUS. *mf*



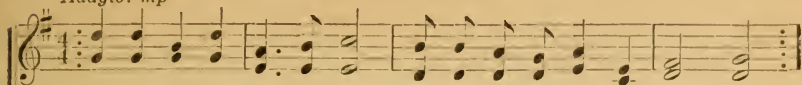
Oh, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Oh, you



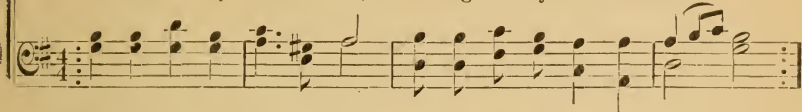
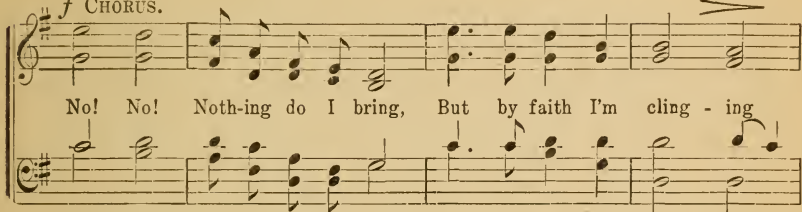
must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Oh, you must be a



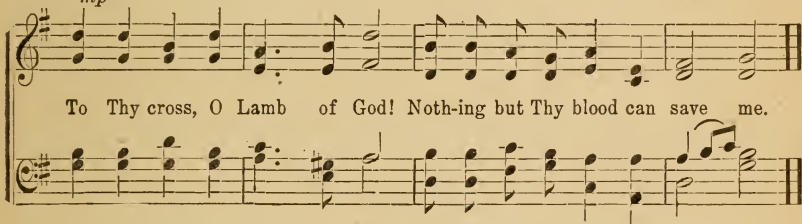
lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Or you can't go to heav - en when you die.

Adagio. mp

1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me;
 Thou a - lone my need canst meet, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
 2. See my heart, Lord, torn with grief, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me;
 Me un - par-doned do not leave, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
 3. Dark, in-deed, the past has been, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me;
 Yet in mer - cy take me in, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.

*f* CHORUS.

mp
 To Thy cross, O Lamb of God! Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.

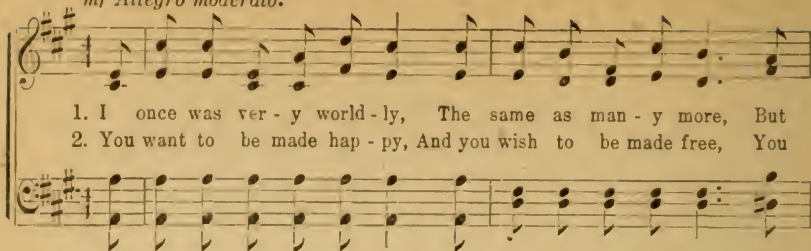


- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.
 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 His flowing wounds supply,
 My Saviour's love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

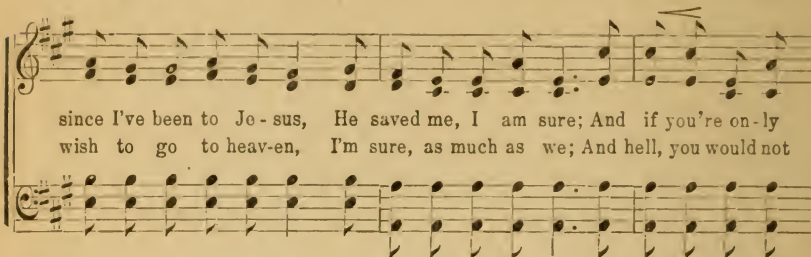
CHORUS.

- O glorious fountain! Open for me;
 O glorious fountain! Open now for me.
 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing His power to save, [tongue
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave.
 5 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power
 Till all the fighting host of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

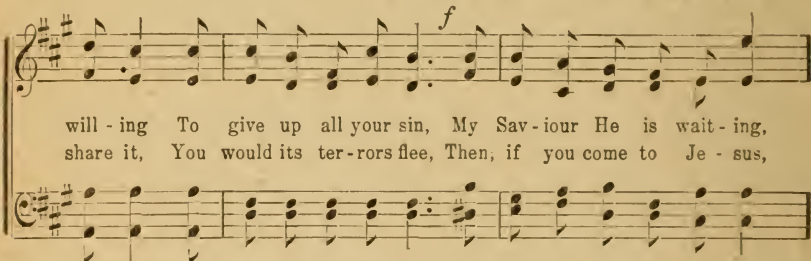
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, tho' vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

mf Allegro moderato.


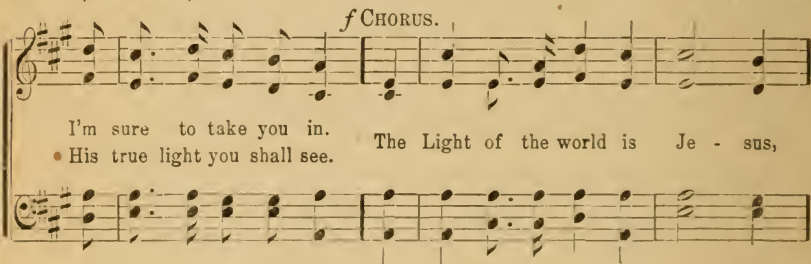
1. I once was ver - y world - ly, The same as man - y more, But
2. You want to be made hap - py, And you wish to be made free, You



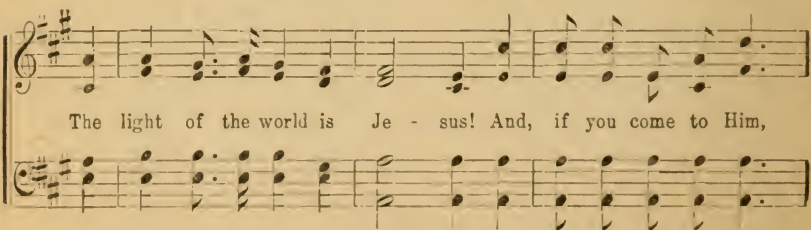
since I've been to Je - sus, He saved me, I am sure; And if you're on - ly
wish to go to heav - en, I'm sure, as much as we; And hell, you would not



will - ing To give up all your sin, My Sav - iour He is wait - ing,
share it, You would its ter - rors flee, Then, if you come to Je - sus,



I'm sure to take you in. The Light of the world is Je - sus,
• His true light you shall see.



The light of the world is Je - sus! And, if you come to Him,

The Light of the World is Jesus.

He'll cleanse your soul from sin, The light of the world is Je - sus!

133

"I Have Blotted Them Out."

CHORUS.

"I have blot-ted them out," is the word of God to me; "I have blot-ted them out," I'll turn to I - saiah and see, Chapt-er for - ty - four, Verses twen-ty two and three; I'll sing and shout, "He blotted them out," and that means me.

134

We Bring No Glittering Treasures.

Tune 132. S. S. 722.

1 We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine,
We come, with simple measures,
To sing Thy love divine;
Children, Thy favor sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's blessed work of truth,
To us is early given
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing;
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
There, where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again;
With songs our voices swelling,
We'll ever praise Thy name.

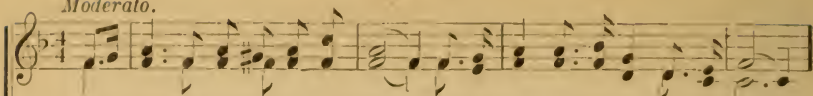
CHORUS.

The Light of the world is Jesus,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
And all who come to Him
He'll save and keep from sin;
The Light of the world is Jesus!

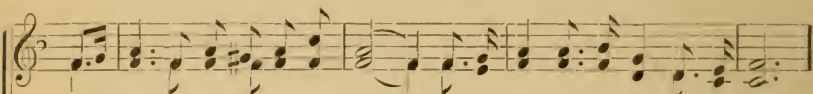
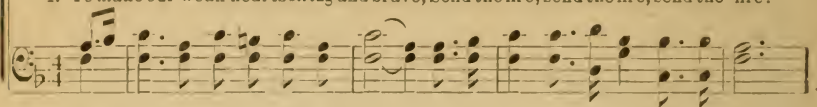
135 Thou Christ of Burning, Cleansing Flame.

Tune Tucker. S. S. 383.

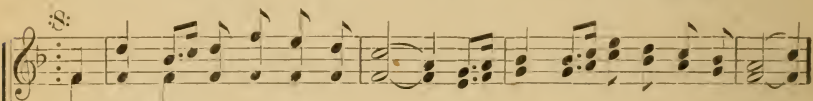
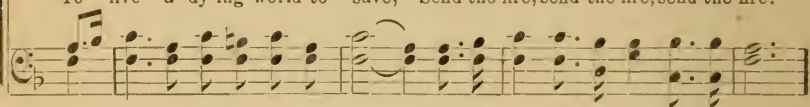
Moderato.



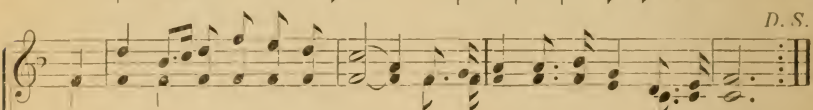
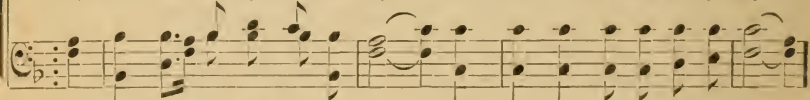
1. Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
2. God of E - li-jah, hear our cry, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
3. 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
4. To make our weak hearts strong and brave, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!



Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 He'll make us fit to live or die, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 The fire will meet our ev-'ry need, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 To live a dy-ing world to save, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

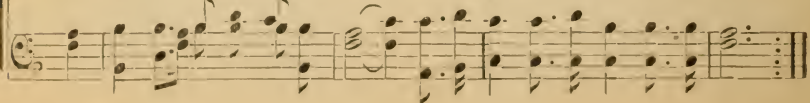


Look down and see this wait-ing host, Send us the prom-ised Ho-ly Ghost,
 To burn up ev-'ry trace of sin, To bring the light and glo-ry in,
 For strength to ev-'er do the right, For grace to con-quer in the fight,
 Oh, see us on Thy al-tar lay Our lives, our all, this ver-y day—



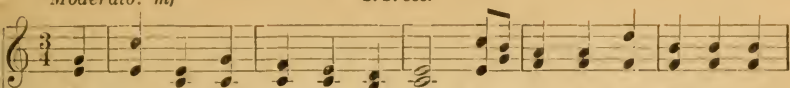
D. S.

We want an-oth-er Pen-te - cost, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 The rev - o - lu-tion now be - gin, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 For pow'r to walk thy world in white, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 To crown the off-'ring now we pray, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

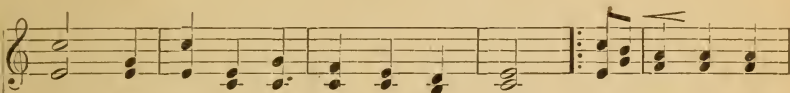
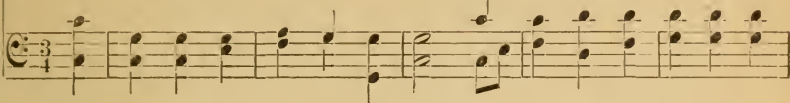


Moderato. mf

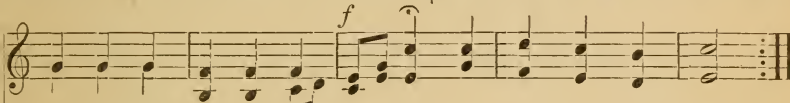
S. S. 388.



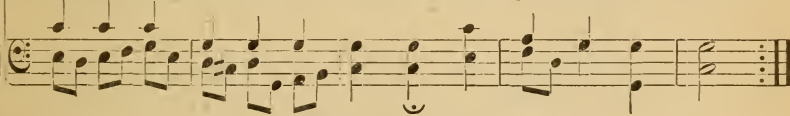
1. Oh, when shall my soul find her rest, My strug-glings and wrest-lings be
 2. Now search me, and try me, O Lord; Now, Je-sus, give ear to my
 3. My i-dols I cast at Thy feet, My all I re-turn Thee who
 4. O Sav-iour, I dare to be-lieve, Thy blood for my cleans ing I



- o'er, My heart by my Sav-iour pos-sessed, Be fear-ing and
 cry! See! help-less I cling to Thy word, My soul to my
 gave; This mo-ment the work is com-plete, For Thou art al-
 see; And, ask-ing in faith, I re-ceive Sal-va-tion, full,



- sin-ning, be fear-ing an sin-ning, And sin-ning no more?
 Sav-iour, my soul to my Sav-iour, My Sav-iour draws nigh.
 might-y, for Thou art al-might-y, Al-might-y to save!
 pres-ent, sal-va-tion, full, pres-ent, Full, pres-ent, and free.



I Hear My Dying Saviour Say.

Tune 135.

- 1 I hear my dying Saviour say,
 "Follow Me, follow Me!"
 His voice is calling all the day,
 "Follow me, follow Me!"
 For thee I trod the bitter way,
 For thee I gave My life away,
 And drank the gall thy debt to pay,
 Follow Me, follow Me!
- 2 "Tho' thou hast sinned, I've pardoned thee;
 Follow Me, follow Me!"
 From inbred sin I'll set thee free;
 Follow Me, follow Me!"
- In all thy changing life I'll be
 Thy God and Guide o'er land and sea,
 Thy bliss through all eternity;
 Follow Me, follow Me!
- 3 "Bring unto Me thy many cares,
 Follow Me, follow Me!"
 Thy heavy load My arm upbears,
 Follow me, follow Me!
 Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears,
 And trust Me through the future years;
 My hand shall wipe away thy tears;
 Follow Me, follow Me!"

Moderato. mf

1. There is a bet-ter world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
 2. No clouds e'er pass a - long that sky, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
 3. And wick-ed things and beasts of prey Come not there! Come not there!
 4. And tho'we're sin - ners ev - 'ry one, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!

mf *f*

Where sin and woe are done a - way, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And
 No tear-drops giiis-ten in the eye, Hap - py land! Hap - py land! They
 And ruth-less death and fierce de - cay Come not there! Come not there! There
 And though our crown of peace is gone, Je - sus died! Je - sus died! We

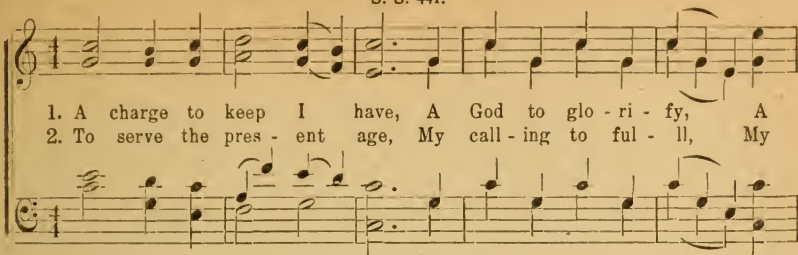
mu - sic fills the balm - y air, And an - gels with bright wings are there,
 drink the gush - ing streams of grace, And gaze up - on the Sav - iour's face,
 all are ho - ly, all are good; But, hearts un - washed in Je - sus' blood,
 may be cleansed from ev - 'ry stain, We may be crowned with bliss a - gain,

mf *f*

And harps of gold and man-sions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
 Whose brightness fills the ho - ly place, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
 And guilt - y sin - ners un - re - newed, Come not there! Come not there!
 And in that land of glo - ry reign, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!

A Charge to Keep I Have.

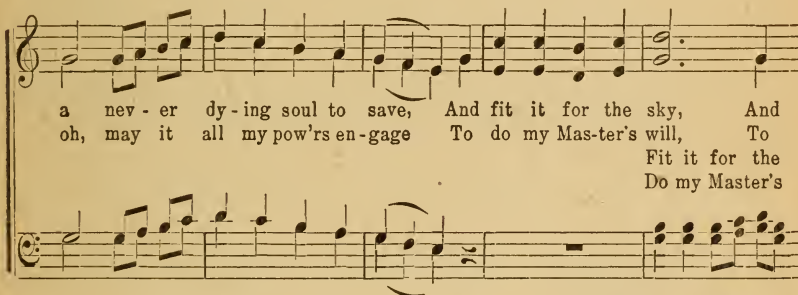
S. S. 441.



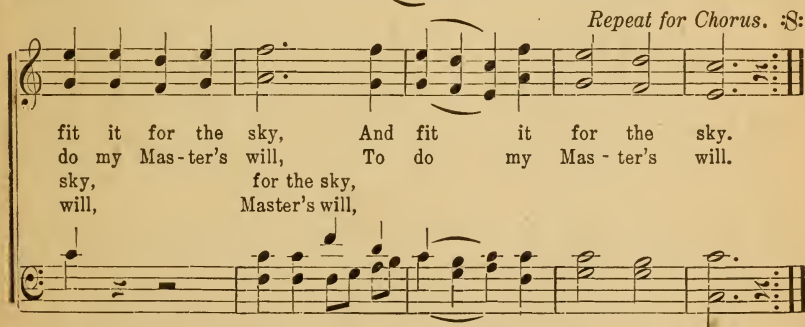
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - ll, My



God to glo - ri - fy. A nev - er, a nev - er,
 call - ing to ful - fill. Oh, may it, oh, may it,
 A nev - er,
 Oh, may it,



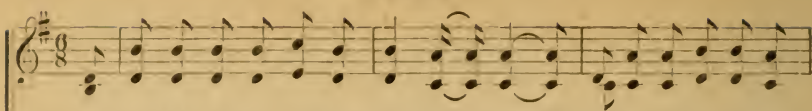
a nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky, And
 oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will, To
 Fit it for the
 Do my Master's



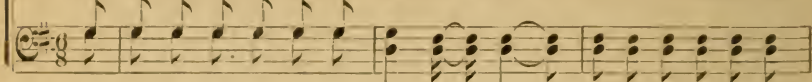
Repeat for Chorus. :S:
 fit it for the sky, And fit it for the sky.
 do my Mas - ter's will, To do my Mas - ter's will.
 sky, for the sky,
 will, Master's will,

3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!

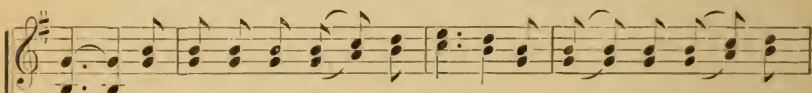
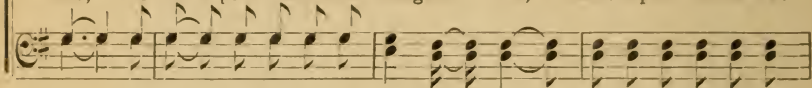
4 Help me to watch and pray
 And on Thyself rely;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.



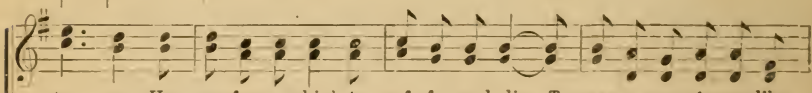
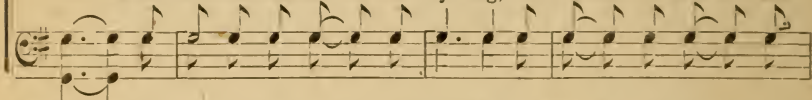
1. I've heard of a Sav-iour whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sin-ner like
2. This won-der-ful Sav-iour took such a low place To save a poor sin-ner like
3. This Je - sus had no-where to lay His head, To save a poor sin-ner like



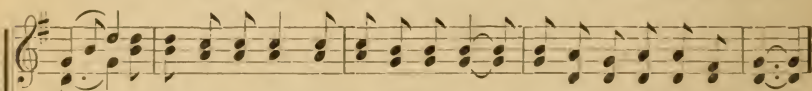
me; He turned His back on the glo - ri-fied throng To save a poor sin-ner like
 me; His heart o-ver-flow-ing with won-drous grace, To save a poor sin-ner like
 me; He was a poor Lamb to the slaughter led, To save a poor sin-ner like



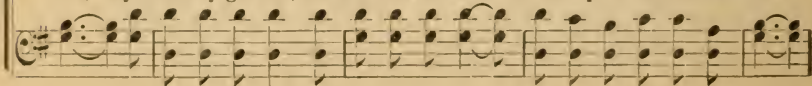
me. The an-gels they sang Him from glo - ry, I'm glad that they told me the
 me; Was born in a sta - ble and man-ger, In His own world was a
 me. 'Midst dark-ness our Sav-iour is dy - ing, "'Tis finished!" I hear Je - sus



sto - ry; He came from on high to suf-fer and die, To save a poor sin-ner like
 stran-ger, With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sin-ner like
 cry - ing; My soul may go free, He died on the tree, To save a poor sin-ner like

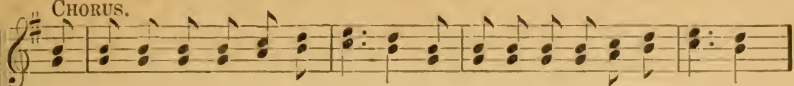


me, He came from on high to suf-fer and die To save a poor sin-ner like me.
 me, With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sin-ner like me.
 me, My soul may go free, He died on the tree, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

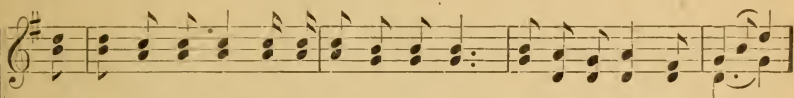
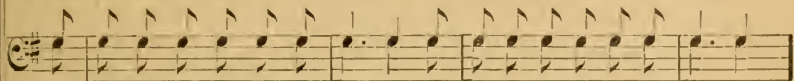


My Sins Rose as High as a Mountain.

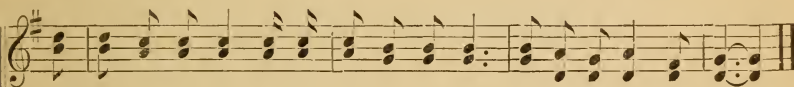
CHORUS.



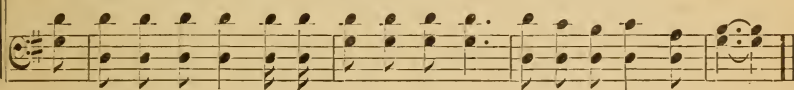
My sins rose as high as a moun-tain, They all dis-ap-peared in the foun-tain;



He put my name down for a pal-ace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free;

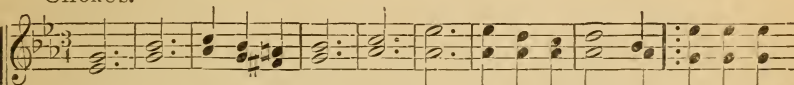


He put my name down for a pal-ace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free!

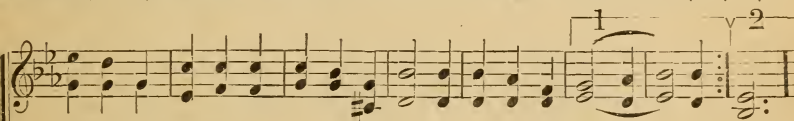
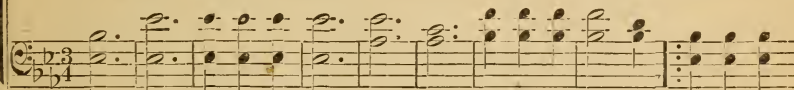


141 Peace, Peace, Wonderful Peace.

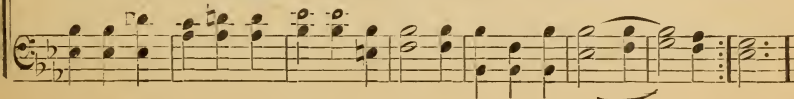
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace; Peace, peace, wonderful peace, It flows like a



riv-er, for - ev - er and ev - er; Oh, what a won-der-ful peace! It peace.

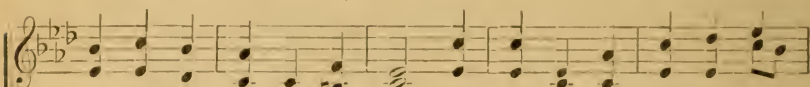
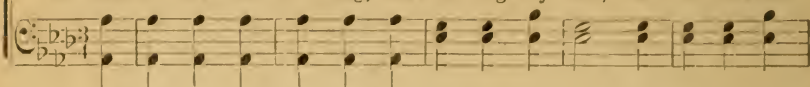


The World-wide Crimson Sea.

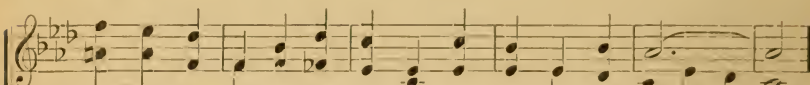
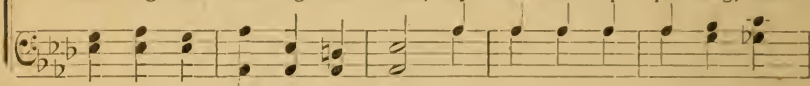
Commander E. C. Booth.



1. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, that won-der - ful day, When He from heav'n's
2. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, the tears He did weep; The hill up to
3. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, de-spised and ac-curst; The night in the
4. Like riv - ers o'er - flow-ing, it's flood-ing my soul, Its vir - tues be-



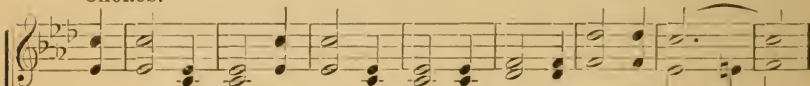
glo - ry to earth came a - way; The shep-herds that watched Him, the
Cal - v'ry, so rough and so steep; The five bleed-ing wounds in His
gar - den, the scourg-ing and thirst; Dy - ing for sin - ners the
stow-ing are mak-ing me whole; My sins so ap - pal - ling, like



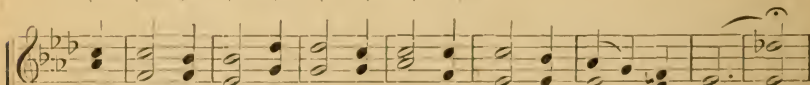
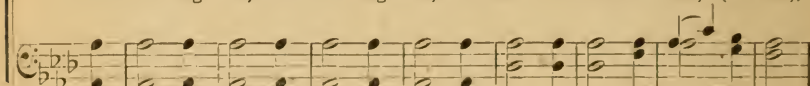
barn where He lay, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
heart driv-en deep, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
low - est and worst, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
chains from me fall-ing, Are lost in this wide crim-son sea. (crim-son sea.)



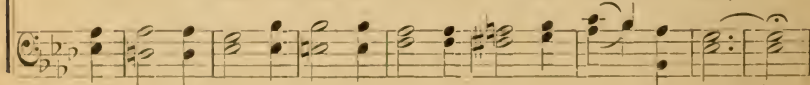
CHORUS.



It's roll-ing in, it's roll-ing in, The blood of Christ so free; (so free;)



I love so well the news to tell How Je - sus died for me;....



The World-wide Crimson Sea.

Oh, come a - long, your sins are gone, When once be-neath its wave;(its wave;)

I love so well the news to tell How Je - sus Christ can save. (can save.)

143

With Jesus So Near Me.

CHORUS. *mp Allegro.*

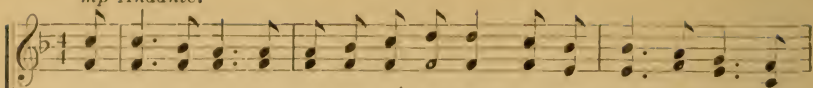
With Je - sus so near me, And His love to cheer me, His
tem - pests are roll - ing, Or death bells are toll - ing, I'm

coun - sel to guide,.... Ill can ne'er be - tide,..... When

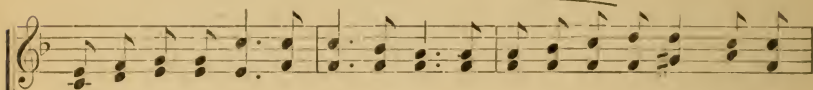
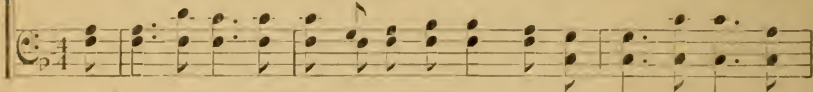
safe while I hide In my Sav - iour's side.....

At Thy Feet I Fall.

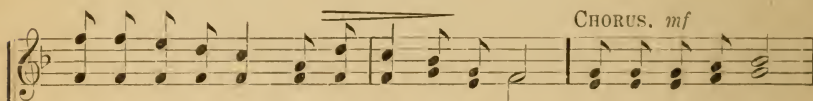
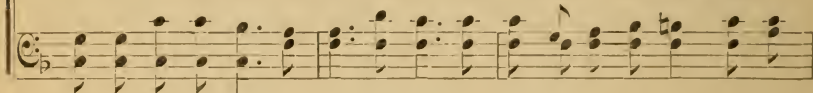
S. S. 385.

mp Andante.

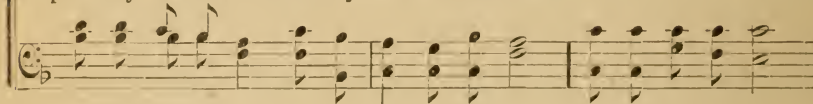
1. O Lamb of God! Thou won-der-ful sin-bear - er, Hard aft - er Thee my
2. I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee from me, And black - est dark-ness
3. Descend the heav'ns, Thou whom my soul a-dor-eth! Oh, come just now, fill
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Thy might-y aid be-stow - ing, De - stroy the works of



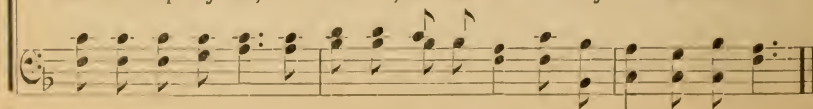
soul doth fol-low on; As pants the hart for streams in des-ert drear - y, So
bro't in - to my soul; Now I re-nounce the curs-ed sin that hin - dered, And
my poor long-ing breast; For Thee, for Thee, I watch, as for the morn-ing! A-
sin, the self, the pride; Burn, burn in me, my i - dols o - ver-throw-ing; Pre-



pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life - giv-ing One.
come once more to Thee, to be made ful - ly whole. At Thy feet I fall,
part from Thee, I find nei-ther joy, peace, nor rest.
pare my heart for Him—for my Lord cru - ci - fied.



Yield Thee up my all, To suf-fer, live or die For my Lord cru - ci - fied.




Moderato con espress. p

1. My rest is in heav-en—my rest is not here, Then why should I
 2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss And build - ing my
 3. The winds of af - flic - tion a - round me may blow, And dash my lone
 4. With Christ in my heart, and His sword in my hand, I'll march on in

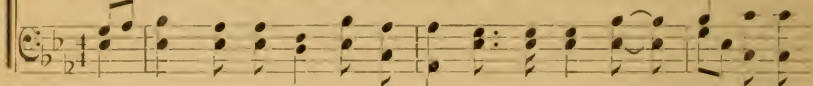
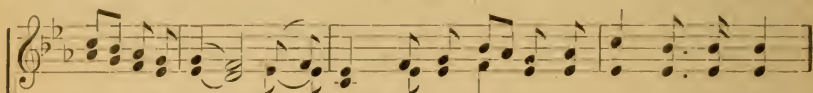
mf
 mur - mur when tri - als are near? Be hushed, my sad spir - it—the
 hopes in a re - gion like this; I look for a cit - y which
 bark as I'm sail - ing be - low; I smile at the storm, as I
 haste thro' an en - e-my's land; The road may be rough, but it

worst that can come But short-ens my jour-ney, and has - tens me home.
 hands have not piled, I pant for a coun-try by sin un-de-filed.
 lean on His breast, And soon I shall land in the ha - ven of rest.
 can - not be long, So I'll smooth it with hopes, and I'll cheer it with song.

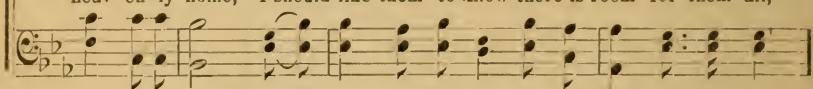
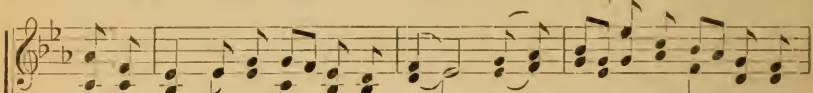
f CHORUS.
 Home, home, sweet sweet home; There's no friend like Jesus, There's no place like home.

Moderato.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was
 2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a
 3. But thou-sands and thou-sands who won-der and fall, Nev-er heard of that

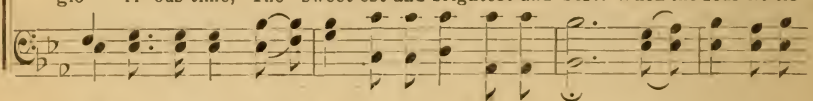

here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as Lambs to His fold,
 share of His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be - low,
 heav-en-ly home, I should like them to know there is room for them all,

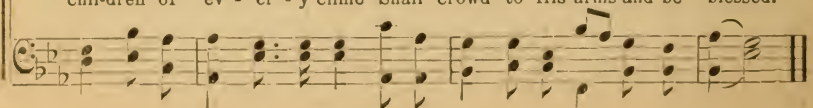
I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been
 I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. In that beau-ti-ful place He has
 And that Je - sus has bid them to come. I long for the joys of that

placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have
 gone to pre-pare For all who are washed and for-giv'n; And man-y dear
 glo - ri-ous time, The sweet-est and brightest and best: When the dear lit-tle

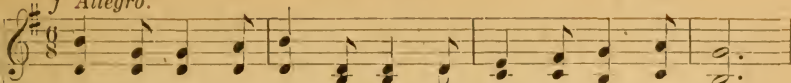
seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to Me."
 chil-dren are gath-er-ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of Heav'n."
 chil-dren of ev-er-y clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.



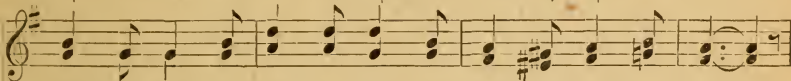
Shout Aloud Salvation.

S. S 598.

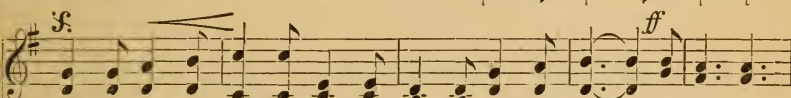
f Allegro.



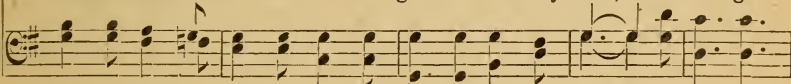
1. Shout a - loud sal - va - tion, and we'll have an - oth - er song,
2. How the an - xious shout it when they hear the joy - ful sound!
3. "Oh, they're help-less no - bod - ies," our en - e - mies make boast;



Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long;
How the weak - est con - quer when the Sav - iour they have found!
They for - get that with us comes th' Al-migh - y Ho - ly Ghost,

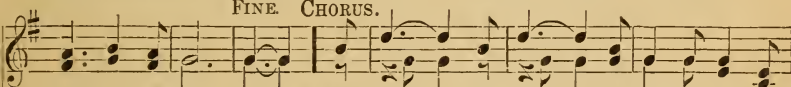


Sing it as our com-rads sang it, many a mil - lion strong, As they were
How our grand bat - tal - i - ons with conqu'ring pow'r a - bound, As we go
And un - seen bat - tal - ions of the glo - rious heav'n - ly host, As we go

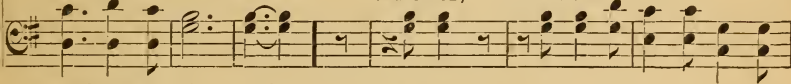


D. S. - Sound our Saviour's praises o-ver ev - 'ry land and sea, As we go

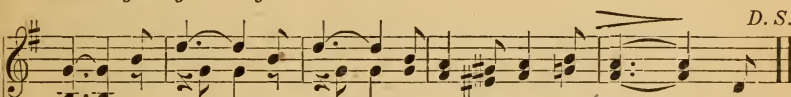
FINE. CHORUS.



march-ing to glo - ry! March on, march on! We bring the ju - bi -
March on, march on!

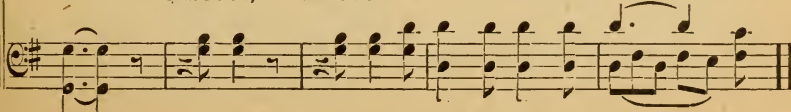


march-ing to glo - ry!



D. S.

lee; Fight on, fight on! Sal - va - tion makes us free; We'll
March on, march on!



S. S. 505.

mp Adagio.

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row That a time could
 2. Yet He found me, I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th' ac -
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing,
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - en, Deep - er than the

cres.

ev - er be When I let the Sav - iour's pit - y Plead in
 curs - ed tree, Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther," And my
 full, and free, Sweet and strong, and, ah! so pa - tient, Brought me
 deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at last has con - quered; Grant me

mf *p*

vain, and proud - ly an - swer - ed — "All of self, and none of Thee!"
 wist - ful heart said faint - ly — "Some of self, and some of Thee!"
 low - er, while I whis - per - ed — "Less of self, and more of Thee!"
 now my spir - it's long - ing — "None of self, and all of Thee!"

Lord, I Come to Thee Beseeching.

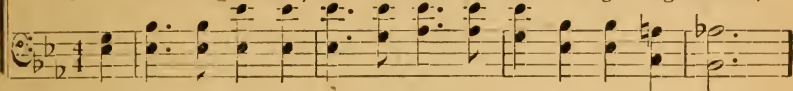
Another song to the above Tune.

S. S. 360.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Lord, I come to Thee beseeching
 For a heart-renewing here,
 Up to Thee my hands are stretching,
 After Thee my hand is reaching,
 Saviour, in Thy power draw near.</p> <p>2 'Neath the searching light of heaven,
 Here a deeper truth I see,
 Though the past was long forgiven,
 One more chain must yet be riven,
 Lord, from self I am not free.</p> | <p>3 Tho' Thy light some pain is bringing,
 Thou art answering my prayer,
 To Thy promises I'm clinging,
 At Thy cross myself I'm flinging,
 For the blood is flowing there.</p> <p>3 'Tis the blood—O wondrous river!
 Now its power has touched my soul,
 'Tis the blood from sin can sever,
 'Tis the blood that doth deliver,
 Here and now it makes me whole!</p> |
|--|--|

p Andante.

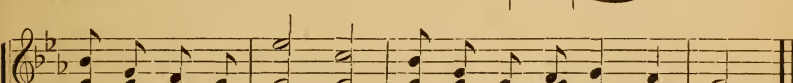
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest,
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream,



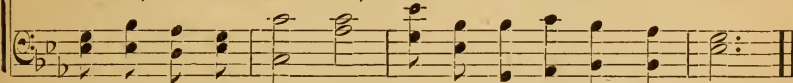
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad,
 The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live,"
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.

*mf* CHORUS.

Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship Di - vine; O what



bless - ed, sweet com - mun - ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine!



1 Dark was the hour, Gethsemane,
 When thro' thy walks was heard
 The lowly Man of Galilee
 Still pleading with the Lord.

CHO. — Down in the garden,
 Hear that mournful sound;
 There behold the Saviour weeping,
 Praying on the cold, dampground.

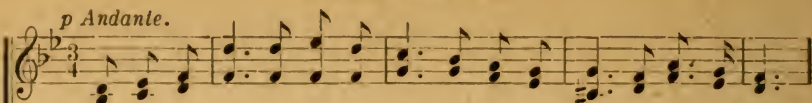
2nd CHO. — Jesus, my Saviour,
 Let me weep with Thee;
 Mercy, O Thou Son of David!
 Mercy's coming down to me.

2 Alone in sorrow see Him bow
 As all our griefs He bears;
 Not words may tell His anguish
 But sweat, and blood, and tears.

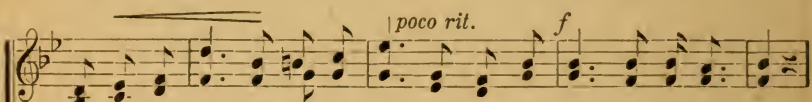
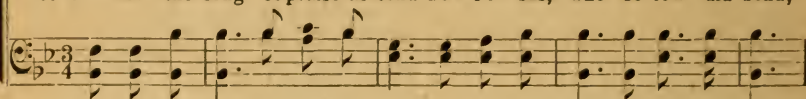
3. There prostrate on the earth He lies,
 God's well-beloved Son;
 But still the fainting Sufferer cries:
 "Father, Thy will be done!"

4 For me He prays, I hear Him pray,
 He will my soul receive.
 Now, Jesus, take my sins away;
 Now, Jesus, I believe.

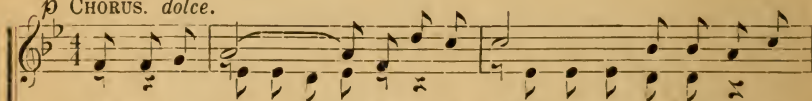
A CHRISTMAS SONG.

p Andante.

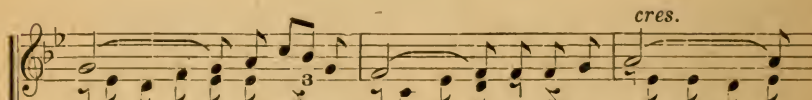
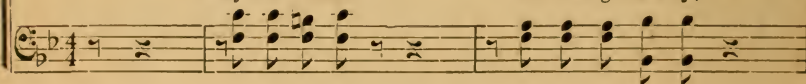
1. O won-drous grace! for guilt-y men Was Je-sus born in Beth-le-hem;
2. Men knew not in such hum-bles form, Their Lord to save in love had come;
3. Tho' He was rich, free-ly He gave Up all, that He the lost might save;
4. I love the Lord for stoop-ing so, I'm glad that He did ev-er go
5. Like to the Lord, oh, may I be! Like Him in His hu-mil-i-ty;
6. O let the song of praise as-cend To Je-sus, who so low did bend;



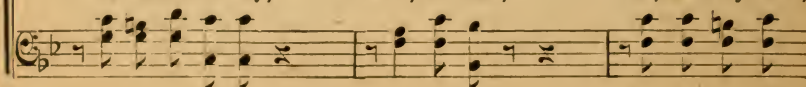
He laid a-side His Maj-es-ty, And came to earth a man to be.
 Al-most un-heed-ed was the birth Of our Re-deem-er on the earth.
 Love, from the man-ger to the Cross, Made Him in glad-ness suf-fer loss.
 Thro' hu-man life in hu-man form, And e-ven shared with man His tomb.
 With love like His, to live a-lone, To serve and bless the need-y one.
 Tell out the love that moved His heart, That led Him e'en with life to part.

*p* CHORUS. *dolce.*

My heart, so like..... the man-ger low - - - ly, Is all un-
 My heart so like the man-ger low-ly,



wor - - - thy, Lord, for Thee;..... Yet, as Thy home,.....
 Is all un-wor-ty, Lord, for Thee; Yet, as Thy home,



My Heart, So Like the Manger Lowly.

poco rit. *f*

by grace made ho - - - ly, My heart for - ev - er - more shall be.
by grace made ho - ly,

153 Draw Me Nearer.

mp Andante con express.

S. S. 461.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me,
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;

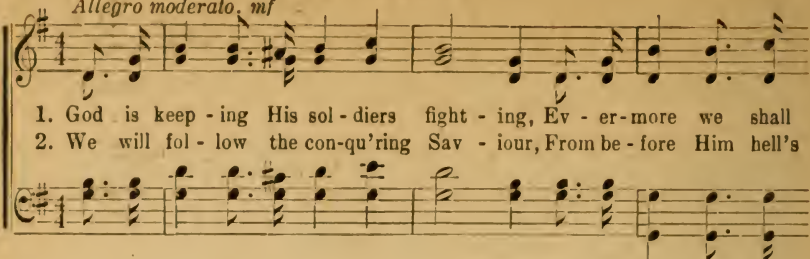
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee!
Let my soul be washed from its ev - 'ry stain, And my will be lost in Thine!
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

mf CHORUS.

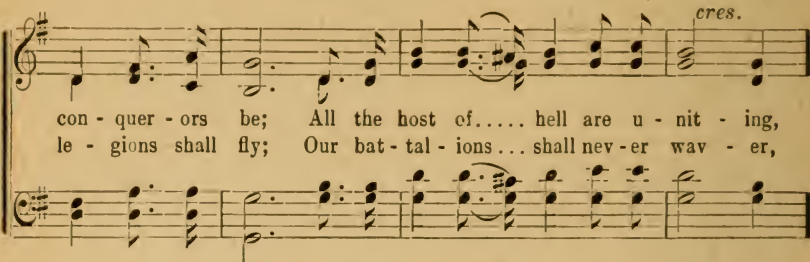
Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died!

rit *mp*

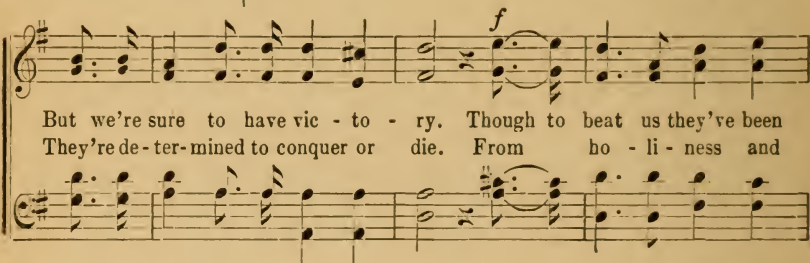
Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side!

Allegro moderato, mf


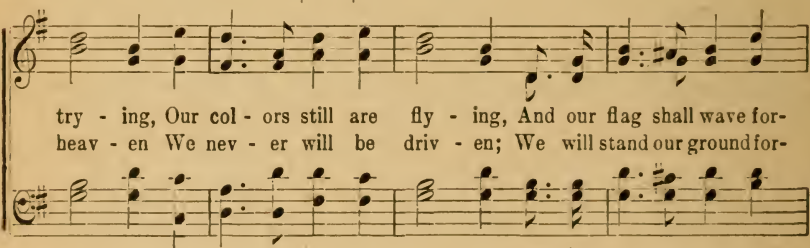
1. God is keep - ing His sol - diers fight - ing, Ev - er - more we shall
2. We will fol - low the con - qu'ring Sav - iour, From be - fore Him hell's



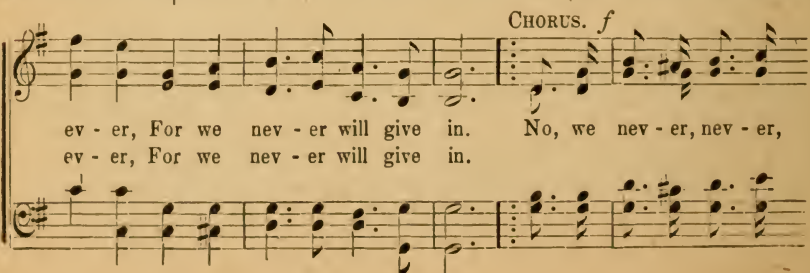
con - quer - ors be; All the host of.... hell are u - nit - ing,
le - gions shall fly; Our bat - tal - ions... shall nev - er wav - er,



But we're sure to have vic - to - ry. Though to beat us they've been
They're de - ter - mined to conquer or die. From ho - li - ness and



try - ing, Our col - ors still are fly - ing, And our flag shall wave for -
heav - en We nev - er will be driv - en; We will stand our ground for -



ev - er, For we nev - er will give in. No, we nev - er, nev - er,
ev - er, For we nev - er will give in.

God is Keeping His Soldiers Fighting.

nev - er will give in, No, we won't! No we won't! No we won't!

won't! No we won't! For we mean to have the vic - to ry for - ev - er!

155

Oh, Won't It Be Grand!

CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

Oh, won't it be grand when we're from sorrow! Oh, won't it be grant when we're free from care!

Oh, won't it be grant when we pass from darkness! We'll sing together in that country fair.

156

When the Shadows Are Thickly Falling.

Tune 154. S. S. 213.

1 When the shadows are thickly falling,
As I pass thro' the valley of death,
And the trumpet for me is calling,
I will shout with my latest breath—
By the blood that did redeem me,
O Lord, Thou wilt receive me,
And before the throne then flying,
I will answer, "Here am I!"

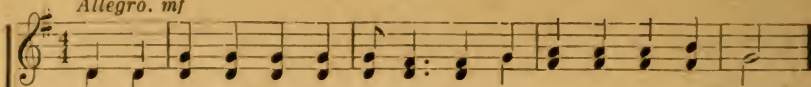
CHORUS.—When the trumpet sounds I'm
ready for to go,

And I'll ride up in the chariot
in the morning.


2 He to me gave His pardon freely,
From my name He has blotted my sin,
And in death's valley He'll be near me,
Of His mercy I then will sing.
Day by day His hand has blest me,
His love has never failed me,
And I therefore love Him truly,
And with joy shall greet His call.

Hark Hear the Saviour Knocking

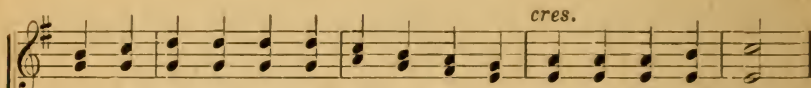
S. S. 61.

Allegro. mf


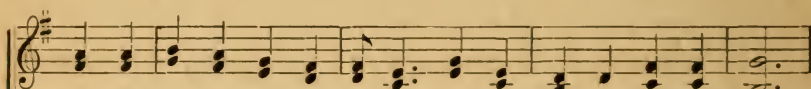
1. Wea - ry wan-d'r'er, wilt thou lis - ten, While I sing of dy - ing love!
2. 'Twas on Cal-v'ry's rug - ged Moun-tain Where they nailed Him to a tree;




Which did make the Sav-iour has - ten From the rich - est realms a - bove:
From His o - pen side the foun-tain Flows in blood for thee and me.



In a sta - ble and a man-ger Did the Prince of glo - ry lay;
Tho' thou hast re-fused an en-trance To this Prince of Peace so fair,



In the world He was a stran-ger, While He sought for souls a - stray.
If thou'lt knock in true re-pen-tance Thou shalt find He still is there.



CHORUS. *mf* *cres.*
Hark! hear the Sav - iour knock-ing; Hark! hear the Sav - iour knock-ing;

Hark Hear the Saviour Knocking

f

Hark! hear the Sav - iour knock-ing! Wilt thou let Him en - ter now?

158

Welcome, Ye Praying Host!

Tune: Darwells.

Allegro moderato. f

1. Wel - come, ye pray-ing host! Wel - come, ye sons of light! Who
 2. Touched by the liv - ing Flame, We've seen His arm made bare In
 3. Je - ho - vah, He shall reign O'er ev - 'ry land and sea; The

cres. ff

tho' the Ho - ly Ghost have tri - umphed in the fight; For bat - tles
 ev - 'ry land the same, Sal - va - tion ev - 'ry - where; The slaves of
 Lamb for sin - ner's slain, En - throned by all shall be; O'er all the

mf cres. ff

fought, and dev - ils driv'n, We raise our songs of joy to heav'n.
 sin have been set free, Thro' Him who died on Cal - va - ry.
 world His flag shall wave; All na - tions Je - sus came to save.

159

Let Us Gather Up the Sunbeams.

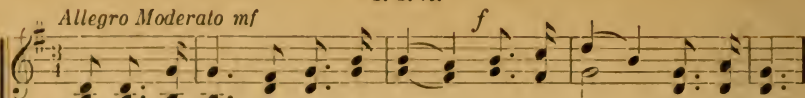
Tune 157. S. S. 860.

- 1 Let us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all around our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff.
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from the way.
- 2 Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 For our reaping by and by.
- 2 Strange, we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown;
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone;
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air.
- CHORUS. — Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,

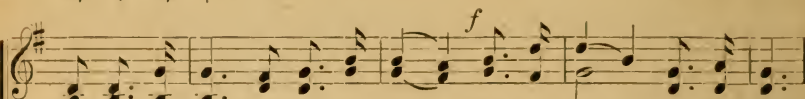
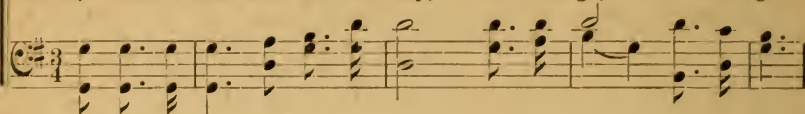
160 We're Traveling Home to Heaven Above.

S. S. 79.

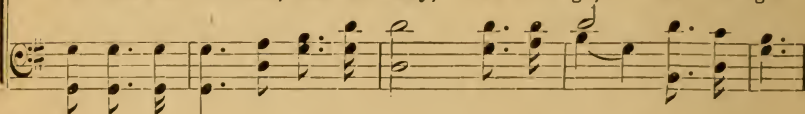
Allegro Moderato mf



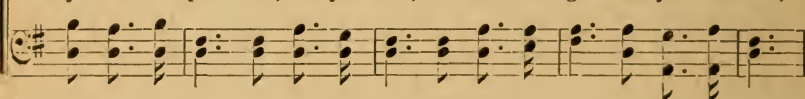
1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go, will you go?
2. We're going to see the bleed-ing Lamb, Will you go, will you go?
3. The way to heav'n is straight and plain, Will you go, will you go?
4. Oh, could I hear some sin-ner say, "I will go, I will go!"



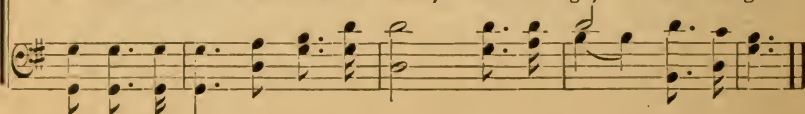
To sing the Sav-ior's dy-ing love, Will you go, will you go?
 In rap-t'rous songs to praise His name, Will you go, will you go?
 Re-pent, be-lieve, be born a - gain, Will you go, will you go?
 I'll start this mo-ment, clear the way, Let me go, let me go!



Mil-lions have reached that bliss-ful shore, Their tri-als and their la-bors o'er,
 Our sun will then no more go down, Our moon no more will be with-drawn,
 The Sav-iour cries a - loud to thee, "Take up Thy cross and fol-low Me,
 My old com-pan-ions, fare you well, I will not go with you to hell;



And yet there's room for mil-lions more, Will you go, will you go?
 Our days of mourn-ing ev-er gone, Will you go, will you go?
 And thou shalt My sal-va-tion see," Will you go, will you go?
 I mean with Je-sus Christ to dwell, Let me go, let me go!"

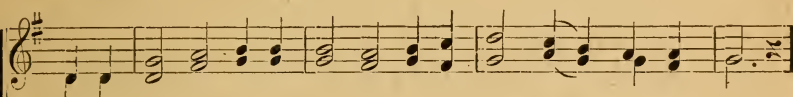
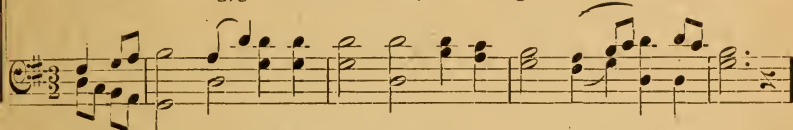


Take Salvation.

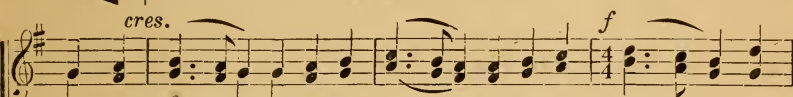
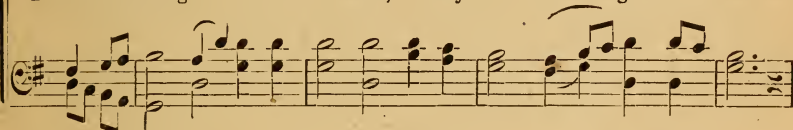
S. S. 494.

Allegro Moderato. mf

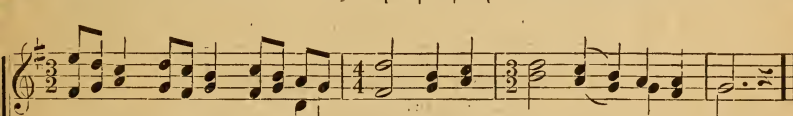
1. Full sal - va - tion! full sal - va - tion! Lo! the foun - tain o - pened wide,
2. Oh, the glo - ri - ous rev - e - la - tion! See the cleans - ing cur - rent flow,
3. Love's re - sist - less cur - rent sweep - ing All the re - gions deep with - in;
4. Life im - mor - tal, heav'n de - scend - ing, Lo! my heart the Spir - it's shrine!
5. Care and doubt - ing, gloom and sor - row, Fear and grief are mine no more;



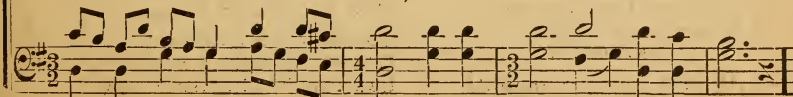
Streams thro' ev - ry land and na - tion, From the Sav - iour's wound - ed side.
 Wash - ing stains of con - dem - na - tion Whit - er than the driv - en snow.
 Tho't, and wish, and sens - es keep - ing Now and ev - 'ry in - stant clean!
 God and man in one - ness blend - ing—Oh, what fel - low - ship is mine!
 Faith knows naught of dark to - mor - row, For my Sav - iour goes be - fore.



Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion,
 Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion,



Streams an end - less crim - son tide, Streams an end - less crim - son tide.
 Oh, the rapt'rous bliss to know, Oh, the rap - t'rous bliss to know!
 From the guilt and pow'r of sin, From the guilt and pow'r of sin.
 Raised in Christ to life di - vine, Raised in Christ to life di - vine!
 Full and free for - ev - er - more, Full and free for - ev - er - more.



Allegretto. mf

1. Christ now sits on Zi-on's hill, He re- ceives poor sin- ners still;
 2. I by faith en- list- ed am In the serv- ice of the Lamb;
 3. What a Cap- tain I have got! Is not mine a hap- py lot?
 4. Let the world their for- ces join, With the pow'rs of hell com- bine—

Will you serve this bless- ed King? Come, en- list, and with me sing:
 Pres- ent pay I now re- ceive: Peace of con- science He does give.
 There- fore will I take the sword, Fight for Je- sus Christ, my Lord.
 Great- er is my King than they, Sure- ly I shall win the day.

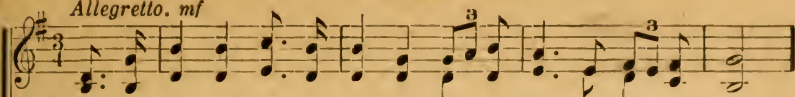
CHORUS. mf

I His sol- dier sure shall be, Hap- py in e- ter- ni- ty; E-
 ter- ni- ty, e- ter- ni- ty, Hap- py in e- ter- ni- ty.

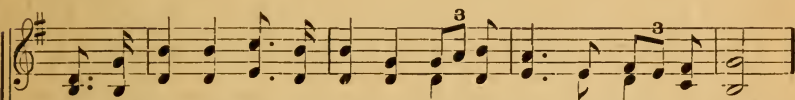
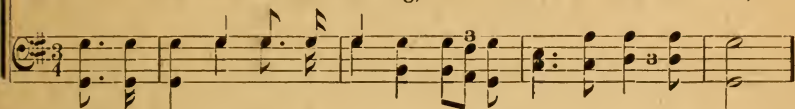
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 "Christ the Lord is risen to-day!"
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth, reply. | Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise. |
| 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more. | 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave? |
| 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; | 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. |

Glory, Glory to the Lamb.

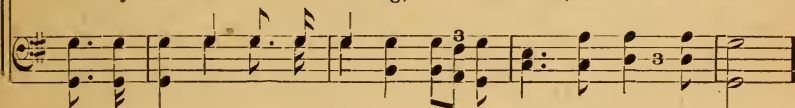
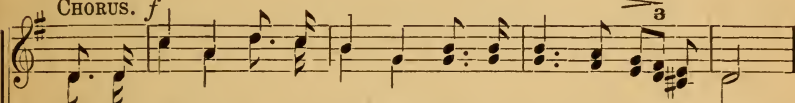
S. S. 462.

Allegretto. mf

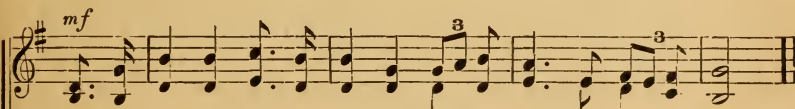
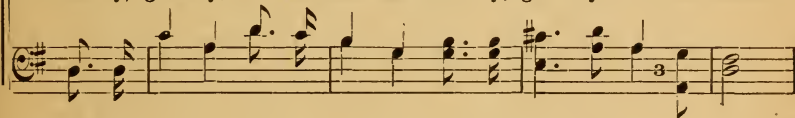
1. Pre - cious Je - sus, oh, to love Thee! Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
2. Take my warm-est, best af - fec-tions, Take my mem - 'ry, mind, and will;
3. Bold I touch Thy sa - cred gar - ment, Fear-less stretch my ea - ger hand;
4. Oh, how pre-cious, dear Re-deem - er, Is the love that fills my soul:
5. Lo! a new cre - a - tion dawn - ing, Lo! I rise to life di - vine;



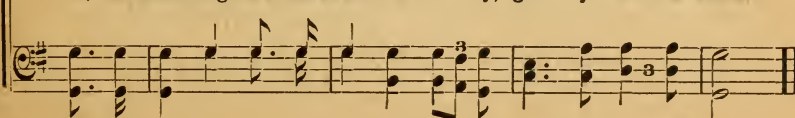
Je - sus, all my heart I give Thee, If Thou wilt but make it Thine.
 Then with all Thy lov - ing Spir - it All my emp - tied na - ture fill.
 Vir - tue, like a heal - ing foun - tain, Free-ly flows at love's com-mand.
 It is done, the word is spo - ken, "Be thou ev - 'ry whit made whole."
 In my soul an East - er morn - ing; I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

CHORUS. *f*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!



Oh, the cleans-ing blood has reached me! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!



Allegro moderato. mf

1. My soul is now u - nit - ed To Christ the Liv - ing Vine,
 2. Soon as my all I ven - tured On the a - ton - ing blood,
 3. By floods and flames sur - round - ed, I still my way pur - sue;

His grace I long have slight - ed, But now I feel Him mine;
 The Ho - ly Spir - it en - tered, And I was born of God.
 Nor shall I be con - found - ed, With glo - ry in my view;

f
 I was to God a stran - ger, Till Je - sus took me in;
 My sins are all for - giv - en, I feel His blood ap - plied,
 Still Christ is my sal - va - tion—What can I cov - et more?

mf
 He freed my soul from dan - ger, And par - doned all my sin.
 And I shall go to heav - en, If I in Christ a - bide.
 I fear no con - dem - na - tion, My Fa - ther's wrath is o'er.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross!
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His Army He shall lead,

Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

CHO.—I'm glad I am a soldier,
 And battling on for God,
 Each day by grace made bolder.
 To conquer thro' the blood.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
With loyal hearts now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.

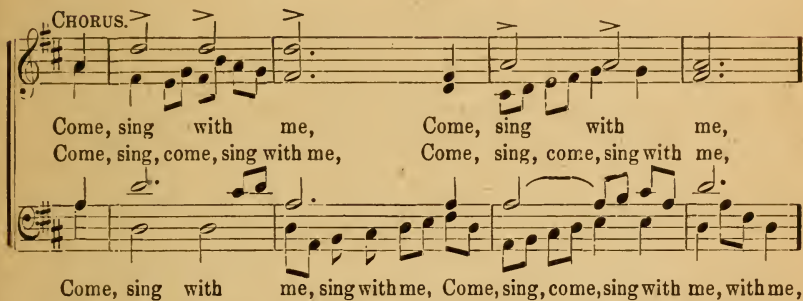
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

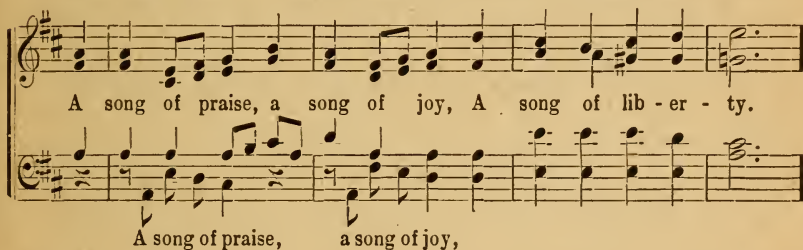
167

Come, Sing With Me.

CHORUS.

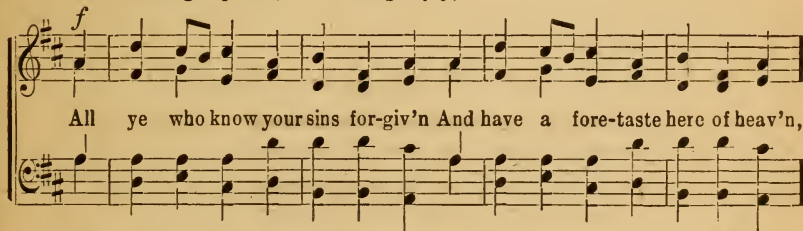


Come, sing with me, Come, sing with me,
Come, sing, come, sing with me, Come, sing, come, sing with me,
Come, sing with me, sing with me, Come, sing, come, sing with me, with me,



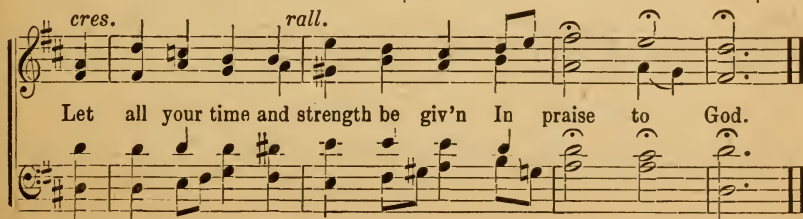
A song of praise, a song of joy, A song of lib - er - ty.
A song of praise, a song of joy,

f

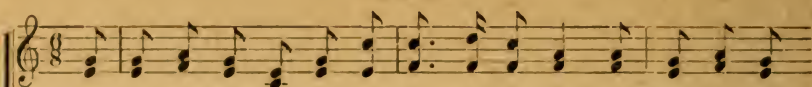


All ye who know your sins for-giv'n And have a fore-taste here of heav'n,

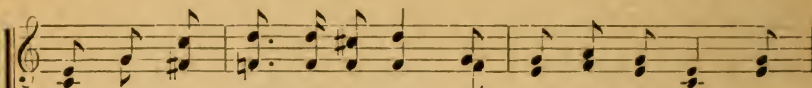
cres. *rall.*



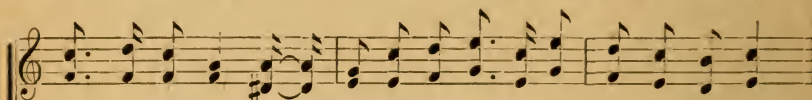
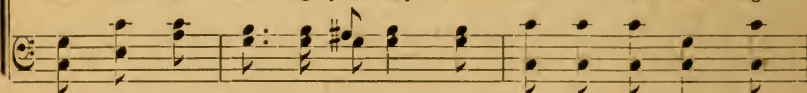
Let all your time and strength be giv'n In praise to God.



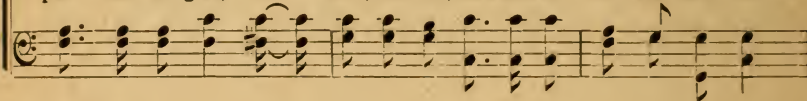
1. I've trav-eled the rough paths of life in my day, But Je - sus, He
2. The joys of this world I have left far be - hind, They brought to me
3. Oh, turn, sin - ner, turn ye, for why will ye die? 'Tis Je - sus, your



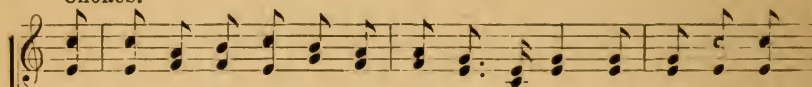
met me up - on the broad way; He par-doned my sin, my
sor - row, and care to my mind; The heart that was once in
Sav - iour, is ask - ing you why; For now He is wait - ing



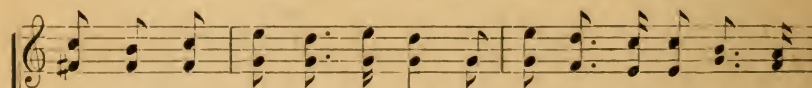
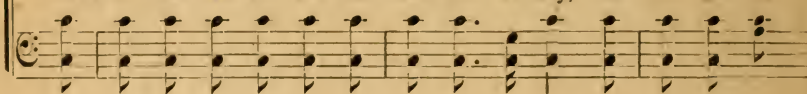
soul He's set free, And the broad way of death is now va - cant for me.
mis - 'ry and pain To - day is re - joic-ing in Je - sus - 's name.
par - don to give, Oh, turn, sin - ner, turn un - to Je - sus and live.



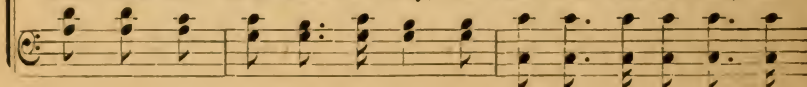
CHORUS.



There's no one like Je - sus can cheer me to - day, His love and His



kind - ness can ne'er fade a - way; In win - ter and sum - mer, in



There's No One Like Jesus.

sun-shine, or rain, My Sav-iour's af-fec-tions are al-ways the same.

169 O Jesus! How Vast Thy Love to Me!

Tune—The Blue Bells of Scotland. S. S. 330.

Moderato, mf

1. O Je - sus, O Je - sus, how vast Thy love to me!
 2. O Cal - v'ry, O Cal - v'ry! the thorn, the crown, the spear,
 3. I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, dear Je - sus, to Thy throne,

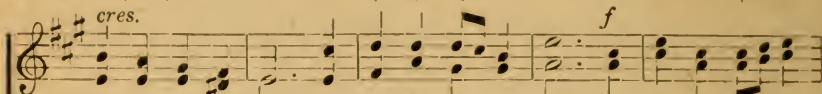
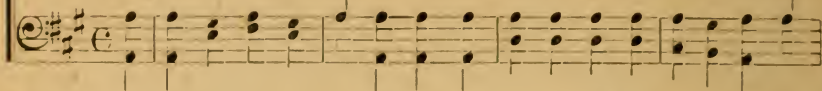
I'll bathe in its full o - cean to all e - ter - ni - ty;
 'Tis there Thy love, my Je - sus, in flow-ing wounds ap - pear:
 A few more fleet-ing hours and I shall be at home;

cres. And, wend-ing on to glo - ry this all my song shall be,—
 O depths of love and mer - cy, to these dear wounds I flee;
 And when I reach those pearly gates then I'll put in this plea—

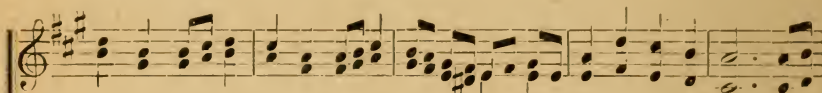
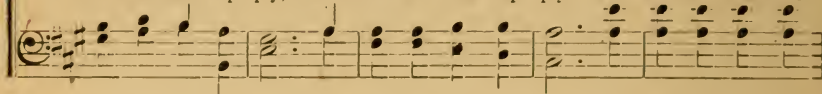
D. S.
 I was a guilt - y sin - ner, but Je - sus died for me.

mf Allegro moderato.

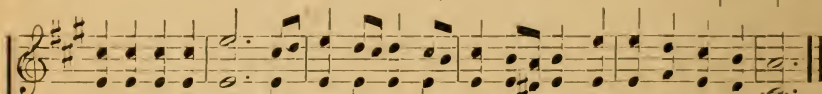
1. Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord, Who taste the sweets of Je-sus' word. In
2. We feel that heav'n is now be-gun, It issues from the sparkling throne, From
3. And when we come to dwell a - bove, And all sur-round the throne of love, We'll



Je - sus' ways go on, In Je - sus' ways go on; Our trou-bles and our
 Je - sus' throne on high, From Je - sus' throne on high. It comes in floods we
 drink a full sup - ply, We'll drink a full sup - ply: Je - sus will lead His



tri - als here Will on - ly make us rich - er there, When we ar - rive at home, When
 can't contain, We drink, and drink, and drink again, And yet we still are dry, And
 sol - diers forth To living streams of richest worth That nev - er will run dry, That



we ar - rive at home, Will on - ly make us rich - er there, When we ar - rive at home.
 yet we still are dry, We drink, and drink, and drink a - gain, And yet we still are dry.
 nev - er will run dry, To liv - ing streams of richest worth That nev - er will run dry.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire,
 Come and my quickened heart inspire,
 Cleansed in Thy precious blood;
 Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
 Thy mighty working let me feel,
 Since I am born of God.</p> | <p>2 Let nothing now my heart divide,
 Since with Thee I am crucified,
 And live to God in Thee.
 Dead to the world and all its toys,
 Its idle pomp and fading joys,
 Jesus, my glory be.</p> |
|--|--|

Give Me the Faith.

Tune—Madrid. S. S. 474.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Give me the faith..... that Je - sus had, The faith that
 2. Give me the faith..... that gets the pow'r, That stub - born
 3. Give me the faith..... that lives to trust, That in the
 4. Give me the faith..... that clear - ly sees What world - ly

cres.

can..... great mountains move, That makes the mourn - ful spir - it glad,
 dev - ils can - not turn, That li - on - teeth can - not de - vour,
 child - like spir - it dwells, That bur - ies self and slaughters lust,
 eyes.... can - not be - hold, That knows the way the Lord to please,

f *mp*

The sav - ing faith that works by love; The faith for which... the
 That fur - nace - fires can nev - er burn, That nev - er fears.... the
 That keeps out all that Christ ex - pels, That gives no quar - ter
 That can His se - cret ways un - fold, That gives up great - ness

cres. *f*

saints have... striv'n, The faith that pulls... the fire from heav'n.
 ty - rant's.. frown, That wins and wears the mar - tyr's crown.
 to the.... foe,.... That stern - ly says, "You'll have to go!"
 for the.... good,... That wins the fight.. with fire and blood.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Let us sing of His love once a - gain— Of the love that can
 2. There is cleans - ing and heal - ing for all Who will wash in the
 3. So with ban - ners un - furled to the breeze, Our mot - to shall "Ho -

nev - er de - cay, Of the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Till we
 life - giv - ing flood, There is per - fect de - liv - rance and joy To be
 li - ness" be; Till the crown from His hand we shall seize, And the

f CHORUS.

praise Him a - gain in that day. } { I be - lieve Je - sus
 had in this world thro' the blood. } { I be - lieve we shall
 King in His glo - ry we see.

{ I be - lieve
 { I be - lieve

saves, And His blood makes me whit - er than snow; I be -
 win If we fight in the strength of our King; I be -

Je - sus saves whit - er than snow;
 we shall win King of our King;

I Believe We Shall Win.—Concluded.

lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood makes me whiter than snow.
 lieve we shall win If we fight in the strength of our King.

I believe Je-sus saves,
 I believe we shall win

174

You Will Need a Friend.

You will need a Friend when you cross the riv - er, When you
 come to cross the bar; He will take your hand and
 lead you Up to heav - en, where the an - gels are.

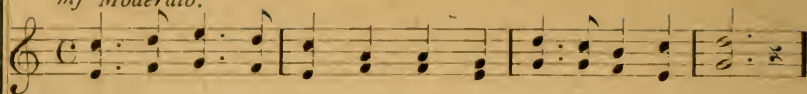
175

There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day.

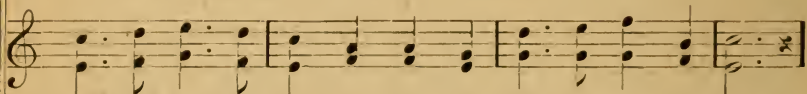
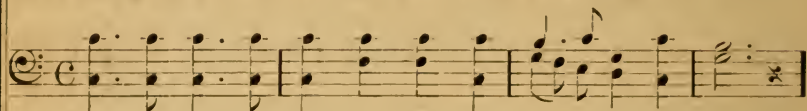
Tune,—173.—S. S. 658.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we can see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
 In the sweet by-and-by
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
 In the sweet by-and-by
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.</p> | <p>2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
 The melodious songs of the blest;
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
 Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.</p> <p>3 To our bountiful Father above
 We will offer the tribute of praise
 For the glorious gift of His love,
 And the blessings that hallow our days</p> |
|---|---|

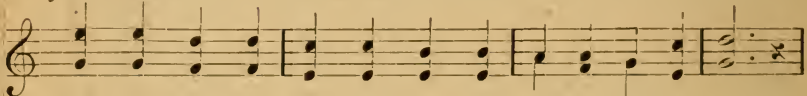
Tune—Death is coming.

mf Moderato.

1. To the res - cue, jun - ior sol - dier, Gird your ar - mor on;
2. To the res - cue of the child - ren, Come and take the field;
3. To the res - cue, hear them call - ing From the dens of woe;
4. To the res - cue of the child - ren, God will lead us on;



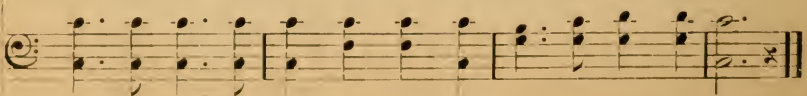
Old and young a - round are - dy - ing, Hope will soon be gone.
 And, like those who fought be - fore you, Nev - er, nev - er yield.
 Youthful hands and hearts can help them; Go to save them, go.
 On - ly in Him - self re - ly - ing, Victor - y must be won.

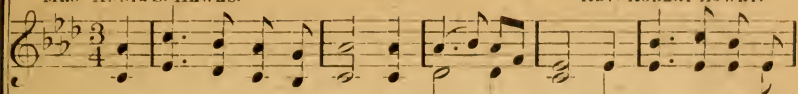
*f* CHORUS.

For - ward, march! young peo - ple's ar - my, Wave your col - ors high;

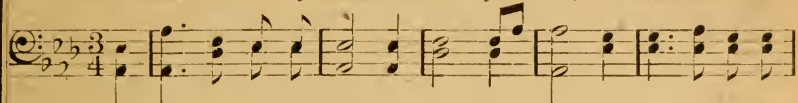


Shout a - loud, "The world for Jes - us!" Nev - er, nev - er die.

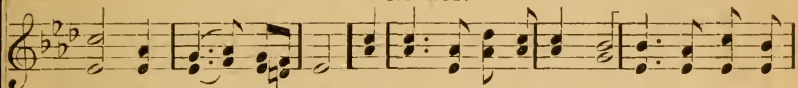




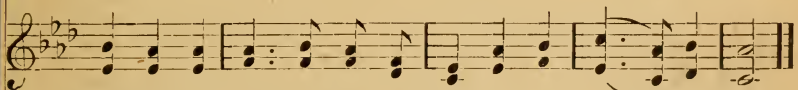
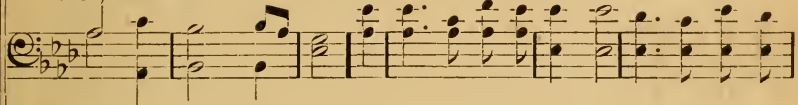
1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-



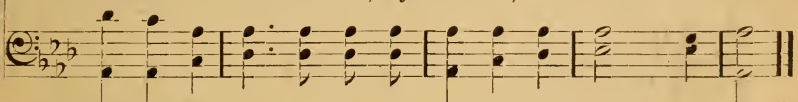
CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af-ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
 bide, Or life is vain.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son.



need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee!



Copyright 1914 by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission.

- 1 Near Thy cross assembled, Master,
 At Thy feet we fall;
 Seeking power to send us faster,
 Hear, Lord, while we call.
 Soul and body consecrating,
 Leaving every sin;
 Longing for a full salvation,
 Victory we would win.

Send the fire, send the fire,
 For this, Lord, we call;
 Send the sanctifying fire,
 Now baptize my soul.

- 2 Fire that changes every craving
 Into pure desire;
 Fire destroying fear and doubting,
 Fills and saves us higher:
 Fire that takes its stand for Jesus,
 Seeks and saves the lost;

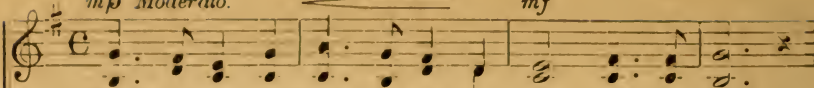
Fire that follows where He pleases,
 Fearless of the cost.

- 3 In the upper room beseeching,
 Faith the promise seized;
 Hearts united Godward reaching,
 One and all believed.
 Fiery blessings fell from heaven,
 Stammering tongues set free!
 Holy power to them was given,
 With this, Lord, fill me.
- 4 Fire that turn men into heroes—
 Makes of weakness might!
 Fire that makes us more than con-
 Glories in the fight. [querors.
 Fire that's daring crosses bearing,
 Now 'tis offered thee!
 Fire our Master's suffering sharing,
 Dauntless fire for me!

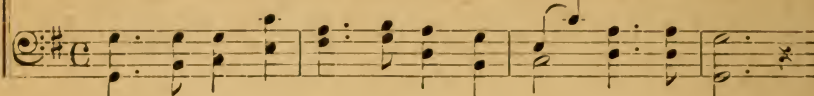
Oh, How He Loves!

S. S. 290.

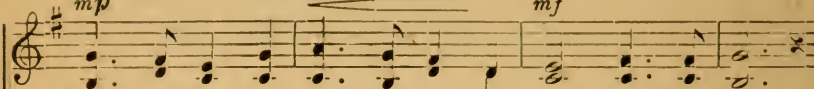
mp *Moderato.* *mf*



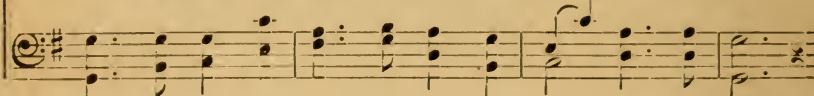
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers— Oh, how He loves!
 2. Bless - ed Je - sus—wouldst thou know Him? Oh, how He loves!
 3. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves!
 4. Let us, then, this love keep view-ing, Oh, how He loves!



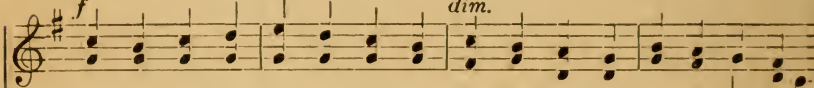
mp *mf*



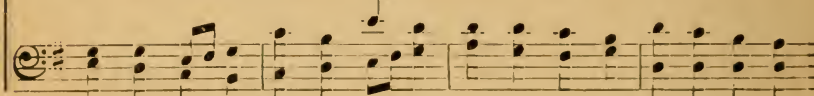
His is love be - yond a broth - er's— Oh, how He loves!
 Give thy - self this mo - ment to Him, Oh, how He loves!
 Think, oh think, how much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves!
 And, though faint, keep on pur - su - ing, Oh, how He loves!



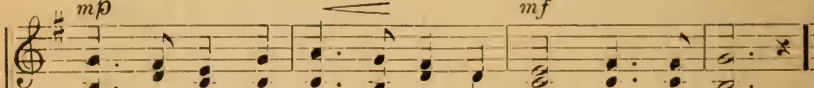
f *dim.*




Earth-ly friends may fail and leave us, One day kind, the next de-ceive us;
 Best of bless-ings He'll pro-vide thee, Nought but good shall e'er be-tide thee,
 With His pre-cious blood He bought us, In the wil-der-ness He sought us,
 He will strengthen each en-deav-or; And, when pass'd o'er Jor-dan's riv-er,



mp *mf*



But this Friend will nev - er leave us— Oh, how He loves!
 Safe to glo - ry He will guide thee, Oh, how He loves!
 To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!
 This shall be our theme for ev - er, Oh, how He loves!



Give Me a Heart to Praise My God.

f Allegro moderato. Tune,—“Congress.”—S. S. 397.

1. Give me a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,

mp
A heart from sin set free, A heart that al-ways feels the blood
My great Re-deem-er's throne; Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak,

cres. *ff*
So free-ly spilt for me! So free-ly spilt for me! So
Where Je-sus reigns a-lone, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone, Where

So free-ly spilt for me!
Where Je-sus reigns a-lone, So free-ly spilt for
Where Je-sus reigns a-

free-ly spilt for me!
Je-sus reigns a-lone.

mel So free-ly
lone, Where Je-sus

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
||: Believing, true, and clean, :||
Which neither life nor death can part
||: From Him that dwells within. :||

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
||: And full of love divine; :||
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
||: A copy, Lord, of Thine. :||

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

Tune,—226.—S. S. 334.;

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
||: My great Redeemer's praise; :||
The glories of my God and King,
||: The triumphs of His grace! :||
2 My gracious Master and my God,
||: Assist me to proclaim; :||
To spread through all the earth abroad
||: The honors of Thy name. :||

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
||: That bids our sorrows cease; :||
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
||: 'Tis life, and health, and peace. :||
4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
||: He sets the prisoner free; :||
His blood can make the foulest clean,
||: His blood avails for me. :||

Gone Are the Days.

Tune—Poor Old Joe. S. S. 273.

mp Moderato.

1. Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin, Gone are the days of
 2. Gone are the days when a Saviour's love I spurn'd; Gone are the times when
 3. Come are the joys of a heart in blood wash'd white; Come is the peace of a

cres.
 con-flicts fierce with-in, Gone far a-way, no more my soul to know; My
 from Calv'ry's scene I turn'd; Gone, to be brought a-against me nev-er more! My
 conscience pure and right; Come to my heart, there for-e'er to re-main, "For

f CHORUS.
 Saviour's blood my heart is keep-ing White as snow.
 Saviour's blood has bought my pardon—Safe and sure. I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py,
 me to live is Christ" henceforth, and—"Death is gain!"

For with Je-sus now I live, And constant peace, and joy, and comfort He doth give.

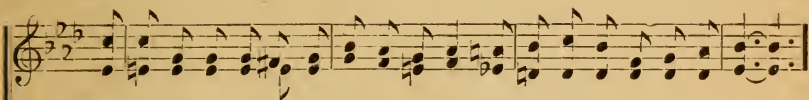
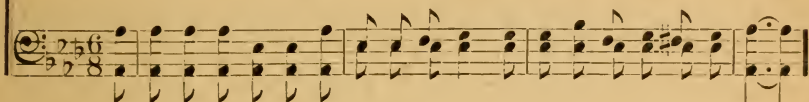
Keep Waving.

Tune—182. S. S. 522.

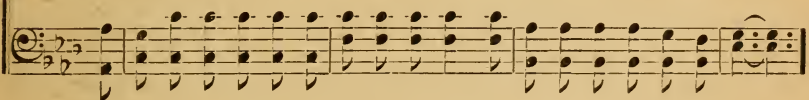
- 1 All round the world
 The Army chariot rolls,
 All round the world
 The Lord is saving souls;
 All round the world
 Our soldiers will be brave,
 Around our colors we will rally—
 Wave, soldiers, wave!
- CHO.—Keep waving, keep waving,
 Keep every flag unfurled,
 We soon shall have our colors waving
 All round the world.
- 2 All round the world
 With music and with song.
- All round the world
 We'll boldly march along;
 All round the world
 To free each sin-bound slave,
 We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—
 Wave, soldiers, wave!
- 3 All round the world
 The Saviour's blood shall flow,
 All round the world
 We will to battle go;
 All round the world
 The universe to save, [feeling—
 With blood and fire, with faith and
 Wave, soldiers, wave!



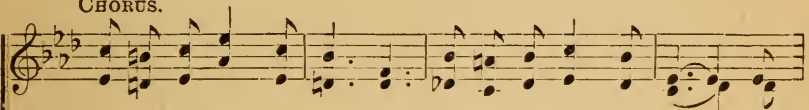
1. Tho' life's changing values may vanish away, And things that were real become dreams,
2. I nev-er have seen Him with these eyes of mine, But tho' He be hid from my sight,
3. My Sav-iour and Lead-er each mo-ment is He, My help-er in all that I do,
4. My rea-son the un-seen can nev-er des-ern, Nor ful-ly ex-plain the un-known,



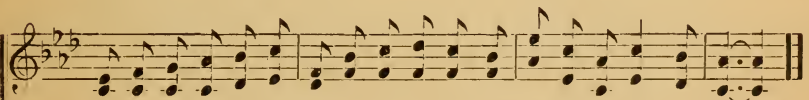
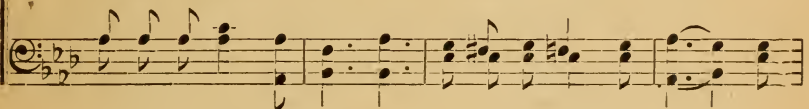
How blessed to walk with the Lord day by day, And know He is real as He seems.
 I know He is with me in Spir-it di-vine, I live in the strength of His might.
 Com-pan-ion-ship with Him is bless-ed to me, His friendship is faith-ful and true.
 But pre-cious the truth of the Spir-it I learn, When His Spirit speaks to my own.



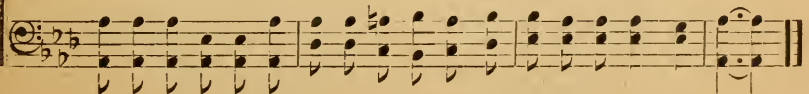
CHORUS.



Je-sus is real to me, Yes, Je-sus is real to me, I



never will doubt Him nor journey without Him, For He is so real to me.



mf Moderato con espress.

1. O boundless sal-va-tion! Deep o - cean of love, O ful-ness of mer - cy Christ
 2. My sins they are ma - ny, Their stains are so deep, And bit - ter the tears Of re -
 3. The tide now is flow - ing I'm touch - ing the wave, I hear the loud call Of "The
 4. And now hal - le - lu - jah! The rest of my days Shall glad - ly be spent In pro -

brought from above! The whole world redeeming, So rich and so free, Now flow - ing for
 morse that I weep; But use - less is weeping, Thou great crimson sea, Thy wa - ters can
 Might - y to Save;" My faith's grow - ing bolder, De - liv - ered I'll be— I plunge 'neath the
 mot - ing His praise Who o - pen'd His ho - som To pour out this sea Of boundless sal -

all men, Now flow - ing for all men, Now flowing for all men, Come, roll o - ver me!
 cleanse me, Thy waters can cleanse me, Thy waters can cleanse me, Come, roll o - ver me!
 wa - ters, I plunge 'neath the wa - ters I plunge 'neath the wa - ters, They roll o - ver me!
 va - tion Of boundless sal - va - tion Of boundless sal - va - tion For you and for me!

My Jesus I Love Thee.

Tune—185. S. S. 322.

- 1 My Jesus, I love Thee,
 I know Thou art mine,
 For Thee all the pleasures,
 Of sin I resign;
 My gracious Redeemer,
 My Saviour art Thou,
 If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love Thee because Thou,
 Hast first loved me,
 And purchased my pardon
 When nailed to the tree;
 I love Thee for wearing
 The thorns on Thy brow,
 If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.

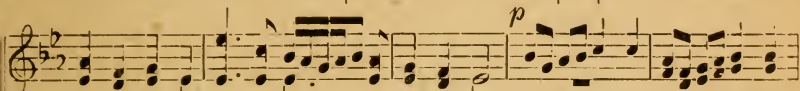
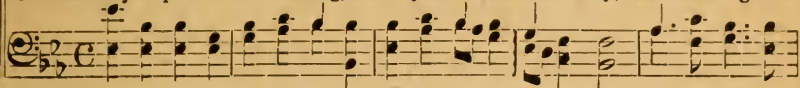
- 3 I will love Thee in live,
 I will love Thee in death,
 And praise Thee as long
 As Thou lendest me breath;
 And say, when the death dew
 Lies cold on my brow,
 "If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now."
- 4 In mansions of glory
 And endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee,
 And dwell in Thy sight;
 I'll sing with the glittering
 Crown on my brow
 "If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now."

Hallelujah.

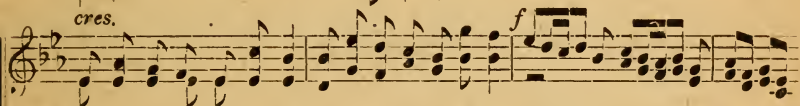
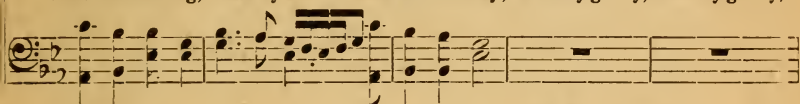
Tune—Calcutta. S. S. 510.

mf Moderato.

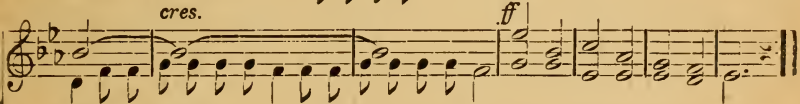
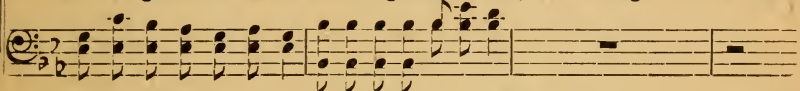
1. Je - sus, give Thy blood-washed Army U-ni-ver-sal lib - er - ty; Keep us fighting,
 2. Thou hast bound brave hearts together, Cloth'd us with the Spirit's might, Made us warri-
 3. 'Neath Thy sceptre foes are bending, And Thy name makes dev-ils fly; Christless kingdoms



wait-ing calmly For a world - wide ju - bi - lee, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
 ors for-ev - er, Sent us in the field to fight; In the Ar-my, in the Ar-my,
 Thou art rending, And Thy blood doth sin de-stroy; For Thy glo-ry, for Thy glo-ry,



We shall have the vic-to - ry, We shall have the victory, We shall have the vic-to -
 We will serve Thee day and night, We will serve Thee day and night, We will serve Thee day and
 We will fight un - til we die, We will fight until we die, We will fight un - til we



ry, We shall have the victory, We shall have the victory, We shall have the victory.
 night, We will serve Thee day and night, We will serve Thee day and night, We will serve Thee
 [day and night.
 die, We will fight until we die, We will fight until we die, We will fight until we die.



The New Born King.

Tune—187. S. S. 806.

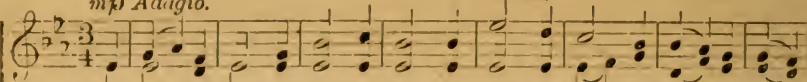
1 Angels from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth,
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the infant light;
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

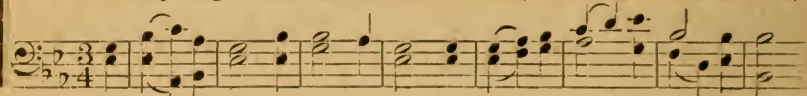
Oh, I'm Glad There Is Cleansing.

Tune—Rockingham. S. S. 370.

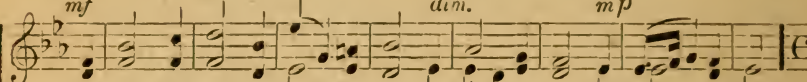
mp Adagio. *cres.*



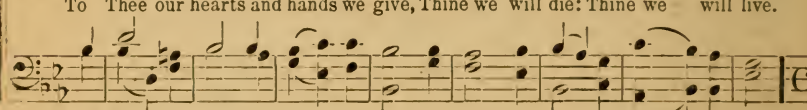
1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
 2. Take my poor heart, and let it be, For ev - er closed to all but Thee;
 3. How blest are they who still a - bide, Close sheltered in Thy bleed - ing side!
 4. O conquering Je - sus, Sav - iour Thou, To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;



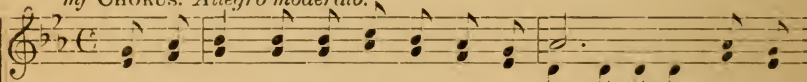
mf *dim.* *mp*



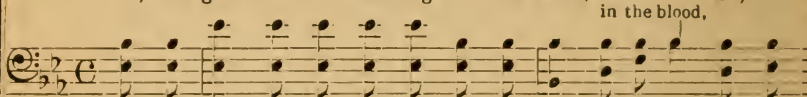
To dwell with-in Thy wounds: then pain is sweet, and life or death is gain.
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for - ev - er there.
 Who life and strength do thence de-rive, And for Thee fight and in Thee live.
 To Thee our hearts and hands we give, Thine we will die: Thine we will live.



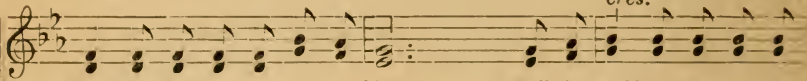
mf CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*



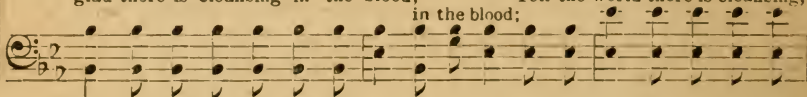
Oh, I'm glad there is cleans-ing in the blood, Oh, I'm
 in the blood,



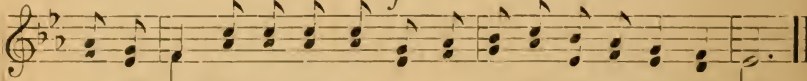
cres.



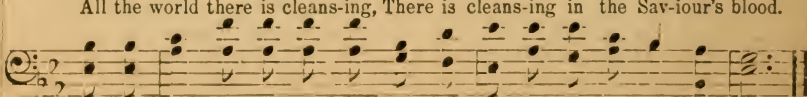
glad there is cleansing in the blood; Tell the world there is cleansing,
 in the blood;



f



All the world there is cleans-ing, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-iour's blood.

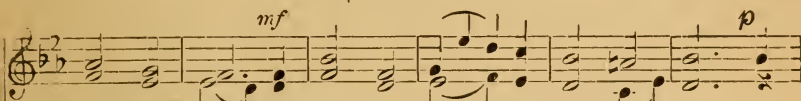


Ashamed Of Thee.

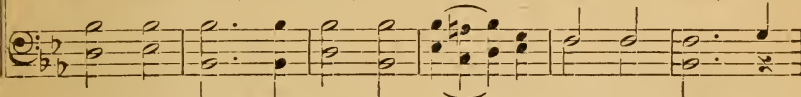
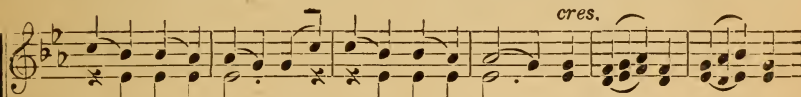
Tune—Monmouth. S. S. 319.

*mod Allegro moderato.**cres.*

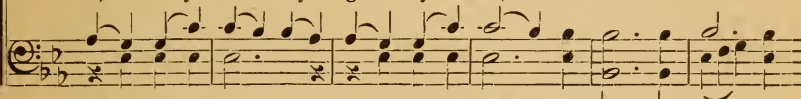
1. Dear Lord, and can it ev - er be, A sin - ful man a -
2. A - shamed of Je - sus!—that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of
3. A - shamed of Je - sus? yes, I may, When I've no sin to
4. Till then—nor is the boast - ing vain— Till then, I'll boast the

*mf**p*

shamed of Thee, A sin - ful man a - shamed of Thee? A -
 heav'n de - pend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend! When -
 wash a - way, When I've no sin to wash a - way, No
 Sav - iour slain, Till then, I'll boast the Sav - iour slain; And

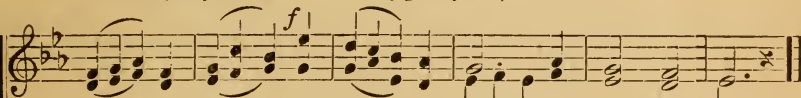
*cres.*

shamed of... Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ry shines thro'
 e'er... I.... blush, be... this my... shame, That I.... no more re -
 tears to... wipe, no... good to.... crave, And no.. im - mor - tal
 oh,... may this my... glo - ry.... be.... That Christ is not a -



Ashamed of Thee,
 Whene'er I blush,
 No tears to wipe,
 And oh, may this

whom an-gels praise,
 be this my shame,
 no good to crave,
 my glo-ry be,



end - less days? Whose glo - ry shines thro' end - less days?
 vere... His name, That I..... no more... re - vere His name.
 soul... to save... And no.... im - mor - tal soul to save.
 shamed of me,... That Christ is not..... a - shamed of me.



Oh, the Blood to Me So Dear.

Tune—Oh, the Voice to Me So Dear. S. S. 495.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. It is the blood that wash - es white, That makes me pure with - in,
 2. It is the blood that sweeps a - way, The pow'r of Sa - tan's rod,
 3. It is the blood that brings us nigh, To ho - li - ness and heav'n,

cres. *f*

That keeps the in - ward wit - ness right, That cleans - es from all sin.
 That shows the new and liv - ing way That leads to heav'n and God.
 The source of vic - to - ry and joy—God's life for reb - els giv'n.

f CHORUS.

Oh, the blood..... to me so dear, Saving now..... from guilt and fear,
 Oh, the blood, to me so dear, Saving now from guilt and fear, and fear.

Cleans - ing now..... my heart with - in, Mak - ing free from self and sin.
 Cleans - ing now my heart with - in,

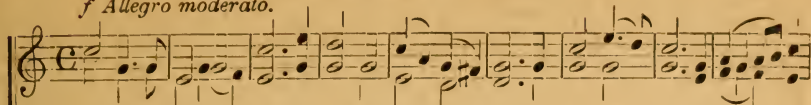
The Precious Blood.

Tune—191. S. S. 27.

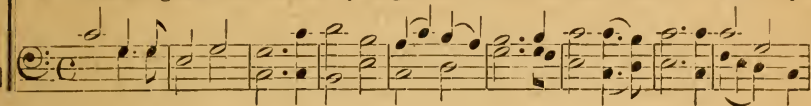
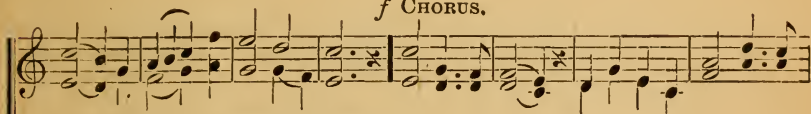
- 1 The blood, the blood, the precious blood! 3 The blood, the blood! backslider still
 Oh, how my heart doth leap, 'Tis offered here to you;
 As o'er each stain the crimson flood Oh, bend just now your stubborn will,
 With cleansing power doth sweep! Your broken vows renew.
- 2 The blood, the blood! O sinner see— 4 The blood, the blood! O careless soul!
 Its all-atoning flood You'll need it when you die;
 Now flows for all—it flows for thee; 'Twill write your name on mercy's scroll,
 There's pardon through the blood. If you to Jesus fly.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Tune—Falcon Street. S. S. 314.

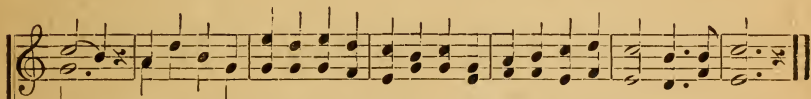
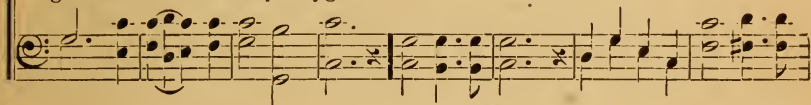
f Allegro moderato.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac-
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God, But sol-diers of the heav'n-ly
3. Yea, and be-fore we rise To that im-mor-tal state, The thoughts of such a-maz-ing
4. The men of grace have found Glory be-gun be-low; Ce-les-tial fruit on earth-ly

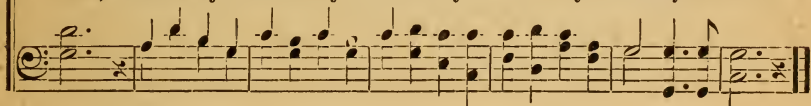
*f* CHORUS.

cord, While ye sur-round His throne.
 King, Must speak their joys a-broad.
 bliss Should constant joys cre-ate.
 ground From faith and hope may grow.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the



Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!



Stand Up, and Bless the Lord.

Tune—193. S. S. 331.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of His choice,
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice. 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear His holy name,
 And bless and magnify? 3 Oh, for the living flame,
 From His own altar brought, | <p>To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4 God is our Strength and Song,
 And His salvation ours;
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
 With all our ransomed powers. 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore;
 Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore. |
|--|--|

Tune—Welcome, Sweet Day. S. S. 373.

p Andante.

1. Call'd from a - bove I rise, And wash a - way my sin; The
 2. It runs di - vine - ly clear, A fount-ain deep and wide, 'Twas
 3. Deep in my soul I feel, The liv - ing wa - ters spring. And
 4. My thirst - y spir - it craves, No less - er joy than this: To

stream to which my spir - it flies, Can make the foul - est clean.
 o - pen'd by the sol - dier's spear, In my Re - deem - er's side.
 joy the won - drous news to tell, And full sal - va - tion sing.
 know that Je - sus ful - ly saves, And I am ful - ly His.

Jesus Came With Peace To Me.

Chorus

p
 Jesus came with peace to me, His strong arm was stretch'd to me, Then my burden took
 [from me My Saviour.

Spirit Of Faith.

Tune—195. S. S. 468.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood. | 3 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes. |
| 2 'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me. | 4 The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love. |

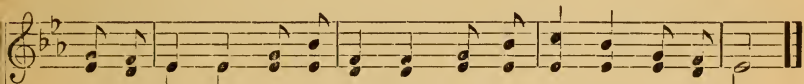
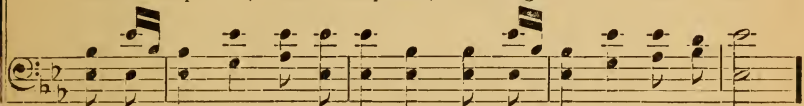
Tune—Come, Thou Fount. S. S. 471.



1. { Bless-ed Lord, in Thee is ref-uge, Safe-ty for my trembling soul, }
 { Pow'r to lift my head when drooping 'Midst the an-gry bil-lows roll. }
 2. { In the past too un-be-liev-ing 'Midst the tem-pest I have been, }
 { And my heart has slow-ly trust-ed What my eyes have nev-er seen. }
 3. { Oh, for trust that brings the tri-umph When de-feat seems strangely near! }
 { Oh, for faith that changes fight-ing In-to vic-t'ry's ring-ing cheer— }



I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, All my life Thou shalt con-trol,
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Teach me on Thy arm to lean,
 Faith tri-umph-ant, faith tri-umph-ant, Know-ing not de-feat or fear:



I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, All my life Thou shalt con-trol.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Teach me on Thy arm to lean.
 Faith tri-umph-ant, faith tri-umph-ant, Know-ing not de-feat or fear.



Tune—198. S. S. 422.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O Thou God of full salvation,
 King of righteousness divine,
 Author of the new creation,
 Light of life, within us shine!
 Make us holy!
 With Thy blessing make us Thine!</p> | <p>3 Sun of righteousness arising,
 Cheer us while we bear the cross,
 Living, dying, sacrificing,
 Purify from sinful dross
 Thy disciples,
 Teach us how to gain by loss.</p> |
| <p>2 From self and sin deliver,
 With Thy nature make us good;
 Make us kings and priests for ever,
 Wash our garments in Thy blood,
 O'er our Army
 Send a great salvation flood.</p> | <p>4 Thou art love's unfathomed ocean,
 Wisdom's deepest, clearest sea,
 Heaven and earth's salvation portion,
 Parent of eternity;
 Grace and glory
 In abundance flow from thee.</p> |

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King, Peace on earth and
 2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored, Christ, the Ev-er-last-ing Lord, Late in time be-
 3. Veiled in flesh the God-head see! Hail, th' Incarnate De-i-ty! Pleas'd as Man with
 4. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to
 5. Mild He lays His glo-ry by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the

*cres.**ff* CHORUS.

mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled."
 hold Him come, Off-spring of a Vir-gin's womb.
 men to dwell, Je-sus, our Em-man-u-el. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
 all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings.
 sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

Join the triumph of the skies, With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

This Is Why I Love My Jesus.

S. S. 225.

mp Moderato.

1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
 2. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
 3. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
 4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis be-cause my bless-ed Je - sus, From my sins has ran-somed me.
 'Tis be-cause the Blood of Je - sus, Ful - ly saves and cleans-es me.
 'Tis be-cause a - mid temp - ta - tion, He sup-ports and strengthens me.
 'Tis be-cause my Friend and Sav - iour He will ev - er, ev - er be.

f CHORUS.
 This is why..... I love my Je - - sus, This is
 This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so, This is

why I love Him so, He has par - don'd my trans-
 why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so, He has pardon'd my transgressions, He has

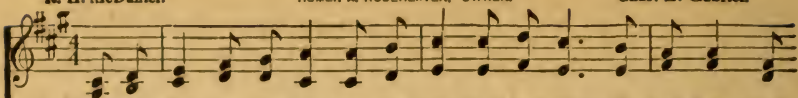
gres - sions, He has wash'd..... me white as snow, white as snow.
 pardon'd my transgressions, He has wash'd me, He has wash'd me white as snow, white as snow.

Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

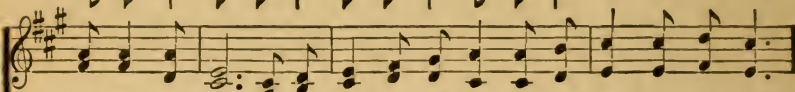
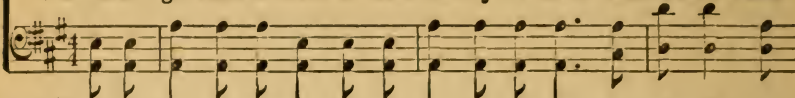
R. H. McDaniel.

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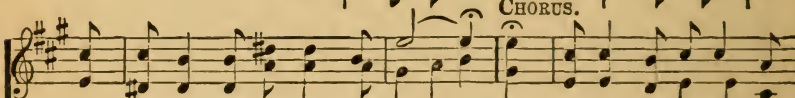
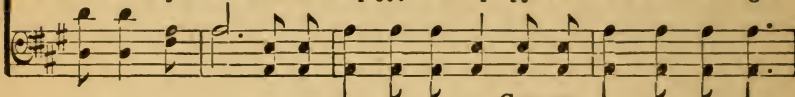
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me. Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know Since Je-sus came

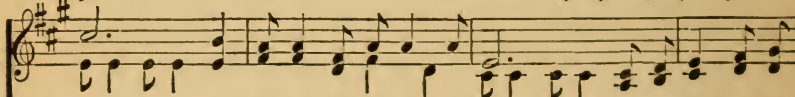
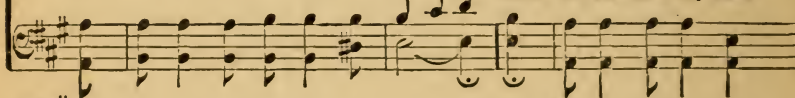


in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a-way
 in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
 in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit-y be - yond I can see,
 in - to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on - ward I go.

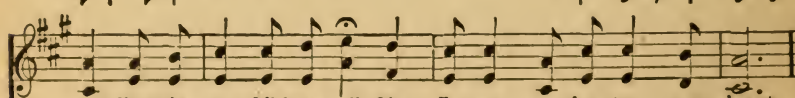


CHORUS.

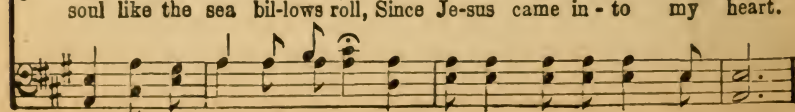
Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in-to my
 Since Je-sus came in, came



heart Since Je-sus came in - to my heart. Floods of joy o'er my
 in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in came in-to my heart



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

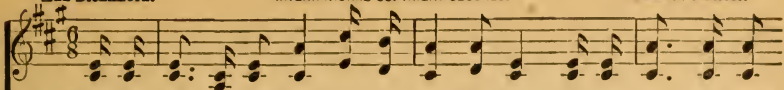


I Want To See Jesus, Don't You?

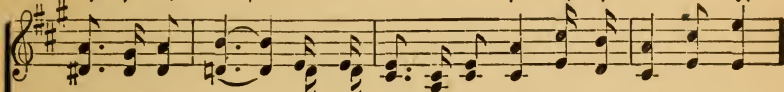
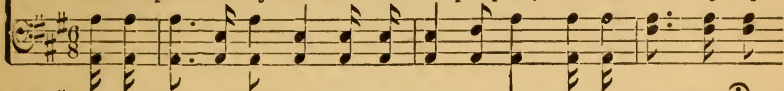
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Ada Blenkhorn.

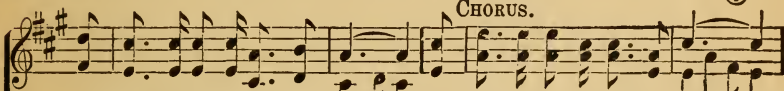
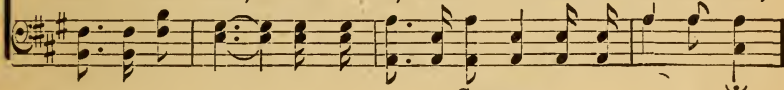
Kem G. Bottorf.



1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious
2. When I'm wear-y and faint He is al-ways near, With His joy He my
3. Ho - ly an-gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morning He
4. He is fair - er than lil - y or rose to me, And His bless-ings fall
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth pre-pare, And its beau - ty by

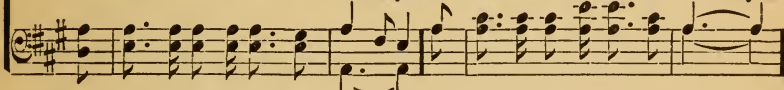


Sav - ior so true; On the cross for my sins He was cru - ci - fied:
strength doth re - new; And He comforts my heart, speaking words of cheer:
guards me a - new; In the smile of His love doth my soul de - light:
soft as the dew; O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see:
faith I can view; First of all, when I en - ter that man-sion fair,

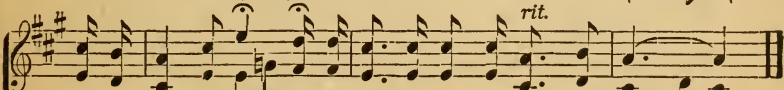
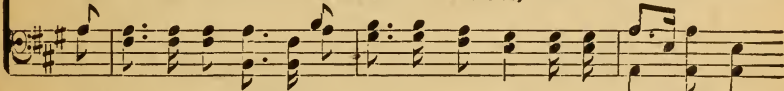


CHORUS.

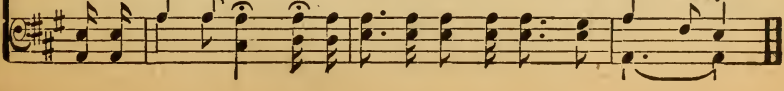
I want to see Je-sus, don't you?... I want to see Je-sus, don't you?....
don't you? don't you?



My Sav - ior so faith-ful and true;.....
so faith-ful and true, When I reach the strand



of that love-bright land, O I want to see Je - sus, don't you?.....
don't you?

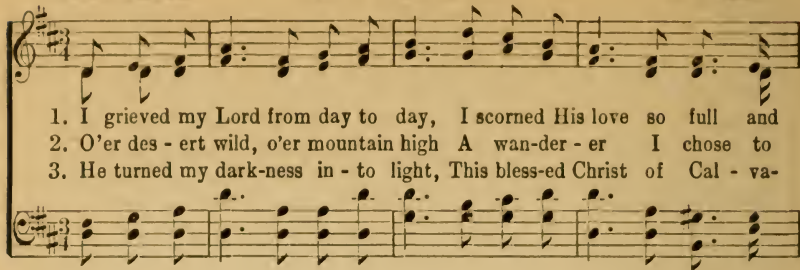


Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

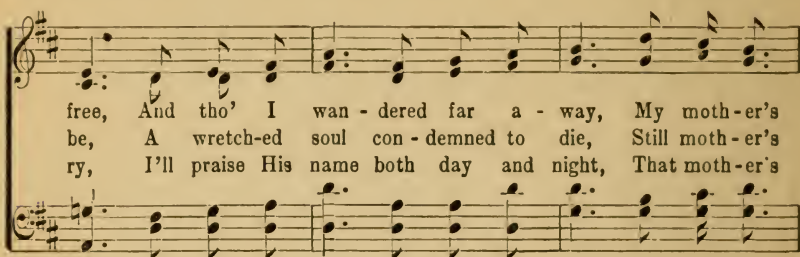
Lizzie DeArmond.

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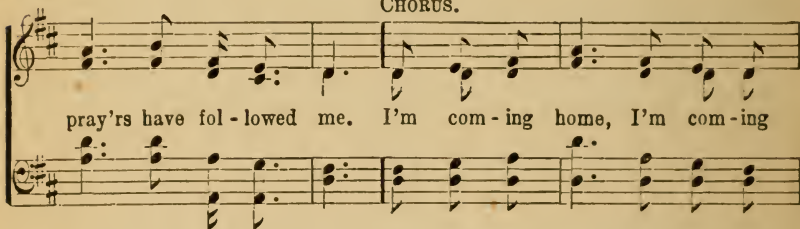


1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and
 2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der-er I chose to
 3. He turned my dark-ness in-to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal-va-

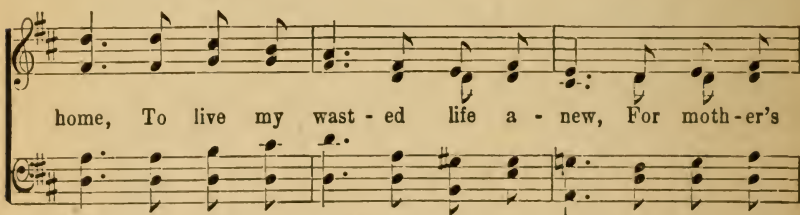


free, And tho' I wan-dered far a-way, My moth-er's
 be, A wretch-ed soul con-demned to die, Still moth-er's
 ry, I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth-er's

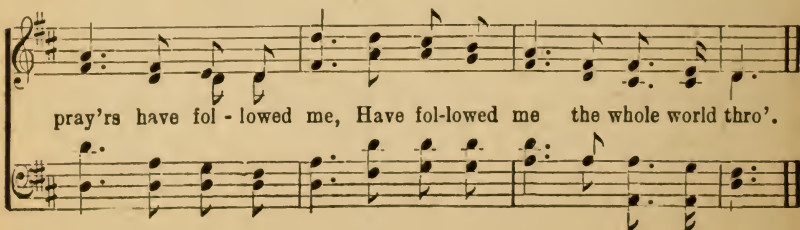
CHORUS.



pray's have fol-lowed me. I'm com-ing home, I'm com-ing



home, To live my wast-ed life a-new, For moth-er's



pray's have fol-lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world thro'.

Wanted, Hearts Baptized.

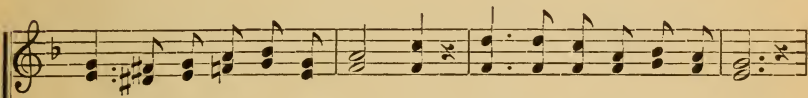
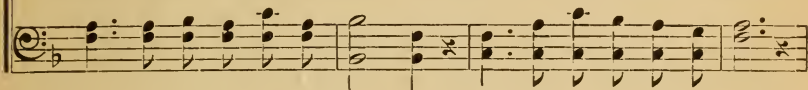
Tune—What a Friend. S. S. 456.



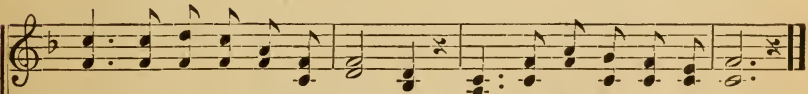
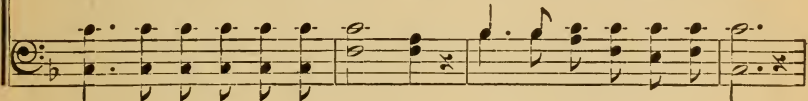
1. Want - ed, hearts baptized with fi - re, Hearts completely cleansed from sin;
2. Want - ed, hearts that beat true ev - er, Hearts that can for oth - ers feel;
3. Want - ed, hearts to love the mass - es, Hearts to help Him seek the lost,



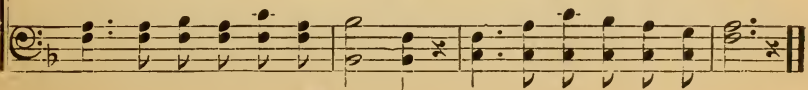
Hearts that will go to the mi - re, Hearts that dare do aught for Him.
 Hearts that prove the trai - tor nev - er, Hearts that will the wound-ed heal.
 Hearts to help Him save all class - es, Hearts to help Him save the worst.



Hearts that will be firm - er, brav - er, Hearts like he - roes gone be - fore;
 Hearts o'er-flow-ing with com - pas - sion, Hearts renewed by grace di - vine;
 Hearts to share with Him the weep - ing, Hearts to bear with Him the cross;



Hearts en - joy-ing God's full fa - vor, Hearts to love Him more and more.
 Hearts a - glow with full sal - va - tion, Hearts to do "Thy will, not mine!"
 Hearts to help Him with the reap - ing, Hearts to trust thro' gain or loss.

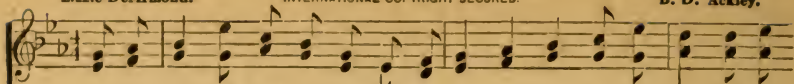


If Your Heart Keeps Right.


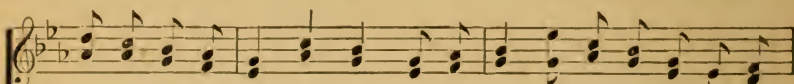
Lizzie DeArmond.

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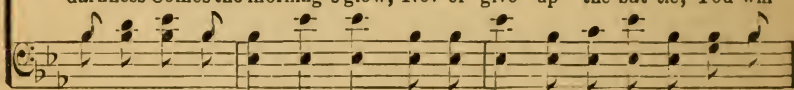
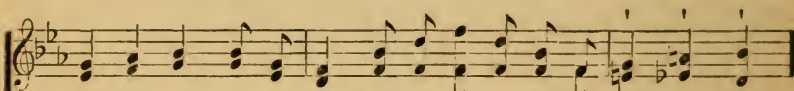
B. D. Ackley.



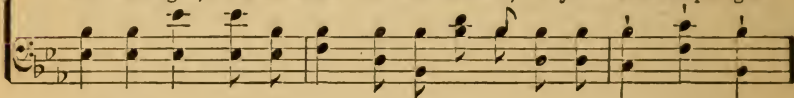
1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan-gle Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the

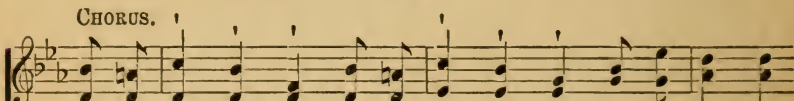
com-ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur - dens share; You'll for-get all your troubles, Making
darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will

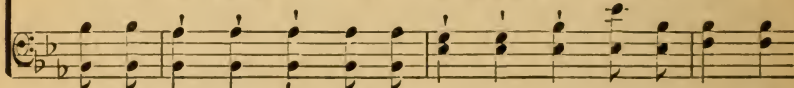
soon be light, — Ev'-ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
their lives bright, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.



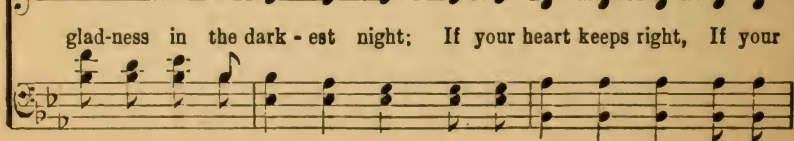
CHORUS.



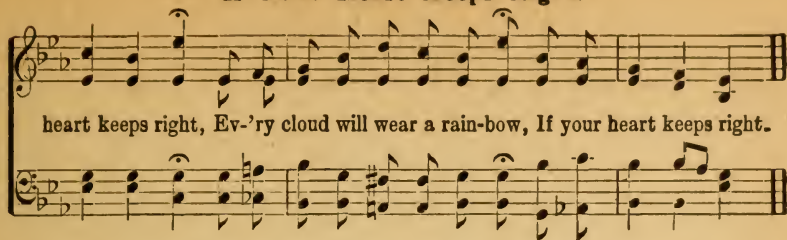
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of



glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your



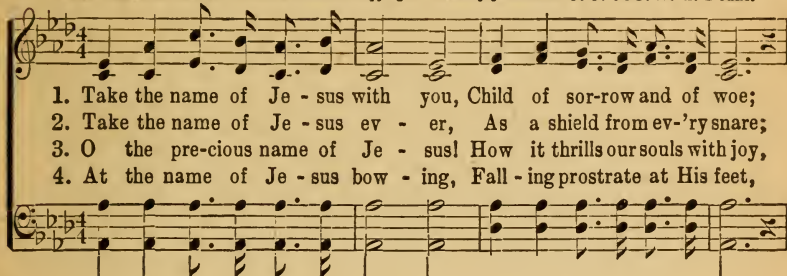
If Your Heart Keeps Right.



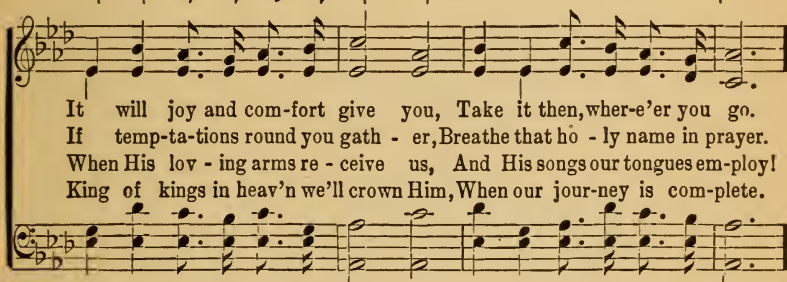
heart keeps right, Ev-'ry cloud will wear a rain-bow, If your heart keeps right.

207 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

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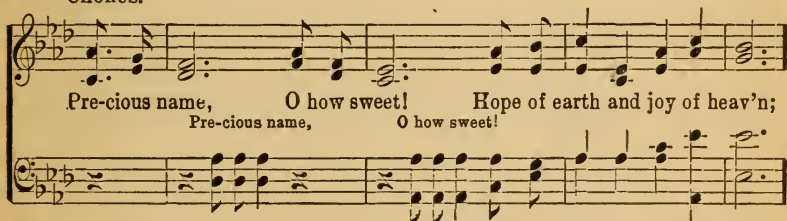


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

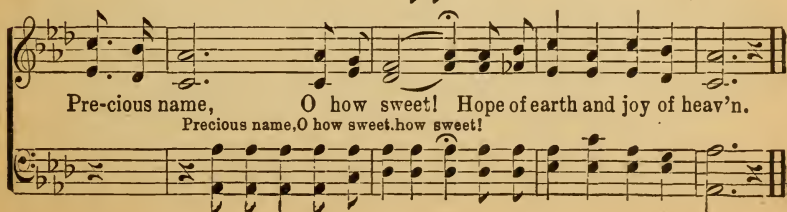


It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
 If temp-tations round you gath - er, Breathe that hō - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.



Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
 Pre-cious name, O how sweet!



Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
 3. He has sound-ed forth the tramp-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sif-ting out the
 4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-
 al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
 hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-
 bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
 far-ling lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (D.S. 2d time.)
 make men free, While God is marching on.

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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S. S. 829. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, Dy His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di- vide you.

CHORUS.
 God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

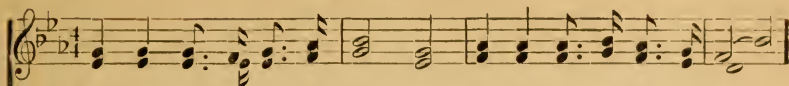
feet; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 till we meet;
 3 God be with you till we meet again,
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His arms unfailing round you,
 God be with you till we meet again.
 4 God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

R. L.

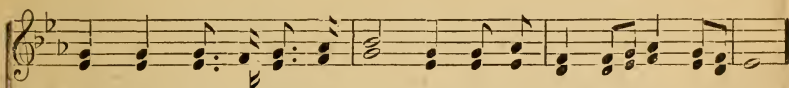
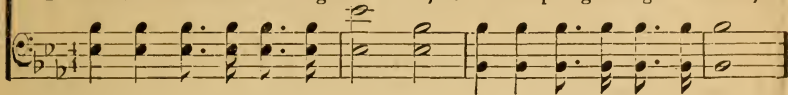
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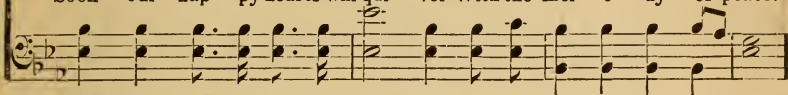
Robert Lowry.



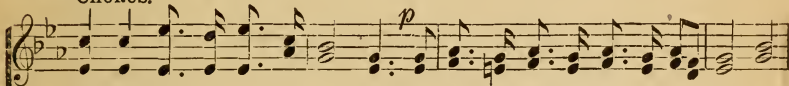
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior-King we own;
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim-age will cease;



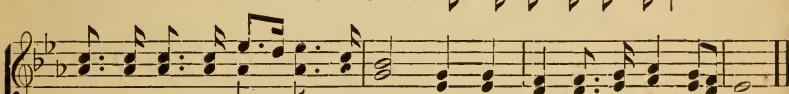
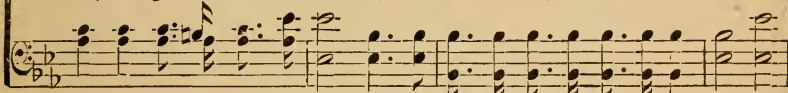
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God.
 We shall meet, and sor-row nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.



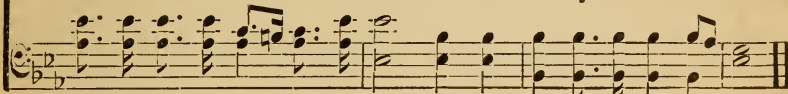
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



Tune,—210.—S. S. 348.

- 1 Yes, there flows a wondrous river,
That can make the foulest clean;
To the soul it is the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.
- 2 Round us flows the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,
That can make a saint of a sinner,
It flows from the throne of God.
- 3 All who seek this cleansing river
Have their deepest needs supplied,

From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

- 4 Have you proved this precious river
Perfect cleansing gaining there,
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care?
- 5 On the margin of this river,
In your stains, why still delay?
Why not now be free forever,
And the voice of God obey?

H. F. Lyte.

S. S. 767.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbe out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

John Kepler.

S. S. 756.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gao - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere thro' the world my way I take,
 Abide with me till in Thy love
 I lose myself in heaven above.

Ray Palmer.

S. S. 695.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

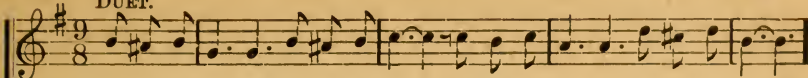
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

Looking This Way.

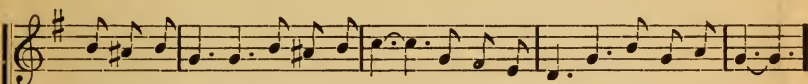
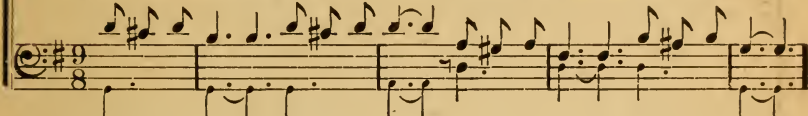
J. W. V.

J. W. VANDeVENTER.

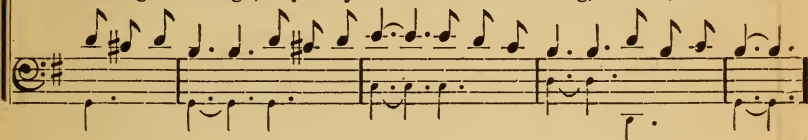
DUET.



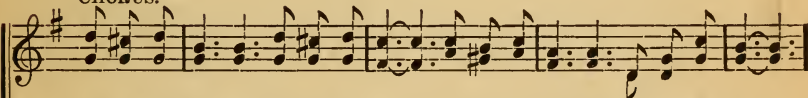
1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Fa - ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Broth - er and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, com - ing some - time;
4. Sweet lit - tle darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning "come!"
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones stray - ing a - far;



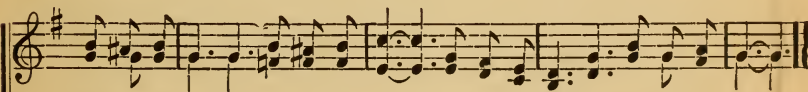
Free from their sorrow, grief and despair, Waiting and watching, pa - tient - ly there.
 Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be - low.
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
 Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home."



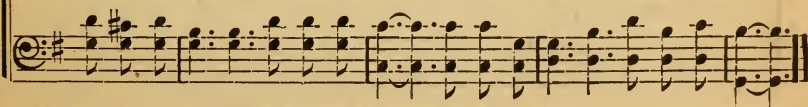
CHORUS.



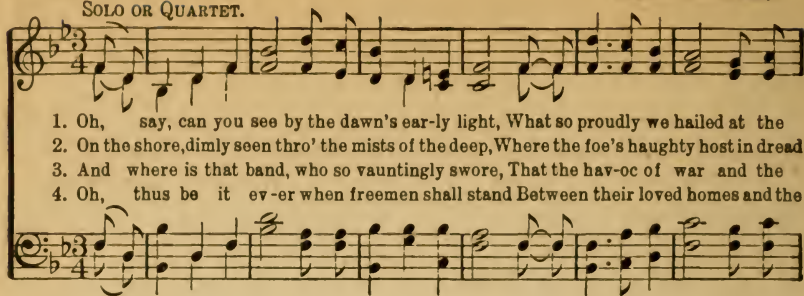
Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



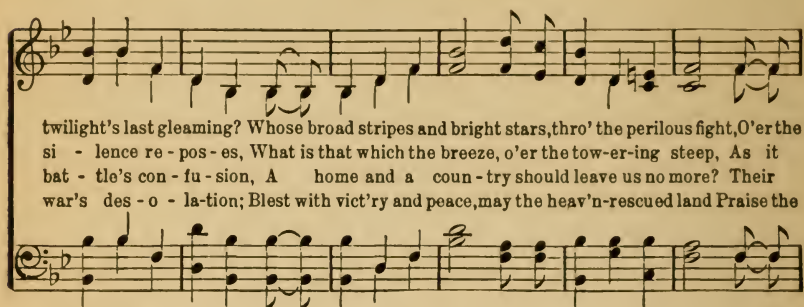
Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.



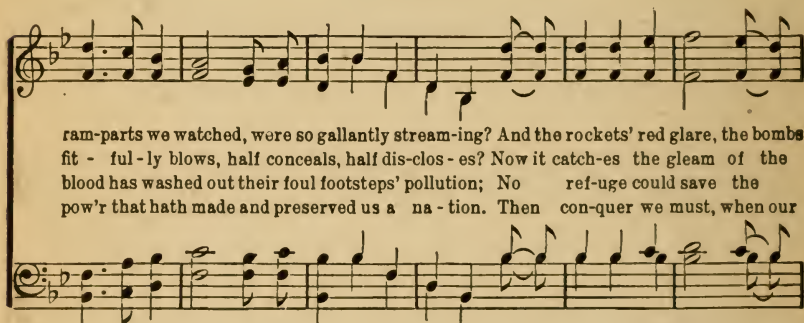
SOLO OR QUARTET.



1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
 4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the

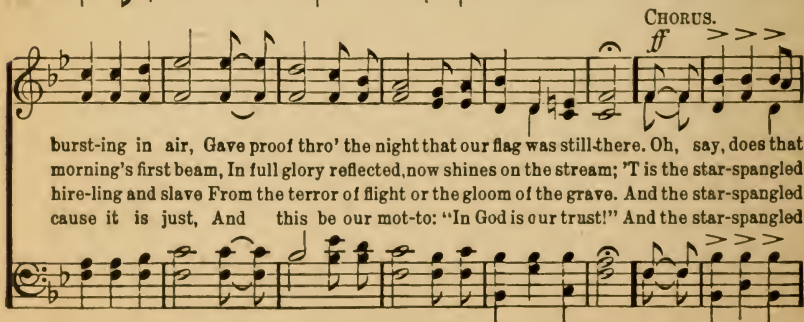


twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



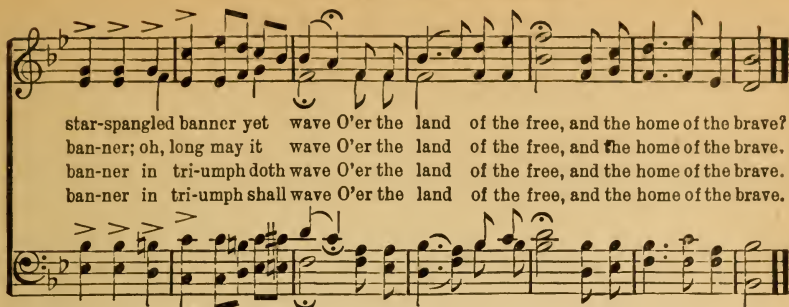
ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly stream-ing? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
 pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS.
ff



burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'T is the star-spangled
 hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.



star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

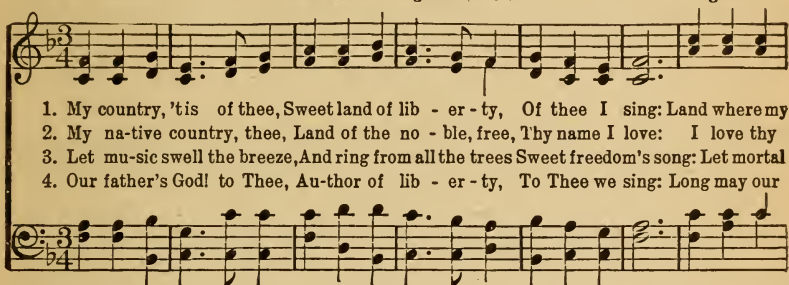
217

America.

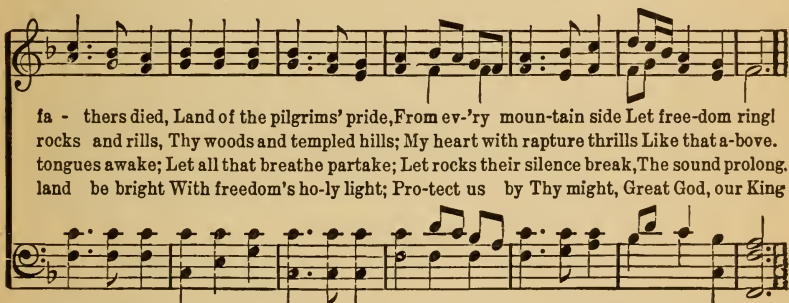
S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
 4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King

218

God Bless Our Army Brave.

Tune,—“America,”—217.—S. S. 507.

- 1 God bless our Army brave,
 Soon shall our colors wave
 O'er land and sea.
 Clothe us with righteousness,
 Our faithful soldiers bless,
 And crown with great success
 Our Army brave.

- 2 The “blood and fire” bestow,
 Go with us when we go
 To fight for Thee.

Still with our Army stay,
 Drive sin and fear away,
 Give victory day by day
 On Israel's side.

- 3 God bless our General,
 Our Officers as well—
 God bless them all.
 Oh, give us power to fight
 To put all hell to flight,
 Let victory still delight
 Our Army brave.

1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest. By
 2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in to the crimson flood That
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in to rest; Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
 4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-lestial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.
 wash-es white as snow.
 you are ful-ly blest.
 joys im-mer-tal flow.

{ On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; }
 { He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Happy day, hap-py day,
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Happy day, hap-py day,

FINE D.S. 3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
 { And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day; }

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus, }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus. } { Sweetest note in ear-aph song, }
 { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
 D. S.—Sweetest car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

S. S. 506.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.
 { There to my heart was the blood applied;
 2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in. } Glory to His name.
 { There at the cross where He took me in;
 D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D.C.
 Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;
 3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
 Glory to His name.
 4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet,
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete,
 Glory to His name.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

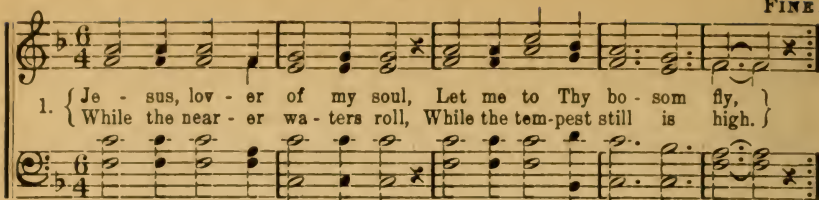
P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry billows roar;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or temp-est-tost,

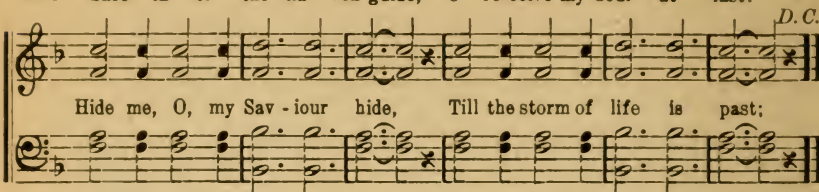
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.—Some poor fainting struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

CHORUS. D.S.
 Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

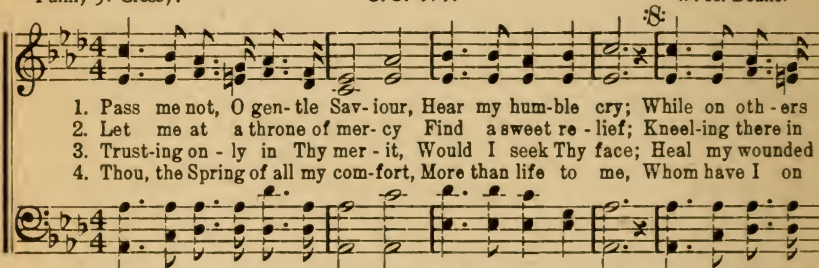


2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

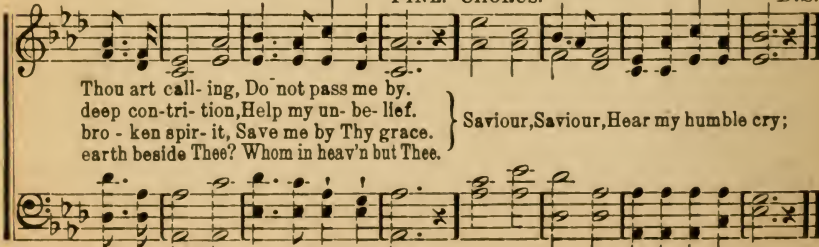
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to wash away my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.



FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.



My God! I Know.

S. S. 402.

f Allegro moderato.

f Allegro moderato.

1. My God! I know, I feel Thee mine, And will not quit my claim,
2. Je - sus, Thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad,
3. Love can bow down the stub - born neck, The stone to flesh con - vert,
4. Re - fin - ing Fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lum - in - ate my soul,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4-B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (G4-A4-B4) and a final quarter note G4.

And will not quit my claim; Till all I have is lost in Thine,
Shed in my heart a-broad; Then shall my feet no lon-ger rove,
The stone to flesh con-vert, Soft-en and melt, and pierce and break
Il-lum-in-ate my soul; Scat-ter Thy life thro' ev-ry part.

The first system of the musical score for 'Marche des Nations' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte).

And all re-nued I am, And all re-nued I am,
Root - ed and fixed in God, Root - ed and fixed in God,
The ver - y hard-est heart, The ver - y hard-est heart,
And sanc - ti - fy the whole. And sanc - ti - fy the whole.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. This is followed by a half note D5, then a quarter note E5, and a quarter note F#5. The melody concludes with a quarter note G5, followed by a quarter note F#5, and a quarter note E5. The piece ends with a double bar line.

And all re-newed I am, And all re-newed I am.
 Root - ed and fixed in God, Root - ed and fixed in God.
 The ver - y hard - est heart, The ver - y hard - est heart.
 And sanc - ti - fy the whole, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of the following notes: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4-E4 (beamed eighth notes), D4 (quarter), C#4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), and a final whole note chord of D4-F#4-A4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

F. J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the foun-tain of
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all. For the kingdom of
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a

path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His coun-sel our
 Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our
 dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-
 crown shall our la-bor re-ward, When the home of the faith-ful our

strength to re-new; Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
 glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 alt-ed shall be In the loud swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ran-somed "Sal-va-tion is free!"

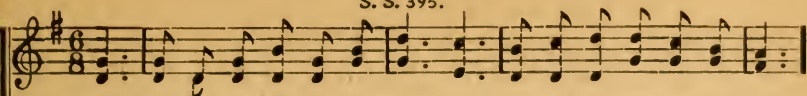
CHORUS.

Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing
 Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,

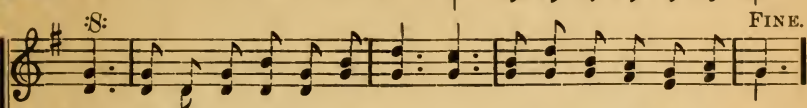
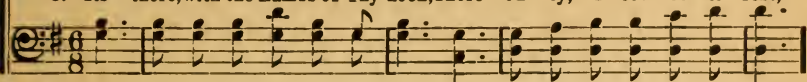
on, Let us hope Let us watch, And labor till the Master comes.
 Toiling on, and trust, and pray,

Thou Shepherd of Israel.

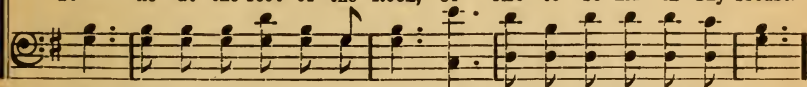
S. S. 395.



1. Thou Shepherd of Is-rael and mine, The joy and de-sire of my heart,
 2. Ah! show me that hap-pi-est place, The place of Thy peo-ple's a-bode,
 3. 'Tis there, with the Lambs of Thy flock, There on-ly, I cov-et to rest,



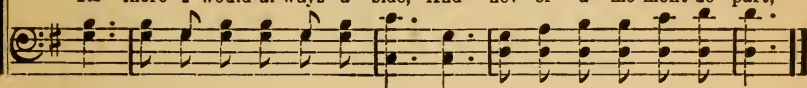
For clos-er com-mun-ion I pine; I long to re-side where Thou art.
 Where saints in true hap-pi-ness gaze, And hang on a cru-ci-fied God.
 To lie at the foot of the Rock, Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.



D.S.—Are fed, on Thy bos-om re-clined, And screen'd from the heat of the day.
D.S.—My spir-it to Cal-va-ry bear, To suf-fer and triumph with Thee.
D.S.—Con-cealed in the cleft of Thy side, E-ter-nal-ly held in Thy heart.



The pas-ture I languish to find Where all who their Shepherd o-bey
 Thy love for a sin-ner de-clare, Thy pas-sion and death on the tree;
 'Tis there I would al-ways a-bide, And nev-er a mo-ment de-part,



To the War.

Tune, —228.—S. S. 545.

- 1 To the war! to the war!
 Loud and long sounds thy cry;
 To the war! every soldier
 Who fears not to die;
 See the millions who're drifting
 To hell's endless woe,
 Oh, who in the name
 Of Jehovah will go?

CHO.—Fighting on, fighting on, fighting on,
 fighting on,

With the blood and fire we will never tire,
 We'll fight until the Master calls.

- 2 To the war! to the war!
 Who'll the war cry obey?
 'Tis the great God who calls you
 To fight while 'tis day;
 Though the battle be fierce,
 And though mighty the foe,

The Salvation Army
 To victory must go.

- 3 To the war! to the war!
 Louder rings out the cry;
 Who'll enlist in the Army
 And hell to defy?
 Bright angels await
 Glittering crowns to bestow;
 Oh, who in the might
 Of Jehovah will go?

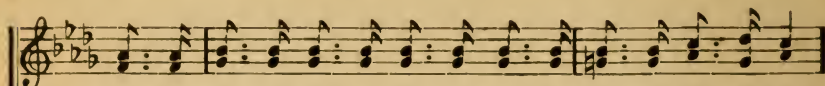
- 4 To the war! to the war!
 Every man to his post;
 Go care for the dying,
 Go, seek for the lost;
 Hark! converts are singing.
 Their bright faces glow,
 As they joyfully shout:
 "To the war we will go!"

Happy Home.

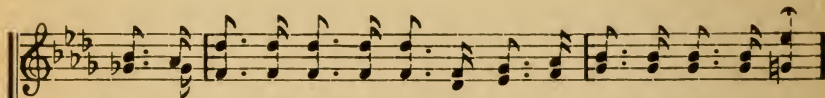
S. S. 585.



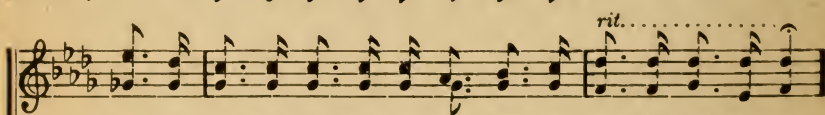
1. There's a crown laid up in glo - ry, There's a robe for all to wear,
2. There's a gold - en harp in glo - ry, There's a wel - come for the true;
3. There will be no room for sad - ness, There will be no sor - row there,



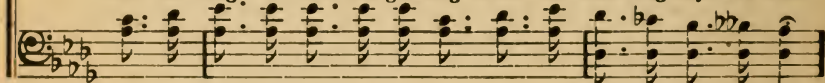
And we nev - er need be sor - ry That we did life's troub - les share;
 There's a rest for all the wea - ry, There's a vic - tor's palm for you.
 For un - ceas - ing songs of glad - ness Will for ev - er fill the air.



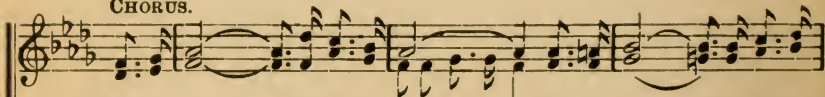
For our crown will shine the bright - er For the bat - tles we have won,
 Oh, we'll praise the Lord for - ev - er When we stand be - fore His throne,
 There will be no fare - well meet - ings In that land where God's the sun;



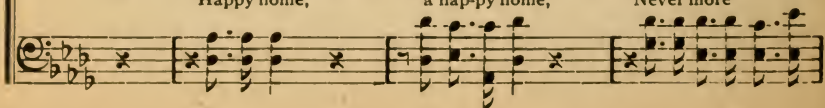
And our robe will be the whit - er When our trav - 'ling days are done.
 And our joys will end - no nev - er! When our trav - 'ling days are done.
 But one long, e - ter - nal greet - ing When our trav - 'ling days are done.



CHORUS.



Hap - py home, . . . a hap - py home, Nev - er more . . . from Christ to
 Happy home, a hap - py home, Never more



Happy Home.—Concluded.

roam! . . . When our fighting here is o - ver' And our vict'ries all are won,
from Christ to roam!

rit.
There's a man - sion up in glo - ry, When our trav - 'ling days are done.

231

Where He Leads.

CHORUS.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

232

Praise God! I'm Saved.

(The Army Doxology.)

f Maestoso.
Praise God! I'm saved! Praise God! I'm saved! All's

cres. *ff*
well, (all's well,) all's well, (all's well,) He sets me free.

233

O CALVARY!

Tune, "O Dry Those Tears."

(Words by Commander E. C. Booth.)

1. O Calvary! O Calvary!
See there thy Lord dying for thee,
Thy sins to bear,
Thy griefs to share,
Dying that He might redeem thee.
Sinner, draw near,
And hear His prayer,
Making for thee intercession;
Wouldst thou refuse,
And thus abuse,
Thy only hope of salvation?

2. O troubled one, so sad and lone,
Jesus, the Saviour, will help thee.
Fear not to tell
How low you fell;
From all thy sins He will cleanse thee.
His bleeding heart
Will heal the smart
Of all thy life-time's distresses;
Like sunlit dew,
His love's soft hue
Will change thy tears to caresses.

3. O dry thy tears! O calm thy fears!
Jesus will bear all thy sorrows;
Above death's wave
Thy soul He'll save—
Death is but life's golden morrow.
Lift up thine eyes
To the blue skies,
See how thy troubles do borrow
Brightness each one
From Christ, the Sun,
Earth's wounds are healed by His
sorrow.

234

IN A GRAVEYARD LONELY

Tune—"Tell Me with Your Eyes."

1. In a graveyard lonely, many miles
away,
Lies your dear old mother, 'neath the
cold, cold clay,
Memories now returning of her tears and
sighs,
If you love your mother, meet her in the
skies.

Chorus:

Listen to her pleading, "Wandering boy,
come home,"
Lovingly entreating, do no longer roam,
Let thy manhood waken, Heavenward
lift your eyes,
If you love your mother, meet her in
the skies.
2. Now the old home vacant has no
charm for you,
One dear form is absent—mother kind
and true;
Where she dwells forever pleasure never
dies—
If you love your mother, meet her in
the skies.
3. Sacred vows you've broken in your
wayward life,
Strongest pledges spoken, forgotten in
the strife;
Hope has almost left you, wilt thou not
be wise?
If you love your mother, meet her in
the skies.

235

RINGING BELLS

(Words by Commander Eva Booth.)

Tune, "The Wedding of Sandy McNab."
1. O Jesus, my Lord and my Saviour,
Has washed my transgressions away;
Has given me His love and His favor;
Has changed my December to May.
His word in my heart is now treasured,
It gives me a home in the skies;
His love for me cannot be measured;
Oh, blessed and happy surprise!

Chorus:

Oh, the heavenly bells are ringing!
All the angels singing.
Grace for you and yours, and me and
mine, hallelujah!
Through the world resounding,
Grace that all abounding,
For the sake of Love Divine.

2. The night I fell into the Fountain,
It was a tremendous affair;
My sins rose as high as a mountain;
I lost every one of them there.
My heart right away started bounding
With joy I had never yet known,
While bells all through Heaven were
sounding
The news of a sinner come home.

3. They tell me the city is brilliant,
The streets, like its thrones, are of
gold;
The folk walk about in white raiment,
No weeping, no hunger, no cold.
I'm told that the troubled and lonely,
When once they have reached that
bright shore,
Lay down all their cares, and they only
Sing, dance, shout and prance ever-
more.

4. I'm told that your sins must be par-
doned,
Your heart must be whiter than snow;
Your soul from all guilt be unburdened,
Your title to Heaven you must know;
Your words and your thoughts must be
holy,
Your walk circumspect all the way;
And if you belong to God wholly
You'll get into Heaven one day.

236

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

S.S. 345

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
2. Ye sinners lost of Adam's race,
Partakers of the fall,
Come and be saved by Jesus' grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!
3. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the power of Jesus' blood,
And crown Him Lord of all!
4. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

237

A DREAM

(Words by Commander Miss Booth.)

Tune—Bartlett's "Dream."

1. Last night I was dreaming—of Heaven
was dreaming;
I dreamed of my loved ones upon that
bright shore,
And I saw their fair faces
So bright in Heaven's graces;
I heard their sweet voices as in days
of yore;
I heard their sweet voices as in days
of yore.
2. I dreamed that with eyes having vision
immortal
I gazed on the ransomed in bright
shining bands,
That I heard the grand chorus,
The anthem was glorious;
The saints wore white robes and had
palms in their hands;
The saints wore white robes and had
palms in their hands.
3. I dreamed in this city our wrongs
were all righted,
And friendships once severed became
reconciled,
That all hearts pressed with sorrow
In that golden morrow
Were glad as the angels on whom God
had smiled;
Were glad as the angels on whom God
had smiled.
4. I dreamed that the widow, the orphan,
the outcast,
Redeemed by Christ's suff'ring had
reached the bright shore,
And in one rapt'rous meeting
Their loved ones were greeting;
Their sorrows had vanished, their part-
ings were o'er;
Their sorrows had vanished, their part-
ings were o'er.
5. I dreamed I was list'ning—in Heaven
was list'ning,
A voice much the dearest of voices
below;
It was calling me upward
To realms bright and glist'ning—
Calling my name as in days long ago—
Calling my name as in days long ago.
6. I dreamed that this voice brought
loved faces before me,
And up from the past, oh! such fond
memories came,
And above all the rattle
Of life's weary battle
I hear its faint echo still calling my
name—
I hear its faint echo still calling my
name.

238

BEAUTIFUL RIVER

Tune 19.

1. Beautiful river, flowing to sever
Chains that have bound us to Satan
and sin;
Jesus is able you to deliver,
Claiming His promise, come now and
plunge in.

Chorus:

- Beautiful river, beautiful river,
Flowing to cleanse and keep you from
sin;
Beautiful river, beautiful river,
Flowing to cleanse and keep you from
sin.
2. Stains that are deep and sins that are
hidden,
Power of evil that forces to wrong,
You shall find freedom, come to the
river,
Only believing that Jesus is strong.
 3. Fully delivered, saved to the utmost,
Life shall no longer be failure through
sin;
All that had hindered I brought to the
river,
Oh, hallelujah! I plunged in.

239

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

Tune 214.

(Tune, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee")

1. Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal,
The poor and those who mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.
2. Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer,
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.
3. Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With reproach to dare
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

240

ROCK OF AGES

S.S. 173

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed
Be of sin and double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

RESCUE THE PERISHING

S.S. 858

1. Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erling one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save,

Chorus:

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2. Tho' they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3. Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, awakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4. Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way, patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

Tune 181. S.S. 513

1. What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

1. Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before;
Christ the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go!

Refrain:

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2. At the sign of triumph,
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3. Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided;
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ, the King,
This thro' countless ages
Men and angels sing.

BLEST BE THE TIE

1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Tune—"Tipperary."

On the ocean of love and mercy
To the Homeland I go;
I'm determined to trust the journey
In the safest hands I know.
Good-bye, sin and folly,
Farewell, worldly care,
For the port of Glory lies before me,
And my home is there.

CHORUSES.

SALVATION

Key Bb

And yet He will thy sins forgive.
Are you coming home?
Born again.
Boundless love.
Come away, come away.
Come home, come home.
Come, come along with me.
Jesus died for you.
Oh, lay it down.
Oh, seek that beautiful stream.
Prepare me, Lord.
The blood is all my plea.
Trim your lamps.
The blast of the trumpet.
Who'll be the next?
While the light from Heaven.
Whosoever will may come.

Key Ab

And yet He will thy sins forgive.
At the cross.
Behold Me standing.
Come with thy sins.
Come to Jesus.
Eternity, where will you spend eternity?
God is near thee.
Hark! hear the Saviour.
His blood can make the vilest clean.
If I ask Him to receive me.
I'm going to spend eternity.
Life's morn will soon be waning.
O Lamb of God, I come!
Oh, wash my sins away, away!
Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb!
Pray, sinner, pray, and Christ.
Return, O wanderer!
Say, poor sinner!
There is cleansing in the blood.
The wounds of Christ.

Key G

Almost persuaded.
All the way to Calvary.
Bring back thy heart.

He from thy burden.
I am coming to the cross.
Oh, won't you come back?
Oh, no, nothing do I bring.
Steal away to Jesus.
Tell it again.
That means me.
There are angels hovering round.
Take all my sins away.
What can wash away my sin?
Yield to the strivings.
You are drifting to your doom.

Key F

Dear Jesus, on Calvary.
For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain.
I'm coming, dear Lord, to Thee.
Jesus is calling.
Love shall be the conqueror.
Oh, take me as I am!
O Saviour, I am coming.
Oh, the drunkard may come.
Oh, what shall the answer be?
Why not to-night?
While the heavenly music.

Key Eb

Are you ready for Heaven?
Haste away to Jesus.
I am coming, Lord.
Nay, but I yield.
Oh, yes, there's salvation.

Key C

Ask the Saviour to help you.
Death is coming.
He'll wash your sins away.
He will break every fetter.
Jesus now is passing by.
Oh! Calvary's stream is.
Prepare me, Lord.
To heal the broken heart.
To Thy cross I come, Lord.
You never can tell.

HOLINESS

Key Bb

Grace there is my every debt to pay.
I bring my all to Thee.
Jesus is strong to deliver.
My Lord, oh, let the waves!
My heart's door wide I'm swinging.
Oh, the cleansing stream!
Oh, speak while before Thee I pray.
Oh, send another Pentecost.
Oh, the blood is all my plea.
Power divine.
Thou hast the power to heal me.
The precious blood is flowing.
The path is very narrow.
There is power, wonder-working power.
The old-time power, Lord, I am claiming.

Key A

Come, oh, come, great Spirit!
Give me a heart to praise my God.
Glory! hallelujah! I have given my all
to God.
I'll follow Thee of life the giver.
I'm believing and receiving.

I need Thee.
I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep.
It's rolling in.
I'll be true, Lord, to Thee.
I'll do what You want me to do.
Oh, for a deeper.
Oh, say will you take up your cross?
Oh, pour it in my soul.
To the uttermost He saves.
The cleansing stream.
'Tis the very same power.
Thou art enough.
Take my warmest, best affections.
Take my poor heart.
Where He leads.

Key G

Beautiful cross.
Dear Jesus is the One I love.
I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood.
Oh, it comes o'er my soul.
Over me it is flowing.
The cross now covers my sin.
Walk with me.
Washed in the blood white as snow.

CHORUSES.

Key F

All I have I am bringing to Thee.
At Thy feet I fall.
All my heart I give Thee.
Always just the same.
Friendship with Jesus.
Over me let the mighty billows roll.
Only Jesus will I know.
Oh the blood, to me so dear!
Oh, that's the place.
Oh, what a Redeemer.
Thine, Thine, I will be Thine.
Trusting Thee ever.
Were the whole realm.

Key Eb

Calvary's stream it is flowing so free.
Ever Thine, Thine alone.

EXPERIENCE AND VICTORY

Key C

Fighting on the narrow way.
Down where the living waters flow.
Everybody has a part to play.
He's the Lily of the Valley.
I'll stand for Christ.
I'll be your Saviour.
Joy, joy, wonderful joy.
Marching on, marching on.
Oh, I'm climbing up.
The heavenly gales.
There's no one like Jesus.
We'll all shout hallelujah.
We are the Army of Salvation brave.

Key Bb

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus.
By the blood my Saviour shed upon the tree.
From my weary heart the burden rolled away.
Fully trusting.
Gone is my burden.
Hallelujah! I am glad to tell.
I'm bound for Canaan's shore.
My chains fell off.
The grace of God it is so sweet.
'Twas a happy day.
This is where you'll find us.
There is sunlight.
The light of the world is Jesus.
The day of victory's coming.
We'll cross the river.
Yesterday, to-day, forever.

Key Eb

After the fighting is over.
Keep waving.
Marching along.
Never say die.
With sword and shield.
We'll fight till we die.
We shall conquer all through the blood of Jesus.

Give me a heart like Thine.
I will follow Thee, my Saviour.
Jesus is my light and song.
My sins are under the blood.
My all is on the altar.
Now search me and try me.
Oh, the peace my Saviour gives.
Oh, glory to His name.
Round us flows the cleansing river.
Saviour, my all I surrender.
Tell me the story of Jesus.
The cross is not greater than His grace.

Key C

Down at the Saviour's feet.
Draw me nearer.
God is love, I know, I feel.

Key Ab

I believe we shall win.
At the cross, where I first saw the light.
Blessedly saved.
I'm going to spend eternity.
I'm glad salvation's free.
Let the blessed sunshine in.
My sins rose as high as a mountain.
No, we never will give in.
Salvation is the best thing.
That means me.
Then awake.
'Tis well with the righteous, well.
Victory for me.
With the conquering Son of God.
We will march through the world.
When the road we tread is rough.

Key F

And above the rest.
A little talk with Jesus.
I love Him far better.
I love Jesus, hallelujah!
Lord, I believe! Lord, I believe!
Oh, the crowning day.
Oh, 'twas love.
Oh, salvation full and free.
Rolled away, the burden.
The Yellow, Red and Blue.
We're The Army that shall conquer.

Key G

A never-failing Friend.
A Friend ever faithful.
Dear Jesus is the One I love.
He gave me joy.
Jesus, precious and sweet.
Jesus came with peace.
Let us walk in the light.
Oh, I'm glad I'm ready.
Over me it is flowing.
Praise God! I'm saved.
So we'll roll the old chariot along.

HEAVEN

At the end of our journey.
Bright crowns there are.
I'm going to be an angel.
I'm going home, where the angels dwell.
I shall be there! I shall be there!
It's Heaven, blest Heaven.
Life's morn will soon be waning.
Looking this way.
My home is in Heaven, there'll be no parting there.

Oh, swing them open, angels.
There's a golden harp in Glory.
While the years roll on.
When I come to death's dark river.
We shall walk through the valley in peace.
When the trumpet sounds I'm ready for to go.

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